

THE WHITE DEVIL

AND

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY

By JOHN WEBSTER

EDITED BY

MARTIN W. SAMPSON

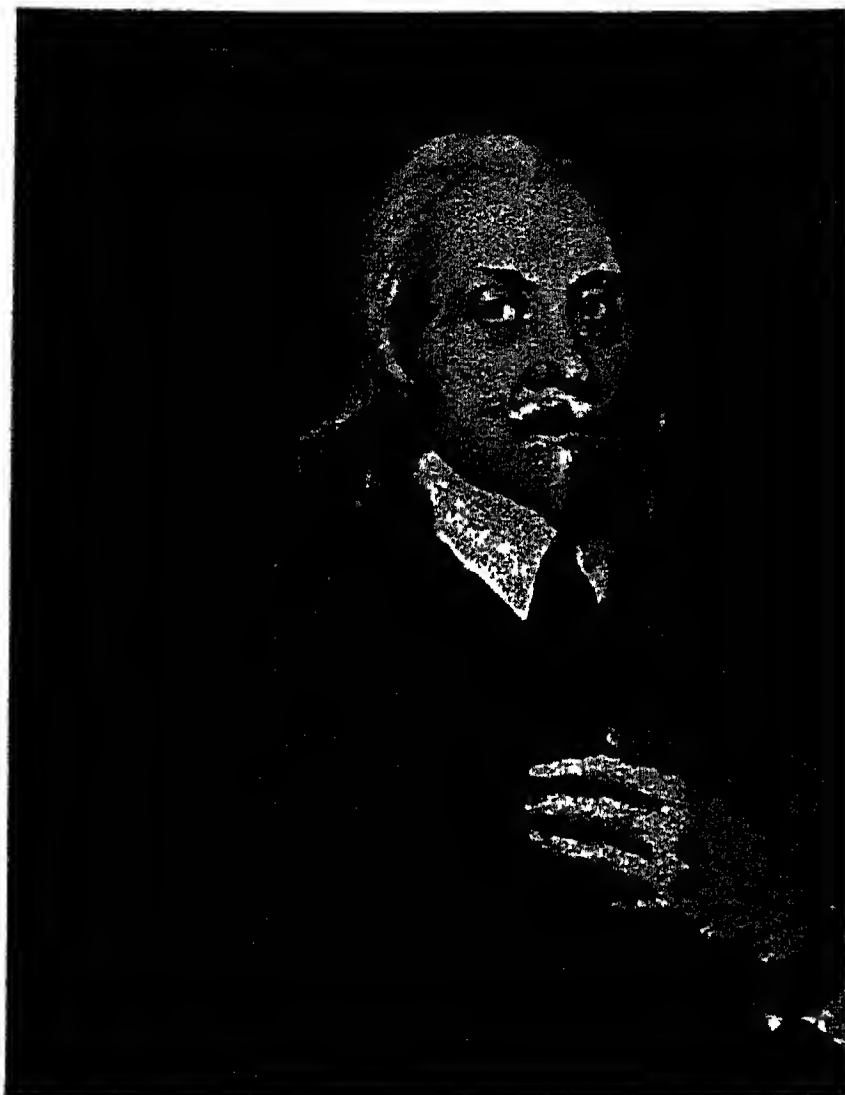
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Life

IT is not known when Webster was born, when he died, or how he spent his life. Barring a few scant and unilluminating references, all that is known of the man is gathered from the biographically impersonal pages of the books he published; the only certain dates in his life are those on his title-pages, the dates of printing. When his work was written, and when his plays were first acted, can, in the main, only be inferred from internal evidence. With somewhat more assurance one may deduce his mental disposition from his writings, but the biographer has here no privileges unaccorded to the reader.

Doubtless he was born in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, for he was evidently a new hand at play-writing in the first years of the century following; and inasmuch as after 1624 nothing is heard of him, there appears no evidence against Mr. Sidney Lee's tentative dates 1580-1625.¹ Webster was born free of the Merchant Tailors' Company;² his father may have been the John Webster who was admitted to the freedom of the same company 1571, or the John Webster who was admitted 1576.³ Collier's identification of the dramatist with a John Webster who married Isabell Sutton in Shoreditch, 1590,⁴ may be dismissed: the date is too early. Gildon's statement that Webster was parish clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn,⁵ cannot be confirmed. The available evidence is against the notion. Dyce found in

¹ *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

² *Dedication to Monuments of Honour.*

³ *Clode: Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors*, 1875.

⁴ *Memoirs of the Principal Actors*, 1845. ⁵ *Lives of the Poets*, 1698.

the Prerogative Office the will of John Webster, cloth-worker, proved 6 Oct. 1625:¹ nothing more can be said than that this date coincides with Webster's cessation from publishing.

The earliest literary record we have of Webster is of his collaborating for Henslowe in 1602 with a number of others in writing four plays, *Caesar's Fall*, *Too Harpes* (perhaps *Two Harpies*),² *Lady Jane*, and *Christmas Comes but Once a Year*. The other members of the group of writers were Munday, Drayton, Middleton, Dekker, Chettle, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith: in each play at least four of them had a hand. The first, second and fourth plays are lost; *Lady Jane* doubtless survives in altered form in *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, by Dekker and Webster, printed 1607. In the Dedication to *The Devil's Law-Case*, Webster speaks of himself as the author of a play called *Guise*: the play is not extant. Henslowe refers in 1601 to a play called *The Gwisse*, but Collier's identification of this play with Webster's, besides being improbable on account of the early date, is supported only by Collier's own insertion of Webster's name after the *Gwisse* entry in Henslowe's diary! In 1604 Marston's *Malcontent* received some "additions" at Webster's hands: the punctuation of the title-page is ambiguous, but in view of the fact that the play was "augmented by Marston,"³ there seems no especial reason to think that Webster wrote more than the Induction, although he may have done so. In 1607 were printed *Westward Hoe*, acted in 1604, and *Northward Hoe*, acted in 1605, both by Dekker and Webster. The respective shares of Dekker and Webster in the composi-

¹ Dyce: *The Works of John Webster*. Ed. 1857. p. x.

² Mr. Greg reads "too shapes."

³ *The Malcontent*. Augmented by Marston. With the Additions played by the Kings Maiesties servants. Written by Ihon Webster.

tion are not wholly determinable. There follow now Webster's four own plays, *The White Devil* (1612), *The Duchess of Malfy* (1623), *The Devil's Law-Case* (1623), and *Appius and Virginia* (1654—all these are dates of publication), whose dates of composition are indefinite, resting only upon internal evidence. In 1624 the Official Register of Sir Henry Herbert notes the licensing of "A newe tragedie called *A Late Murther of the Sonn upon the Mother*, written by Forde and Webster".¹ This play is non-extant, and there is no means of knowing whether the ascription to Webster is valid or not. The dates of the plays in this volume are discussed in the Introduction; they precede probably by a few years only *The Devil's Law-Case*, which mentions them in its Dedication. The date of *Appius and Virginia* is a matter of speculation: its firm dramatic construction indicates a later date than any other Websterian play extant. Three other plays have been attributed in part to Webster. The publisher, Kirkman, printed in 1661 *The Thracian Wonder* and *A Cure for a Cuckold*, assigning both of them to Webster and William Rowley. The former play may be unhesitatingly set aside; the latter, which contains two practically distinct plots, one serious and one comic, has in the serious part many touches in Webster's milder manner, and the attribution may be correct. Mr. Gosse's suggestion, carried out in 1885 at a private press, that the serious part be printed separately, produces a delicate play to which the deftly chosen title of *Love's Graduate* has been given; but Webster's authorship does not become thereby more apparent. The third play, *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, is assigned to Webster and Dekker only on the authority of the careless Edward Phillips,² and may also be set aside.

¹ Dyce: *Ibid.* p. xv.

² *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675.

Webster wrote some separate verse of unimportant character: commendatory lines to Antony Munday (1602); a brief ode, prefixed to Harrison's *Arches of Triumph* (1604), "erected in honour" of James's entry into the City; some lines to Heywood, "his beloved friend," praising the latter's *Apology for Actors* (1612); a more ambitious funeral elegy of over three hundred verses upon Prince Henry, appearing with elegies by Tournear and Heywood, under the style of *A Monumental Columne* (1612); commendatory lines to Cockeram's *English Dictionary* (1623); and finally *Monuments of Honour* (1624), a "Tryumph," prepared by the Merchant Tailors' Company when John Gore of that guild became Lord Mayor.

As it will be seen, then, enquiry into the life of John Webster resolves itself mainly into a discussion of the dates of composition of his writings.

Introduction

I

It is perhaps the greatest reward of a conventional writer that the praise which comes to him is reasonable : for a writer of irregular genius suffers as much from the inaccurate praising of devotees as from the inaccurate blaming of scoffers. Excellent commonplace is rightly applauded by common-sense ; wild genius induces a cult, whose praise, right in the main, is constantly wrong in detail. The scoffer, sure of his fact, urges the error of detail, — never corrected by the devotee, who, sure of his truth, believes that it covers all possible facts. So Webster, fine of mind and strange of soul, never winning the suffrage of plebeians, has often been lauded unprecisely and hence irritatingly by those whose main contention is beyond cavil. To offer the true meed of praise is no easy task ; yet the attempt is not ungrateful : Webster is difficult, but he preëminently repays study.

The most obvious mark of our playwright's work is not, I take it, his most characteristic quality. The gruesome imagery, the scenes of blood and horror, with which his dramas do indeed abound, by no means constitute the whole of Webster : that which is still more characteristic is the intensity with which he conceives and presents a situation, and to emphasize his meaning

utilizes horror where another poet would employ something else. To regard Webster's gruesomeness as purely ancillary would be to go too far ; but it is assuredly needful to discount the censure of those who see this gruesomeness only. That a startling list of horrors may be drawn up by the most casual reader of Webster is obvious, but a long enumeration of dreadful things by no means proves an uncontrollable bias for them. A person unfamiliar with *Hamlet* might be led thus to think the play nothing but the blood and thunder of the old revenge tragedy, its original. In a novel of current manners a mere wound, an illness, may be invested with tragic consequence ; in a story of adventure a dozen violent deaths may seem but unimportantly natural. It is not the presence of a crime, but the use made of it, that determines its significance. Thus to single out in Webster a sequence of violent deeds unduly draws attention to them : read in context, their significance diminishes. Not to the vanishing point, however. There is, in all conscience, an over-use of the dreadful in Webster. But I believe that instead of revelling in it, as Cyril Tourneur did, Webster soberly chose it as the material in which he could best present his deep and sombre views of the significance of death and life. His mind dwelt upon the tragedy in life, — dwelt sorrowfully, not gloatingly, upon it. He is no ghoul, he is not cruel, nor vindictive, nor base ; but he finds no peace in the contemplation of quiet virtue ; he is burningly indignant at hateful injustice, he draws his traitors and liars and adulterers unscathingly ; he hunts victorious vice with a whip of scorpions, he endows

the wronged victims of inexorable fate with the courage of innate nobleness. And thereby ample proof comes to the illuminating word of Mr. Swinburne, "There is no poet morally nobler than Webster."

So fertile and subtle a nature as Webster's particularly tempts to elaborate discussion, and the interesting dramatic problems, of which the two plays, here presented, are full, invite technical treatment; but space can be accorded to the consideration of but a few things.

If Webster shows far more dislikes than likes in his portrayal of life, his chief repugnances are for things that are not pleasant to a healthy mind. He seems, too, to have lived in the penumbra of thwarted hope, in an opposition to the free and easy conventionality of life, seeing sin and error where lighter minds saw nothing wrong, or, more irritatingly still, saw but minor troubles that one might as well put up with and say no more about. Even such a purely personal matter as the rate of composition touches the springs of resentment in him.¹ It is not enough that he prefers to write slowly, but he must speak bitterly against those who report that he "was a long time in finishing this tragedy." It is a type of mind for which we have many metaphors, but the convenient way of disposing of constant objectors by merely labelling them ignores the fact that such men are of two classes, those who are in the right and those who are in the wrong. Whether it be politic in Webster to complain of this or that abuse, he does not fail to make out his case that the abuse exists. Evidently his heart was sore at many of the transgres-

¹ See the Preface to *The White Devil*.

sions of the world, and his deep satiric wrath found its utterance not in hasty denunciation nor in flippant sarcasms, but in deliberate, condensed, bitter apothegms, and in brief, keen, finished portrayal of the vice he scorned.

If one now names some of the objects of this *sæva indignatio*, it is also to show that under the frequent rage is constant sanity. One must read more than one passage to know what Webster thought of princes: evil-minded royalty, because of its power, is thrice evil; Antonio's dying cry, "And let my sonne flie the courts of princes," is a truth to the poet because only suffering has sprung from Antonio's experience; the whole truth is stated elsewhere: —

"The lives of princes should like dyals move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong."

W. D. i, ii, 313.

It is the abuse of the princely office, not the governing power itself, that the poet decries; yet it must be noted that his eyes are mostly upon the defects of rank. Very frankly, too, and proudly he speaks of rank in dedicating *The Duchess of Malfy* to George Harding, Baron Berkeley, — "I do not altogether looke up at your title, — the ancien'st nobility being but a rellique of time past," — a soberer way of putting it than Bosola's mocking "Search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall finde them but bubbles of water." But the bitterest remarks about rank are those that apply not to rank itself but to the undeserved and sudden rise into gentility, "so many earlie mushromes, whose

best growth sprang from a dunghill." Webster's sense of democracy seems fatalistic: but such speeches as this from the disguised Francisco must be taken in context: —

"What difference is betweene the duke and I? no more than betweene two bricke, all made of one clay: onely't may bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom of a well by mere chance. If I were plac't as high as the duke, I should sticke as fast; make as fair a shew; and beare out weather equally."

The author has as strong a contempt for menials as for courtiers, as witness his galling portrayal of the servants in the second and third acts of *The Duchess of Malfy*: it is not from the lower ranks that he would draw the men to put in authority, but from the honest and capable. For pedantry, he has superlative disgust: we students of the past may still read with profit the artist's quick characterization of

"a fantastical scholler, like such who studdy to know how many knots was in Hercules club, of what colour Achilles beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ach. He hath studdied himself halfe bleare-ei'd, to know the true semitry of Cæsars nose by a shooing-horne; and this he did to gaine the name of a speculative man."

Yet Webster himself was scholarly in the simpler sense of the word, and set store by true learning. The delays and technicalities of the processes of law, the hypocrisies of worldly churchmen, the inadequacies of the healing craft, are set forth unsparingly; but law, religion, and medicine, in themselves, are not made the subjects of abusive attack. Sweeping generalizations against women, usually against lewd women, come

over-frequently, but these are more than balanced by the deeply sympathetic portrayal of the Duchess, of Isabella, and of Cornelia. In short, Webster observes society with the eyes of a strong-feeling hater of shams: he has the wise man's scorn of pretense, the gifted man's scorn of the barren commonplace, the poet's scorn of expressing himself otherwise than roundly and well. It may seem a far cry, but no one who has mastered the essential spirit of Webster will hesitate to think that much of that spirit passed on to Milton, — not to Swift the satirist, but to Milton the lover of truth.

In no Elizabethan dramatist is the gnomic tendency more highly developed than in Webster. His slowness in writing — a fact openly confessed, if not vaunted — bore fruit in his closely packed sentences, full of a strange and sometimes bitter wisdom, often fatalistic, as was proper to an Elizabethan, but not often commonplace. Webster's aphorisms are not carelessly thrown off, — the cheerful byplay of a wit or the easy moralizing of a conventional philosopher, — nor are they merely ideas broadly suggested by the general situation: they are drawn from the very core of the moment and are molded by the nature of the persons who thus

“Come in with a dried sentence, stuft with sage.”

They are, therefore, for the most part, sombre; yet it is not pessimism, it is meditation, which takes this

“sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.”

Webster is not often lyrical. The dirge (p. 162), which won Lamb's just admiration, stands almost alone in the plays. Nor does Webster much indulge in "poetical" descriptions or lyric flights. The close-knit quality of his style becomes more apparent as one notes the absence of superfluous ornament. On the other hand, the dialogue abounds in illuminative imagery. Far from being merely ornamental, this imagery is the condensed expression of ideas that would run to a far greater length under the fluent treatment of a Heywood or a Fletcher. Within the limits that the close-packed verse permits, Webster is often most melodious. There are single lines of haunting movement like

"To mocke the eager violence of fire," *D. M.* III, iii, 51.

and subtle and noble passages like

"O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead!"
D. M. IV, ii, 20.

"Whether the spirit of greatnes or of woman
Raigne most in her, I know not; but it shewes
A fearefull madnes: I owe her much of pittie."
D. M. I, ii, 208.

The comic in Webster is a rather bitter element, — so far as the plays wholly from his hand are concerned. To determine Webster's share in the comic parts of the collaborated plays, would be a difficult task, probably leading to no material change in one's conclusion regarding the dramatist's lighter vein. Yet lighter vein is hardly the proper term: in reading Webster, one never laughs, one rarely smiles; the shaft of wit is barbed —

one feels the grim irony, the mordant sarcasm. And if mere fun is usually absent, so too is the verbal play that Shakespeare often affects. When one character catches up another, it is upon some reality, not upon a quibble. Puns and such small deer of humor are generally too trivial for the creator of Bosola and Flamineo. Now and then comes an excellent jest, but in context it appears grim. It is not necessary to dwell upon the obvious application of this fact. Webster and Milton fell short of Shakespeare in this particular, among other things, that they took many ridiculous things very seriously, and could not forget them in the laugh that would have been the all-sufficient criticism of triviality.

A certain intellectual, limited resemblance to Shakespeare has often been noted in Webster. The definition of this resemblance has not, however, been especially explicit or happy. To think of the relationship as one of verbal imitation is to miss its distinguishing character. Verbal resemblances occur, indeed, which may be fortuitous or intentional. Vittoria's "I now weepe poniardes," recalling Hamlet's "I will speak daggers," is an adequate example of the kind. Such things are not really frequent: it is not Shakespearean ideas in Shakespearean phrasing, nor yet Shakespearean ideas in Webster's own phrasing, that we find in the strong dramatic speech of our two plays. The thing itself, easier to apprehend than to define, is in Webster's reproduction of the essential spirit of a Shakespearean dramatic moment. For example, in *Julius Cæsar* Portia begs the confidence of Brutus, but no matter who the personages, the essential dramatic value of the moment lies

in a woman's offering to a man testimony of constancy in many things as a warrant for being trusted in the crucial matter. Webster lays fast hold upon the spirit of such a moment, reproducing it with ignoble characters, as it happens, — Julia and the Cardinal, — and in a different emergency, but yet giving the same stage picture and the same thrill of suspense as the spectator awaits the man's response to the final appeal. Often in these plays comes this reflection of the inner aspect of the Shakespearean moment. The characters and incident may greatly differ from the original, but the mood of the original moment remains. A soul's sudden defiance of fate, the breaking of an over-wrought heart, a quick resolve upon decisive action, an acceptance of adverse destiny, a spasm of hatred or of fear, — these moments, apprehended in their very essence and divested of all accidental quality, reappear by a sort of metempsychosis in the life of Webster's personages after having played their part in the life of the personages of Shakespeare. I am impelled to think that this is the result of Webster's presence at the performance of his master's plays, and not an outcome of reading; the resemblance is so truly dramatic, so little literary. The meaning of the stage picture was flashed into Webster's brain and remained there after the words and the personages had passed out of recognition. Illustration of this point depends upon the reader's turning to the situations adduced and grasping their significance; parallel passages do not fully display the matter. Shylock's ominous

“If I can catch him once upon the hip”

has its echo in Bosola's

"I have this cardinall in the forge already;
Now I 'll bring him to th' hammer." *D. M.* v, iv, 86.

Antonio's quiet acceptance of the overwhelming odds against him: —

"I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his,"

is the mood of his namesake when he accepts the Duchess's (feigned) dismissal: —

"I am strongly arm'd to brooke my over-throw";
D. M. iii, ii, 194.

as is that of the Duchess herself when the horrible mask of madmen is upon her: —

"Let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny."
D. M. iv, ii, 59.

Viola's "She never told her love" is in the spirit of Bosola's description of the Duchess, "More perfect in her teares then in her smiles" (*D. M.* iv, i, 8). Macbeth's weakening when the knock comes at the gate, and Lady Macbeth's assumption of the practical direction of affairs, find a reflection, albeit rather a pallid one, in Antonio's start at Bosola's knock and in the Duchess's quick apprehension of what must be done (*D. M.* iii, ii, 154). And again Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's nervous interchange of startled questions: "Did you not speak?" "When?" "Now." "As I descended?" "Ay." has its repe-

tition in the hurried dialogue of Antonio and Bosola when they hear at midnight the mysterious cry from the Duchess's lodgings (*D. M.* II, iii, 10). Mercutio's quips with Juliet's Nurse, jests embittered almost out of recognition, are heard again, nevertheless, in Bosola's disgusting mockery of the Old Lady (*D. M.* II, i, 29). Iago's

"This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite"

shows plainly in Antonio's "This night, I meane to venture all my fortune" (*D. M.* v, i, 61), and in Flamineo's "This night Ile know the utmost of my fate" (*W. D.* v, iv, 123). Lear's passion over the dead Cordelia appears once more (*W. D.* v, ii, 36) in Cornelia's frantic grief over her murdered son — in each agony the same vain effort with looking-glass and feather to find if life still remains at the silenced lips. And finally (*W. D.* v, iv, 73), at the "winding of Marcello's corse," the plays of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello contribute to Cornelia's unbalanced sorrow the moments of the shared rosemary and rue, of the white hand still stained with innocent blood, and of the sad lyric remembered from earlier days. These things seem to me to be of undeniable Shakespearean origin, yet so changed in passing through Webster's mind as to be, after all, Webster's own. They are the tribute paid, consciously or unconsciously, by the younger poet to the vivid power of the greater poet, and they give a truer sense of what Webster thought of Shakespeare than do the pleasant words

about the master that Webster addressed to the reader of his *White Devil*.

The range of Webster's characters is not great, but within the limits the characters are cleanly differentiated. Flamineo and Bosola are generically villains, but it is only the share of evil that they have in common: for Flamineo is by nature a relentless brute devoid of conscience, while Bosola, a sensualist in crime, has a strain of conscientiousness in him which makes his brutality the more keen when it escapes the intellectual control that has been holding it in check. Ferdinand and the Cardinal, as villains, are superior to Bosola and to Flamineo, only in this respect that they are the originators of crime instead of the mere instruments of another's crime: in bloodthirstiness and evil-mindedness, they are, in their special ways, at the verge of human depravity. Other characters, wholly swayed by their passions, of sense or of revenge or of power, Brachiano, Lodovico, Francisco, Monticelso, hold the stage at times not utterly ignobly, but never loftily, moving to the accomplishment of their varying purposes. Certain fools, Camillo, Castruchio, Malatesta, ignorant of the ridicule lavishly bestowed upon them, let farce touch hands with tragedy, before they are swept away in the current of the greater forces. A real hero Webster has not succeeded in portraying. It is not that he suffers from Sir Walter Scott's trouble — the villains turning out to be the true heroes — for Webster's men are never of the characterless sort that some of Scott's were; but he seems not to have apprehended the dramatic value of a strong and active

man who follows righteous things. Antonio is sweet-tempered, but wholly subordinate to his mistress; Delio is little more than a shadow; Marcello is only a sketch.

In power and audacity, Webster's women, whether good or evil, shine brilliantly; there are no weaklings among them. Often they speak with the unashamed fluency of Beaumont and Fletcher's women, but quite without the prurient suggestiveness of these. It is only the moor, Zanche, who descends to the level of indecent sirenry; Julia, in unabashed love with Bosola, speaks to him without subterfuge. But in meeting death, these two low-minded women are as fearless as the strong-souled heroines of the tragedies. The dying Julia, at Bosola's sharp cry,

" Oh foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poyson'd him ? "

answers,

" 'Tis weakenesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done. I go,
I know not whither."

and Zanche's last word is one of defiant courage:

" I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale."

The broken-hearted women, Isabella, the wife, and Cornelia, the mother, each in a wonderful moment of self-control seek to shield and save those who have wrought their injuries, telling for their sakes the lie that unrewarded affection prompts. Only Cariola, at the very end, struggles for life, but in her biting and scratch-

ing there is as much determination as fear. Of the two great women, the ducal manner is no stronger in the unnamed Duchess of Malfy than in Vittoria Corombona. They meet the emergencies of life with the same almost royal command of self. In the Duchess there are qualities of heart and mind as glorious as anything in Shakespeare; none of the tragic women of Shakespeare surpasses her in loftiness, and none of the women of the romantic comedies surpasses her in innate charm, although few are the moments in which her happiness runs free. The white devil is radiant with evil: “a most prodigious comet,” she flings herself into her course with utter abandonment, having found in the Duke of Brachiano a companion to whom she can be true while being true to her own nature. There is as much passion as calculation in her nature, a thing overlooked by those who see her only in her arraignment. Here in her trial, she meets the true charges with cool denial, interposing unanswerable objections to the violent procedure against her, and holding her own against her adversaries, until there is no way to procure a sentence save by assuming her guilt outright.¹ When death comes to these beings who are so full of the capacities of life, they face it with absolute calmness, — neither Bosola nor Lodovico

¹ “Innocence-resembling boldness” was the unfortunate expression that Charles Lamb let fall regarding her attitude in this scene, — unfortunate, because every critic since Lamb has quoted him, only to object to such a characterization. But that keensighted critic knew, as his whole comment shows, that Vittoria’s boldness lay in assuming innocence and defying proof to the contrary. The adjective is not a happy one, but it is wholly uncritical to charge Lamb with misunderstanding the spirit of the scene.

can terrify his victim, and the murderer starts back in amaze at the fearlessness of ill-fated humanity. But, indeed, those of Webster's personages who come to a violent end, — and half of the principal characters are killed, — meet, in the main, the final hour with utter scorn of death. One suddenly thinks that it is a pity that Byron had not read Webster, for here he would have found perfectly portrayed that lucid and unyielding defiance of fate which he only partly succeeded in trans-fusing into his Laras and Conrads and Manfreds.

Webster has, indeed, the gift of deep insight into character. This is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the way his personages act in a crucial situation. The resulting action is not generic; it is highly specific. For instead of being moved as, broadly speaking, any one might be moved, these characters are affected individually, in accord with their most definite peculiarities. Perhaps here is Webster's greatest power: at an impressive moment to put into a mere sentence something that leaves nothing else to be said, and that by its inexorable and summary quality lifts the scene to real sublimity. The often quoted

“Cover her face. ‘Mine eyes dazell : she di’d yong.”

does not stand alone. Of equal power is

“I am Duchesse of Malfy still ! ”

Vittoria's

“You shall not kill her first : behold my breast :
I will be waited on in death ; my servant
Shall never go before mee.”

and the same woman's dying cry: —

“ My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme
Is driven I know not whither.”

One feels that Webster, after conceiving a situation, brooded over it, imagining how now this and now that person would be stirred by the given circumstances, and continuing to brood until every accidental element had been discarded, so that the words finally placed in the character's mouth were indeed final. If Webster rarely produces the effect of spontaneity, he produces that far greater thing, the effect of inevitableness. And after all, spontaneity is an overestimated virtue.

The rich gloom of Webster's plays is in large part an effect of atmosphere. Neutral incidents are often stated in terms of despondency precisely as Shakespeare (to speak of a point which seems to have escaped comment) relates in the second scene of *Macbeth* a splendid victory in unrejoicing terms of horror and bloodshed, securing thereby the desired ominous effect. So Webster's treatment of the Duchess of Malfy's honorable marriage is almost entirely in terms that presage the terrible catastrophe. The brothers of the Duchess express their violent opposition in wantonly gruesome language, and they succeed in bringing into the twilight of suspicion an incident that for pure-heartedness deserves to be seen in radiant sunlight. And thus one reads on, oppressed by a feeling that springs not from the incident but from the tone in which the incident is told. This over-weight of destiny in the play impels one to believe that things are happening inevitably, —

as if all avenues of escape were cut off, — although structurally this is not true.

Webster's diction shows a complete absorption of Elizabethan speech and thought; the poet is steeped in the common lore of his time. His legal phraseology and his funereal images have been instanced, in turn, by readers to show that he must have had legal training, that he must have been the parish clerk of St. Andrews. Such reasoning is scant in data. A much more noticeable thing has remained unmarked, — the astonishingly large number of medical allusions in the plays. This warrants no especial inference, however, for the poet also makes copious use of sports, of natural history, of proverbs. The conclusion that we may rightfully draw seems to be this, that Webster's diction shows a habit of turning an idea over and over in his thought until it was fitted to its appropriate expression, and that such rumination was lightened by intuitive flashes of quick and inevitable speech.

Of Webster's plays, there can be no doubt that the two printed in this volume are, in the broad sense of the term, the greatest poems, the greatest creations. A sympathetic and temperate-minded critic of the drama, Mr. William Archer, places, indeed, *Appius and Virginia* higher than *The Duchess of Malfy*, in respect of technical excellence and certainty of purpose. But in *The Duchess of Malfy* there are imaginative reaches not known to the lesser, compacter play. Whoever reads the plays here presented will have, after all, Webster at his best.

Whether *The White Devil* or *The Duchess of*

Malfy be the greater play is a question perhaps less futile than questions of comparative rank are likely to be. It is not altogether a matter of personal opinion, but involves dramatic principles. For reasons not wholly sentimental *The Duchess of Malfy* is the better liked play in the minds of those who read a drama for its literary qualities, rather than for its definitely dramatic qualities. It has a story of genuine pathos, and its main character is warmly sympathetic. One can heartily crave the accomplishment of the heart's desire of the ducal lady and Antonio. Here is no question of a usurping upstart, or of a proud woman seeking to advance her favorite: the lovers' goal is the unambitious peace of happy marriage. On the other hand, the story of the white devil is almost wholly repellent. Apart from a few brief glimpses of the true-hearted Marcello and the distraught Isabella and Cornelia, one sees no one who arouses any tenderness of feeling: it is all a tissue of evil things, brilliantly, dazzlingly evil. From such flaunting wickedness one turns not unnaturally to the warm humanity which all the gloom of the other play cannot conceal. But *The White Devil* has one thing that *The Duchess of Malfy* lacks, — the presence in the main characters of a power to deal with situations strongly and effectively. Brachiano and his Duchess, however thwarted, can bring things to pass; while Antonio and his Duchess can but grieve at the exactions of a fate which they are powerless to resist. Their passivity takes from the drama that which the drama, above all, needs, — characters who are the visible embodiment of motive force. The conclusion

seems to be that neither play possesses all the virtues, but that the strength of *The White Devil* is dramatic strength, the weakness of *The Duchess of Malfy* dramatic weakness; the saving virtue of *The Duchess of Malfy* being a thing not peculiarly dramatic, and the unpleasant air of *The White Devil* a thing not affecting the vital movement. But the superiority of the latter play is technical, constructive; the former as much excels in beauty and human feeling. For my own part, after yielding the preëminence to the technique of *The White Devil*, I return to *The Duchess of Malfy*, finding in it more, after all, of the permanent appeal of poetry.

In spite of the work that Webster did in collaboration with others, especially Dekker, his position in Elizabethan drama, as indicated by his best work, is rather an isolated one. No school follows him: he helps to close an epoch, not to begin one. Drama had expressed itself with simple power, then with splendid freedom, and then, in various other ways, the impulse sought release. Webster's best plays are in the direct line of descent from *The Spanish Tragedie* and *Hamlet*, dealing with murder and revenge and supernatural horror. Where Kyd develops a situation in terms of vigorous and effective rant, and where Shakespeare lets his dialogue advance in perfect poise of action and restraint, Webster goes to an extreme of concentration and subtlety, requiring of his hearers more than mere listeners can give. There could be no more progress this way; Webster fixes a term to the drama whose power is in the expression of intense moods. But Web-

ster must not be regarded as a decadent: if on the one hand he reaches the limits of a particular form, on the other he is an essential part of the great and sane period of Elizabethan tragedy.

II

The material for the two plays came to Webster from the treasure land of sixteenth century stories, Italy. It is by no means certain that Webster made use of any documents, written or printed, as the material for the plot of *The White Devil*: and if he did, the chances of such documents coming to light seem rather remote. In any event, present knowledge indicates in Webster's sources a mingling of true and false report regarding the famous case of Vittoria Accoramboni, such a mingling as might easily appear in the oral account of a returned Italian traveller who had heard the side of the story prejudicial to the ill-starred heroine. The truth in the sources, whatever they were, lies in the mass of detailed information; the error shows in the general misconception of the situation, and in occasional slips of detail, — such as, indeed, seem unlikely to be made in the writing of any one, however partisan, who felt himself called upon to set down his testimony in black and white. Such slips are the confusing of Marcello with Flamineo, the latter (Flaminio is the real name) being the younger and honorable brother; the mistake in regard to the name and the papal title assumed by the Cardinal; the accrediting of Vittoria to Venice, whereas she sprang from Umbria; the error in calling Peretti Camillo instead of Francesco. These

slips may of course be Webster's and not those of Webster's informant; but, to mention but one point, there is little reason to think that the poet would deliberately substitute the wrong name, Monticelso, for the right one, Montalto, when the latter is so much easier to use metrically. On the whole, I conclude that Webster gained his material from some one who had heard much about the affair, and who, in recounting it, fell into minor inaccuracies besides being on the wrong side of the argument. The result is, that Webster has left to English readers a play which almost irreparably blackens the character of Vittoria, and which in all likelihood, as well, departs equally far from the truth, in presenting Isabella as a faithful wife.

After all, however, our present interest is not chiefly in knowing that Peretti was not a dolt; that Isabella, according to the violent code of the times, met a righteous death at her husband's hands; that the Pope was a great man, not merely an uncompromising cleric; that Vittoria never deserved the brutal name given her by the title-page of 1612; that on the other hand her brother was actually a scoundrel, and the Bracciano of history was well-nigh as repulsive as the playwright makes him. Webster has made a great play out of the materials which he found to his hand; and for truth to history one must go elsewhere.¹ It is of course a thousand pities that we have not a great play, such as Webster might have made it, based upon the true nature of the case; for there is true and terrible tragedy in the

¹ See especially Gnoli, Stendhal, Symonds, and Countess Cesaresco, cited in Bibliography.

actual story. The cry of Vittoria's murderers, "We have killed a saint!" is the farthest remove from Lodovico's proud boast of "having finisht this most noble deede," but it is as full of the sense of the tragic. Later artistic efforts to rehabilitate the character of Vittoria have come to nothing; for example, Tieck's indignation at Webster's play was righteous enough, morally, but Tieck's dreary novel, *Vittoria Accorombona*, has failed of its purpose.

The twenty-sixth novella of *Bandello* (1554) tells how Signor Antonio of Bologna espouses the Duchess of Amalfi and how both are murdered. There is, in all probability, the basis of actual fact here which *Bandello* claimed for all his stories. The historical setting of the incident places it, if it occurred, in the decade between 1504 and 1515. Pierre Boaistuau and François de Belle-Forest published in Paris, 1559, a free paraphrase in French of eighteen of *Bandello's* tales (*Histoires Tragiques*), and Belle-Forest followed up the successful venture by printing in 1565 eighteen more tragic stories, the first of which was the Malfy narrative. In 1566 William Painter offered to English readers a sufficiently close rendering of some of the French paraphrases, in *The Palace of Pleasure*. A second "Tome" (1567) contains the Malfy story as the twenty-third. It is in this version that Webster pretty certainly found his material.

Several other versions and references, however, are to be noted. *The Theatre of Gods Iudgments*, by Th. Beard (London, 1597), tells the story (p. 322) in a few lines more than a page in the unpleasantly titled

chapter, *Of whoredomes committed vnder the colour of Marriage*. Simon Goulart, in *Histoires Admirables et Memorables de Nostre Temps* (Paris, 1600), tells of the miserable end of the Duchess enamoured of her maistre d'hostel, the chapter heading being *Mariage Clandestin & trop inegal, tres malheureux*.¹ A translation — *Admirable and Memorable Histories* — of Goulart (by error called I. Goulart on the title-page) from the hand of Edw. Grimeston appeared in London in 1607; the Duchess story beginning p. 364. Both Beard and Goulart use the story to point a moral, not to attract sympathy. Beard heartily condemns the marriage without religious ceremony; Goulart sees rather the unequal ranks of the contracting parties. Dr. Kiesow² is doubtless right in thinking that both Beard and Goulart drew from Belle-Forest rather than from Bandello. (Grimeston's translation has escaped Dr. Kiesow's notice.) Dr. Koepfel³ mentions three sixteenth century English references, all of them mere allusions: in *The Forrest of Fancy*, 1579, sig. Ni; in Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, sig. Qii; and in Greene's *Carde of Fancie*, 1584 (sig. L of 1608 edition; I have not seen that of 1584). Despite the remark of Soranso in the *Heptameron*, that "this Cardinall, for all his habit and glose of Justice, is for this Act, so often regestred for a Tirant, as I feare mee he will neuer come among y^e nuber of Saints," the allusions to the story are surpris-

¹ This edition is not in B. M. In the Rouen 1606 edition the story begins p. 234.

² See Bibliography. The paper referred to is a valuable one; the slips are very few, and the conclusions are, in the main, sound.

³ *Quellen und Forschungen*, lxx, 90.

ingly scant, considering that it has precisely those romantic elements which so greatly appealed to the Elizabethans. It should be added that Geffraie Fenton's *Certaine Tragical Discourses*, 1567, translated from Bandello by the roundabout French way of Boaistuau-Belle-Forest, does not contain the Malfy story.

Lope de Vega's three act drama, *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, was published in 1618 (Barcelona), the ninth play in the volume entitled *Doze Comedias de Lope de Vega Carpio . . . Onzena Parte*. The date of composition, though before 1609, is not definitely known, but is doubtless anterior to that of Webster's play. There is no indebtedness of either playwright to the other, however; the points in common are all in Bandello, who was Lope's source. In the conduct of the plot, the distribution of interest, the creation of characters, and in the handling of the catastrophe, material differences appear in the work of the Spanish and the English poet. Lope's habitual fertility in the matter of invention of incident may be briefly illustrated from several of the more important situations. The Duchess's confession of her love for Antonio is made thus: she has refused her noble suitor, Otavio, because her heart is given to another; questioned by Antonio, she says that her maid, Livia, will hand him a slip of paper, bearing upon it the name of the favored one; later Antonio reads from the paper his own name. The secret marriage is brought about through disguisings: as a page, the Duchess follows Antonio to his own estate; both, as peasants, come into the presence of a rustic priest, who does not know their real rank,

and secure, through the feigned serious illness of Antonio, the church's sanction of the marriage. The discovery of the birth of the second child follows upon a rather complicated misunderstanding: Livia secretly attempts to convey the child to Antonio, so that he may conceal it; Urbino, the Duchess's secretary, who is in love with Livia, is awaiting her; in the dark she mistakes him for Antonio, gives him the child, and disappears; the slip of paper, previously mentioned, passing from Livia to Antonio, had aroused Urbino's jealousy, and the jealous man now leaps to the conclusion that here is the child of Livia and Antonio; the Duchess, notified by Urbino of the supposed scandal, has no recourse but to dismiss Antonio; and as this news comes to the ears of Otavio, he, keener than Urbino, guesses the truth. Where Webster, then, presents a situation simply and develops it broadly by emphasizing the personality of his characters, Lope throws the stress on incident and reaches his end by skilful devices which crowd the story with action. Lope's catastrophe, made possible through the feigned reconciliation of the Duchess's treacherous brother, Julio, with Antonio, involves the decapitation of Antonio and his two children, and the poisoning of the Duchess, who lives only long enough to see the heads of her dear ones brutally displayed, and to invoke the vengeance of heaven on the cruel murderer, — a conception materially different from Webster's. The superiority of one play to the other may be a matter of opinion, but there can be no real doubt that Webster has surpassed Lope in intensity of feeling and depth of thought.

A little known sequel to *El Mayordomo* was printed in Brussels in 1624, — *La Venganza de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, by Diego Muxet de Solis. This appeared in Muxet's volume, *Comedias humanas y divinas, y rimas morales*. The revenge of the Duchess, who met her death in the last act of Lope's play, is carried out by the young Duke, her son by her first marriage. Here, of course, there is no point of comparison with Webster.

Regarding Webster's use of the material adequately furnished by Painter, it is too much the fashion to glorify Webster at Painter's expense, chiefly by pointing out the immense moral superiority of Webster's heroine over the "wanton widow" portrayed by the follower of Belle-Forest. The lack of artistic power in the prose stories is of course obvious, but the Duchess is made much less unpleasant than one would gather from recent criticism. The truth is that Belle-Forest, and therefore Painter, blow both hot and cold, enforcing a moral wherever possible; sometimes blaming the Duchess for incontinence, sometimes praising her for her wisdom, sometimes pitying her for her sad fate. In this way the authors occasionally find themselves committed to both sides of the question at once, a position wholly undisturbing to the writers, so long as they are upholding the conventional morality of the epoch. The same comfortable attitude is to be marked in Beard, who chiefly blames the Duchess for not being married in church, and then has a fling at the church for being responsible for the wicked Cardinal. In short, the attitude with these writers is that of narrators who feel bound to comment on each action, and who have no

unifying notion of the moral purport of their story as a whole. It was right for Antonio to be killed, but it was a wicked act to kill him: this sufficiently indicates the pose.

Divested of the superfluous moral glossing, the story in Painter shows Antonio to be a valiant, accomplished gentleman, well-beloved by the people, the best horseman in Italy, a musician, versed in letters, comely and of good proportion; who, although independent of fortune, accepts the office of Master of the Household because of his loyalty to the house of Arragon. The Duchess had no ulterior purpose in inviting Antonio into her household, but chose him for his superlative fitness for the duties involved. Then, growing weary of her widowhood, and being wholly unwilling, through illicit pleasure, to "erre or degenerate from the royall bloud" of which she sprang, she casts about for a husband fitting her rank. But none such exists in Italy, save those "to olde of age, the rest being dead in these later Warres:" and "to mary a husband that yet is but a childe, is folly extreeme." So, after much perturbation of mind, she sends for Antonio, whom she has grown to love, and whose love for her she has surmised, and reveals her heart to him, promising "that if you thinke meete, it shalbe none other but your self whom I wil haue, and desire to take to husband and lawful spouse." In the presence of "one onely Gentlewoman," the marriage ("For to loue a man without mariage, God defend my heart should euer think") is made. Painter is not clear as to the nature of this marriage, but makes no point against it. His sentence,

“And for the present time they passed the same words,” betrays, however, an ignorance which Webster corrects: almost certainly, the real idea here is “They passed (solemnized) the same (the marriage) in words of present time (*per verba de presenti*).”¹ The incident shows that Webster was not obliged to invent a good moral character for his heroine: his invention lies in making her a creature who breathes poetry instead of prose of a rather priggish sort. One must, however, give credit for some flashes of true feeling in the original. This sentence from Belle-Forest (it is not in *Bandello*), the cry of the Duchess when she is distressed at the constant espial of her brothers, might have a worthy place in Webster himself: “Je pense que ie descendroy aux Enfers, encor voudroient ils scauoir si quelque ombre me feroit point amoureuse.”² But the comments of Painter (that is to say, always, Belle-Forest) show that his determination to point a moral outweighs his wish to adorn a tale; and it is by these usually unfair comments that some readers have estimated an entirely different thing, the admirable raw material, namely, in this story from *The Palace of Pleasure*.

Minor changes in incident Webster, of course, makes. He lets Bosola counsel the feigned pilgrimage to Loretto; in Painter, the project is suggested by the “bold Maiden.” The reason for the journey, in Painter, is to hide the Duchess’s pregnancy; rejoining Antonio

¹ See note on I, ii, 183, p. 388.

² Painter, missing the fine shade of meaning, translates thus: “I thinke if I should descend into Hell, they would know whither (*sic*) any shadowe there were in loue with me.”

is really a second thought; in Webster, meeting with Antonio is the main object. After Loretto, Painter lets the unhappy pair, "chasid from all places," wander over Italy in search of a refuge; Webster brings about the final parting immediately after the Loretto banishment. And again, Painter uses the Lombard Bosola as the instrument of Antonio's death, only after a "Neapolitane Capitayne" has first accepted the murderous office and has then withdrawn from it; Webster makes Bosola the only one to whom the task is intrusted.

In plot, then, Webster, uses, in the main, the incidents he finds in his original, and invents some incidents of his own, — the episode of the madmen, for instance. His real departure from Painter is in his portrayal of characters, who, under the vivifying power of genius, gain an immortality of sorrow and passion.

The White Devil was printed in 1612; but the date of composition can be fixed, at present, only through the allusions in the play. Most of the writers who have placed a date upon this drama, and upon *The Duchess of Malfy*, have ignored internal evidence. Mr. Fleay, however, notes the reference to the "sprightly Frenchman" at the "last tilting" (III, i, 73) which, taking place in 1607, would give an early limit, and leave "probably 1607-8" as the date of performance. But this is the only evidence submitted. It remains then to offer several overlooked allusions and to draw the required inference. The reminiscence from Ariosto's satires indicates¹ a date after the publication in

¹ Notes, p. 187.

1608 of Tofte's translation of the satires. The New River allusion¹ implies a time when the project was in the public mind, say after Sir Hugh Myddelton's presentation of the matter to the Court of Common Council in 1608-9. The silkworm references² may be associated with Verton's mulberry planting in 1609, and the Artillery Yard reference³ suggests the revival of interest in the Honourable Company in 1610. I have noted nothing indicative of a later date than 1610. These references, while not conclusive, point, at least, to a date later than Mr. Fleay suggests, while certain relationships to *The Duchess of Malfy*, soon to be spoken of, imply a closer proximity to that play, in matter of time, than has hitherto been suggested.

The Duchess of Malfy, published in 1623, is, of course, earlier than March, 1618-19, when Burbage, who played Ferdinand, died: but only Malone, and Mr. Fleay, following him, place the play in 1612; all others suggest 1616 or 1617 without giving reasons, save that Mr. Vaughan sees in the opening lines of the play a reference to the murder of Concini.⁴ The Ariosto reminiscences again,⁵ and the Galileo allusion,⁶ give us 1609 as the early limit. The passage in Act III, Scene v, 12-17, on dreaming of pearls, bears, as is pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, 20 Feb. 1897, a striking resemblance to the dream of Marie de Medici before the assassination of her husband, Henry IV, in 1610. The reference to the Helvetian translation,⁷

¹ Notes, p. 202.

² Notes, p. 188.

³ Notes, p. 205.

⁴ Notes, p. 385.

⁵ Notes, pp. 390, 397.

⁶ Notes, p. 393.

⁷ Notes, p. 398.

implies some current interest in various versions of the Bible: the Douay version, 1609-10, and the King James version, 1611, are in point. And again, four similarities between the play and *A Monumental Columne*, 1613¹ (orange-tree and glass-house allusions are in II, ii, 6, 14; IV, ii, 78; *Mon. Col.* 45, 233) suggest, without proving, a reasonable nearness to the time of writing of the elegy. Similarities between *A Monumental Columne* and *The White Devil*, save for the glass-house reference, do not appear.

A few stray resemblances like the above may occur by accident, but between *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy* there are so many parallelisms that the theory of a close relationship in time naturally appears. These parallelisms are in mood more than in expression, and consequently must be read in context, or their bearing will not be obvious. The verbal likeness is purely incidental. The following points in common may be noted: —

“Perfumes, the more they are chaf’d, the more they render
Their pleasing sents . . .” *W. D.* I, i, 47.

“Man, like to cassia, is prov’d best, being bruiz’d.”
D. M. III, v, 73.

“Which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this
seaven yeares.” *W. D.* I, ii, 154.

“Hell is a meere glasse-house . . . and the fire never goes out.”
D. M. IV, ii, 78.

“That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my lords stirrop.” *W. D.* I, ii, 338.

“ . . . Could have wish’d
His durty stirrop rivited through their noses . . .”
D. M. III, ii, 233.

¹ Notes, pp. 387, 388.

" . . . 'Sdeath, I shall not shortly
Rackit away five hundreth crownes at tennis . . ."
W. D. I

" . . . He's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crownes at tennis . . ."
D. M.

" I would whip some with scorpions."
I'll finde scorpions to string my whips . . ."
W. D. II
D. M. :

" Trew, but the cardinals too bitter."
" Yet the cardinall
Beares himselfe much too cruell."
W. D. III.
D. M. III

" Go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone like mee."
W. D. IV

" Goe, go brag
You have left me heartlesse . . ."
D. M. I,

" Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I have bin."
W. D. IV,
" There are rewards for hawkes, and dogges . . . but
for a souldier . . ."
D. M.

" Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright,"
But lookt to neare, have neither heat nor light."
W. D. v,
Verbatim in D. M. IV,

" 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his own chronic
W. D. v,

" You
Are your owne chronicle too much . . ."
D. M. II

" Are you cholericke?
I'le purg't with rubarbe."
W. D. v,

" Rubarbe, oh, for rubarbe
To purge this choller!"
D. M. II

" 'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin ;
I have heard grieve nam'd the eldest child of sinne."

W. D. v, iv, 26.

" I suffer now for what hath former bin :
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin."

D. M. v, v, 62.

" Mee thinkes feare should dissolve thee into ayre."

W. D. v, vi, 223.

" Yet, me thinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrifie you."

D. M. iv, ii, 218.

These passages, which by no means exhaust the similarities, — there are similar methods of expression, drafts upon the same sources, especially Ariosto, similar points of view, — tend to show that the particular mood of composition passed over from *The White Devil* to *The Duchess of Malfy* at no great interval of time. In other words, these two tragedies have a distinctive manner among Webster's plays, and hence must be the product of the same intellectual period. I am aware that I am dealing with elusive data here, but repeated readings of the plays strengthen the impression just indicated.

Whether or not *The White Devil* preceded *The Duchess of Malfy* is a question which, I think, has never been raised, the priority of the first-named play by from five years to a decade being always assumed. Yet the assumption, on the part of those who assert the longer period, rests on nothing whatever; and Malone and Mr. Fleay, who make use of the only available evidence, use it only to date the performance of *The Duchess of Malfy*, and do not try to show that its

composition, too, followed that of the other play. The fact is that it is only a presumption (a strong one, however) that *The White Devil* has the priority. This play, as we see from its preface, was not received in a manner satisfactory to Webster, who would naturally wish then to offer it to the fairer judgment of readers when a propitious moment came. The successful presentation (inferable from the tone of the dedication) of *The Duchess of Malfy* would give precisely the opportunity. To state it differently, the fairly good reason for regarding *circa* 1612 as the date of the performance of *The Duchess of Malfy*—because *The White Devil* was printed then—carries with it the reason for thinking *The Duchess of Malfy* the later play.

Gathering up the evidence, we find these to be our certainties: *The White Devil* was written between 1607 and 1612; *The Duchess of Malfy* between 1609 and 1618–19; and there is nothing that requires for the former a date after 1610, or for the latter a date after 1612. The presumption seems strong that the two plays are near together in point of time, that *The Duchess of Malfy* is the later play, that it is not far in time from *A Monumental Columnne* (1613). I infer, accordingly, that *The White Devil* was finished in 1610, and *The Duchess of Malfy* in 1611.

MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

The White Devil

THE TEXT

THE following text is that of the British Museum copy of the first quarto, 1612 (A), collated with the quartos of 1631 (B), 1665 (C), 1672 (D), and with all succeeding editions. ABCD are referred to collectively as Qq. Punctuation and capitalization have been modernized, but all other departures from A have been bracketed, save that meaningless misprints like *bnt* for *but*, *vnd* for *and*, *inseucibly* for *insencibly*, *my-night cap* for *my night-cap*, have been silently corrected. When the punctuation here used changes in the slightest degree the sense of A, the original punctuation is given in a footnote. Bracketed corrections are to be credited to the edition following the one in which the error last occurs: a bracketed addition without footnote means that the part within brackets is supplied by B; if the old reading is specified as being in AB or ABC, then the correction is supplied from C or D, respectively: emendations not supplied from Qq are credited to the editor proposing them. Variants from every edition after A are recorded if they affect the meaning, but the incessant variation in spelling that appears in BCD is passed over as lacking significance. Stage directions unbracketed or in parenthesis are from A; all others are bracketed, and are credited when not obvious. Line rearrangements are always noted, and are credited unless obvious. The present division of acts and scenes is the editor's, and usually agrees with Mr. Greg's division. The footnotes record the act and scene division of all the editions.

THE WHITE DIVEL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano
Ursini*, Duke of *Brachiano*,

With

The Life and Death of *Vittoria
Corombona* the famous
Venetian Curtizan.

Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by Iohn WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,
Printed by N.O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the
Royall Exchange, 1612.

SOURCES

THE story of Vittoria Accoramboni, murdered in 1585, is historical, but no printed original used by Webster has been found. Some variations in the play may be due to dramatic exigencies, but certain errors in detail (*cf.* Introduction) indicate that the dramatist had not access to first-hand information. The wealth of actual material in Webster's possession, however, is easily explained by the fact that the case was a celebrated one, arousing much partisan feeling, and returned travellers could not have failed to tell about it.

Two contemporary accounts are known: a Brescia tract of 1586, *Il miserabile e compassionevole caso della morte dell' illustrissima Signora Vittoria Accoramboni*, and Cesare Campana's brief notice of the story in his *Historie del Mondo . . . dall' anno 1580 fino al 1596* (Venice, 1596). The latter (occupying but a page or two) is too brief to have served as original; and the former indicates in its title a point of view not Webster's. Brendola's *Sonetto, et Canzone, fatti nella morte dell' illustriss. Sign. Vittoria Corambona* (Brescia, 1586) contains nothing that Webster used. For later versions of the story, *cf.* Bibliography.

TO THE READER

IN publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to my
 selfe that liberty which other men have tane before mee.
 Not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse*
nihil; onely, since it was acted in so dull a time of win-
 ter, presented in so open and blacke a theater, that it 5
 wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of
 a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that
 since that time I have noted, most of the people that
 come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses
 who, visiting stationers shoppes, their use is not to in- 10
 quire for good bookes, but new bookes — I present it to
 the generall veiw with this confidence:

*Nec rboncos metues maligniorum,
 Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.*

If it be objected this is no true drammaticke poem, 15
 I shall easily confesse it; *non potes in nugas dicere plura*
meas, ipse ego quam dixi. Willingly, and not ignorantly,
 in this kind have I faulted: for should a man present to
 such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever
 was written, observing all the criticall lawes, as heighth 20
 of stile, and gravety of person, inrich it with the senten-
 tious *Chorus*, and as it were life'n death in the passionate
 and waighty *Nuntius*; yet after all this divine rapture,

4 *so dull* . . . *presented in.* Omitted in BCD.

5 *blacke.* Steevens queries, blank; Malone, bleak.

22 *life'n.* CD, enliven; Dyce, liven; Hazlitt, lifen.

O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes from the incapable multitude, is able to poison it; and ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene, this of *Horace*, 25

—*Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.*

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confesse I do not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answere them with that of *Eurypides* to *Alcestides*, a tragicke writer. *Alcestides* objecting that *Eurypides* had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas himselfe had written three hundredeth, — Thou telst truth (quoth he), but heres the difference: thine shall onely bee read for three daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages. 30 35

Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: for mine owne part I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy labours; especially of that full and hightned stile of Maister *Chapman*, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister *Johnson*, the no lesse worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Maister *Beamont*, & Maister *Fletcher*, and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. *Shake-speare*, M. *Decker*, & M. *Heywood*; wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of *Martiall*: 40 45 50

— *non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

43 *Johnson.* B, Ionson.

45 *Beamont.* So the Qq.

[IN MENTEM AUTHORIS

Scire velis quid sit mulier ? quo percitet æstro ?

En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.

J. WILSON.]

In Mentem, etc. These verses appear after Dramatis Personæ in C ; as here in D ; not in AB ; signed in C : J. W.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MONTICELSO, a Cardinal, afterwards Pope PAUL THE FOURTH.

FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, Duke of Florence : in the fifth act disguis'd for a Moor, under the name of MULINASSAR.

BRACHIANO, otherwise PAULO GIORDANO URSINI, Duke of Brachiano, Husband to ISABELLA, and in love with VITTORIA.

GIOVANNI, his Son by ISABELLA.

COUNT LODOVICO, an Italian Count, but decay'd.

ANTONELLI, } his Friends, and Dependants of the Duke of Florence.
GASPARO, }

CAMILLO, Husband to VITTORIA, and Nephew to MONTICELSO.

MARCELLO, an Attendant of the Duke of Florence, and Brother to VITTORIA.

FLAMINEO, his Brother, Secretary to BRACHIANO.

HORTENSIO, one of BRACHIANO'S Officers.

English Ambassador.

Savoyan Ambassador.

ARRAGON, a Cardinal.

JULIO, a Doctor.

CHRISTOPHERO, his Assistant.

JAQUES, a Moor, Servant to GIOVANNI.

Conjurer, Lawyer, Armorer, Page, Courtier, a Young Lord, Ambassadors, Courtiers, Physicians, Officers, Attendants, &c.

ISABELLA, Sister to FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, and Wife to BRACHIANO.

VITTORIA COROMBONA, a Venetian Lady, first marry'd to CAMILLO, afterwards to BRACHIANO.

CORNELIA, Mother to VITTORIA, FLAMINEO and MARCELLO.

ZANCHE, a Moor, Servant to VITTORIA.

Matron of the House of Convertites.

THE SCENE, ITALY, 1581-1585.]

Dramatis personæ not in AB. CD contain a list of 'The Persons,' which omits a few minor characters and the date. The wording only of CD is here followed.

Monticelso, Paul the Fourth. Webster's errors for Montalto and Sixtus V. *Francisco . . . disguis'd.* Francisco's disguise is by CD assumed in Act iv. *Venetian Lady.* Vittoria was not Venetian.

The Tragedy of Paulo

Giordano Urgini, Duke of Brachiano,

and Vittoria Corombona

[ACT I, SCENE i.]

[*Rome. A Street.*]

Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

Lodovico. Banisht?

Antonelli. It greev'd me much to heare the
sentence.

Lod. Ha, ha! O Democritus, thy gods
That governe the whole world,—courtly reward
And punishment! Fortun's a right whore:
If she give ought, she deales it in smal percels, 5
That she may take away all at one swope.
This tis to have great enemies,—God quite
them!

Your wolfe no longer seemes to be a wolfe

Act I. AB are not divided into acts or scenes; C is partly divided into acts; D is divided into acts and scenes.

3-4 Printed as prose in AB, owing to shortening of line-space by large initial in *Banisht*. 7 *quite*. BCD, quit,

Then when shees hungry.

Gasparo. You terme those enemies
Are men of princely ranke.

Lod. Oh I pray for them. 10
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it.

Ant. Come, my lord,
You are justly dom'd; looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you have in three yeares
Ruin'd the noblest earldome.

Gasp. Your followers 15
Have swallowed you like mummia, and being
sicke

With such unnaturall and horrid phisicke,
Vomit you up ith kennell.

Ant. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you staggerd through; one
cittizen

Is lord of two faire manors cald you master, 20
Only for caviare.

Gasp. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherin the phænix scarce could scape your
throtes,

Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeminge you

10 *ranke.* B, ranke?

12 *pasht.* CD, dasht.

13 *dom'd.* B, doom'd.

19 *have you staggerd.* A, have you, you staggerd.

An idle meteor, which, drawne forth the earth, 25
Would bee soone lost ith aire.

Ant. Jeast upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such faire lordships.

Lod. Very good.
This well goes with two buckets: I must tend
The powring out of eather.

Gasp. Worse then these; 30
You have acted certaine murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror.

Lod. Las, they were flea-bytinges.
Why tooke they not my head then?

Gasp. O my lord,
The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good
Not ever to steepe violent sinnes in blood. 35
This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

Lod. So; but I wonder then some great men
scape

This banishment: ther's Paulo Giordano Orsini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome, 40
And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona,—
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kisse to the duke.

Ant. Have a full man within you.

Wee see that trees beare no such pleasant fruite 45
 There where they grew first, as where the[y]
 are new set.

Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more
 they render

Their pleasing sents; and so affliction
 Expresseth vertue fully, whether trew,
 Or ells adulterate.

Lod. Leave your painted comforts: 50
 Ile make Italian cut-works in their guts,
 If ever I returne.

Gasp. O sir!

Lod. I am patient.
 I have seene some ready to be executed
 Give pleasant lookes, and money, and growne
 familiar [them,
 With the knave hangman: so do I, I thanke 55
 And would account them nobly mercifull,
 Would they dispatch me quicklie.

Ant. Fare you well:
 Wee shall find time, I doubt not, to repeale
 Your banishment.

Lod. I am ever bound to you:

45 *such.* Dyce notes that some copies of A have *sweet* for *such*. Brit. Museum A has *such*. 54 *growne*. Query: *growe*.

59 *Enter Senate (i. e. Sennet)* follows this line in Qq. Dyce placed the direction at beginning of next scene. The text contains several of these premature directions, and thus would seem to have been set up from a prompt copy.

This is the worlds almes ; pray make use of it. 60
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces,
When first they have shorne them bare and
sold their fleeces. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE ii.]

[*Rome. A Room in Camillo's House.*]

[*Sennet.*] *Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo,*
Vittoria Corombona, [and Attendants.]

Brachiano. Your best of rest !

Vittoria. Unto my lord the duke,
The best of wellcome ! More lights,—attend
the duke. [*Exeunt Camillo and Vittoria.*]

Brach. Flamineo.

Flamineo. My lord.

Brach. Quite lost, Flamineo !

Flam. Pursew your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service, O my lord ! 5

The faire Vittoria, my happy sister,
Shall give you present audience. Gentlemen,
Whisper.

Let the caroach go on ; and tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches and depart.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Brach. Are wee so happy ?

Flam. Can't be otherwise ? 10

Camillo's house. Camillo's Garden, Symonds.

Observ'd you not to night, my honor'd lord,
Which way so ere you went, shee threw her
eyes?

I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the More, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit. 15

Brach. Wee are happie above thought, be-
cause 'bove merriit.

Flam. 'Bove merriit! wee may now talke
freely: 'bove merriit! what ist you doubt? her
coynesse? thats but the superficies of lust most
women have; yet why should ladyes blush to 20
heare that nam'd, which they do not feare to
handle? O they are polliticke; they know our
desire is increas'd by the difficultie of injoying;
where a satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsie
passion. If the buttery hatch at court stood 25
continually open, their would be nothing so
passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the bever-
age.

Brach. O but her jealous husband!

Flam. Hang him! a guilder that hath his 30
braynes perisht with quicke-silver is not more
could in the liver. The great barriers moulted
not more feathers then he hath shed haires, by
the confession of his doctor. An Irish gam-
ster that will play himselfe naked, and then 35

wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more venturous. So un-able to please a woman, that like a Dutch doublet, all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord : 40
Some tricke now must be thought on to devide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow.

Brach. O should she faile to come !

Flam. I must not have your lordship thus
unwisely amorous. I my selfe have loved a lady 45
and peursued her with a great deale of under-age
protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that
have enjoyed would with all their harts have bin
glad to have bin rid of. Tis just like a summer
bird-cage in a garden ; the birds that are with- 50
out despaire to get in, and the birds that are
within despaire and are in a consumption for
feare they shall never get out. Away, away, my
lord. [*Exit Brachiano.*]

Enter Camillo.

See, here he comes. This fellow by his apparell 55
Some men would judge a pollititian ;
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Merely an asse in's foot cloath. How now,
brother ?

What, travailing to bed to your kind wife ?

57 *find it.* D, find him.

58 *How . . . brother ?* Begins following line in Qq.

Camillo. I assure you, brother, no ; my voy-
age lyes 60

More northerlie, in a farre colder clime ;
I do not well remember, I protest,
When I last lay with her.

Flam. Strange you should loose your count.

Cam. Wee never lay together, but eare morn-
ing

Their grew a flaw betweene us.

Flam. T'had byn your part 65

To have made up that flaw.

Cam. Trew, but shee loathes
I should be seene in't.

Flam. Why sir, what's the matter ?

Cam. The duke your maister visits me, I
thanke him,

And I perceave how, like an earnest bowler,
Hee very passionatelie leanes that way 70
He should have his boule runne.

Flam. I hope you do not thinke—

Cam. That noble men boule bootie ? faith,
his cheeke

Hath a most excellent bias ; it would faine
Jumpe with my mistris.

62-63 *I do . . her.* One line in Qq. 65 *T'had.* CD, 'Thad.

66-67 *Trew . . in 't.* One line in Qq.

71 *should.* CD, would.

72 *cheeke.* Query: chique or check. Cf. last note, p. 186.

74 *Jumpe . . . mistris.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Flam. Will you be an asse,
 Despight you[r] Aristotle, or a cocould
 Contrary to your Ephemerides
 Which shewes you under what a smiling planet
 You were first swadled?

Cam. Pew wew, sir, tell not me
 Of planets nor of Ephemerides:
 A man may be made cocould in the day time 8c
 When the stars eyes are out.

Flam. Sir, God boy you;
 I do commit you to your pittifull pillow
 Stuft with horne-shavings.

Cam. Brother—

Flam. God refuse me,
 Might I advise you now, your onlie course
 Weare to locke up your wife.

Cam. T'weare very good. 8i

Flam. Bar her the sight of revels.

Cam. Excellent.

Flam. Let her not go to church, but like a
 hounde

In [leam] at your heeles.

Cam. Tweare for her honour.

Flam. And so you should be certayne in one
 fortnight,

75 *your.* AB, you.

80 *made.* Dyce, Vaughan, erroneously: made a.

81 *boy.* D, bu'y; Dyce, b'wi'.

88 *leam.* Qq, Leon; Steevens, leam; Dyce, lyam.

Despight her chastity or innocence, 90
 To bee cocoulded, which yet is in suspence :
 This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.

Cam. Come, you know not where my night-
 cap wringes mee.

Flam. Weare it ath' old fashion ; let your
 large eares come through, it will be more easy : 95
 —nay, I will be bitter,—barre your wife of her
 entertaynment : women are more willinglie &
 more gloriouslie chast, when they are least re-
 strayned of their libertie. It seemes you would
 be a fine capricious mathematically jealous cox-100
 combe ; take the height of your owne hornes
 with a Jacobs staffe afore they are up. These
 polliticke inclosures for paltry mutton makes
 more rebellion in the flesh then all the provoc-
 ative electuaries doctors have uttered sence last 105
 jubilee.

Cam. This doth not phisicke me.

Flam. It seemes you are jealous : Ile shew
 you the error of it by a familiar example. I
 have seene a paire of spectacles fashiond with 110
 such perspective art, that lay downe but one
 twelve pence ath' bord, twill appeare as if there
 were twenty ; now, should you weare a paire
 of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her
 shooe, you would imagine twenty hands were 115

103 *makes.* D, make.

taking up of your wives clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury.

Cam. The fault there, sir, is not in the eyesight.

Flam. True, but they that have the yellow¹²⁰ jaundeise thinke all objects they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worser; her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a bason of water, twenty severall crabbed faces; many times makes his owne shadow his cocould-maker. [*Enter*¹²⁵ *Vittoria.*] See, she comes. What reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or ivorie of Corinth, or¹³⁰ compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis liker the blacke birds feather! This is all: be wise, I will make you freinds, and you shall go to bed together. Marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking; do you stand upon that by¹³⁵ any meanes; walk you a loofe; I would not have you seene in't. [*Camillo retires.*] Sister—(my lord attends you in the banquetting house), your husband is wondrous discontented.

¹²² *worser.* BCD, worse.

¹²⁶ *See* is preceded by a * in Qq, to indicate an entrance. A gives in margin (clipped by binder): *er Corom-*; D has, *Enter Vit.* A similar * occurs after *wisdome*, p. 143, l. 74.

Vit. I did nothing to displease him ;
to him at supper-time.

Flam. You need not have carved him
(They say he is a capon already.— I m
seemingly fall out with you.) Shall a ge
so well descended as Camillo,—(a lou
that within this twenty yeares rode v
blacke guard in the dukes cariage mong
and dripping-pannes)—

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Flam. An excellent scholler (one that
head fild with calves braynes without a
in them)—come crouching in the hams
for a nights lodging? (that hath an it
hams, which like the fier at the glass
hath not gone out this seaven yeares.)
not a courtly gentleman? (When he
white sattin, one would take him by his
mussel to be no other creature then a n
You are a goodly foile, I confesse, well,
—(but coverd with a false stone, yon
faite dyamond).

Cam. He will make her know what is

142 *You need, etc.* Flamineo's speeches in this dialog
of asides to Vittoria.

158 *mussel.* D, muzzle.

160 *yon.* BD, you. Dyce notes that some copies of
cover . . . your. The reading of B.M. copy of A, I
is certainly correct.

Flam. Come, my lord attends you—(thou shalt go to bed to my lord)—

Cam. Now he comes to't.

165

Flam. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine. (I am opening your case hard.)

Cam. A vertuous brother, a my credit.

Flam. He will give thee a ringe with a philo- 170
sophers stone in it.

Cam. Indeede I am studying alcumye.

Flam. Thou shalt lye in a bed stufte with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed lynnens like the fellow was smothered in roses. So per- 175
fect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him; tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to inevitable necessitie. 180

Vit. [*aside.*] How shals rid him hence?

Flam. I will put breeches in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie. [*To Camillo.*] I have almost wrought her to it, I find her comming; but might I advise you now, for this night I would 185
not lye with her; I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

169 *a my.* BCD, on my.

182 *brees.* Dyce, [the] breese.

Flam. It will shew in you a supremacie of judgement. 190

Cam. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for *quæ negata grata*.

Flam. Right : you are the adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of[f].

Cam. A philosophicall reason. 195

Flam. Walke by her a' the noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the progresse.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say incited— 200

Vit. To do what, sir?

Cam. To lye with you to night. Your silke-worme useth to fast every third day, and the next following spinnes the better. To morrow at night I am for you. 205

Vit. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

Flam. But do you heare, I shall have you steale to her chamber about midnight.

Cam. Do you thinke so? why looke you, brother, because you shall not thinke Ile gull 210 you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flam. Introth I will. Ile be your jaylor once. But have you nere a false dore?

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian. Tell 215

mee to morrow how scurvelie shee takes my unkind parting.

Flam. I will.

Cam. Didst thou not [mark] the jeast of the silke-worme? Good night: in faith I will use²²⁰ this tricke often.

Flam. Do, do, do. So now you are safe. Ha ha ha! thou intanglest thyselfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme. Come sister; darkenesse hides your blush. Wo-²²⁵ men are like curst dogges: civilitie keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight; then they do most good or most mischeefe. My lord, my lord!

*Exit
Camillo.*

Enter Brachiano. Zanche brings out a carpet, spreads it and layes on it two faire cushions.

Brachiano. Give credit: I could wish time would stand still,²³⁰
And never end this enterview, this hower;
But all delight doth it selfe soon'st devour.

Enter Cornelia [listening.]

Let me into your bosome, happy ladie,
Powre out, in stead of eloquence, my vowes.

²¹⁹ *mark.* ABC, make.

²²⁴ *silke-worme.* Brachiano's entrance comes here in ABC. D here marks Act. 1. Scen. 3., and places Brachiano's entrance as here given.

²²⁶ *civilitie.* BCD, cruelty.

Enter Cornelia, etc. *Listening* is added in MS in A.

Loose me not, madam, for if you forego me, :
I am lost eternallie.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pittie
I wish you hart-hole.

Brach. You are a sweet phisition.

Vit. Sure, sir, a loathed crueltie in ladyes
Is as to doctors many funeralls :
It takes away their credit.

Brach. Excellent creature ! :
Wee call the cruell fayre ; what name for you
That are so mercifull ?

Zanche. See now they close.

Flam. Most happie union.

Cornelia. My feares are falne upon me : oh
my heart !

My sonne the pandar ! now I find our house :
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leave behind,
Where they have tyrannised, iron, lead, or stone :
But woe to ruine, violent lust leaves none !

Brach. What valew is this jewell ?

Vit. Tis the ornament
Of a weake fortune. :

Brach. In sooth Ile have it ; nay, I will but
change

My jewell for your jewell.

236 *I eternallie.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

236-237 *Sir . . . hart-hole.* One line in Qq.

239-240 *Is . . . credit.* One line in Qq.

247 *lead.* A, or lead.

Flam. Excellent,—
His jewell for her jewell,—well put in, duke.

Brach. Nay, let me see you weare it.

Vit. Heare, sir.

Brach. Nay, lower, you shall weare my jewell
lower. 255

Flam. That's better, she must weare his
jewell lower.

Vit. To passe away the time, Ile tell your
grace

A dreame I had last night.

Brach. Most wishedly.

Vit. A foolish idle dreame :

Me thought I walkt about the mid of night 260

Into a church-yard, where a goodly Eu tree

Spred her large roote in ground. Under that Eu,

As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,

Checkered with crosse-sticks, their came steal-
ing in

Your dutchesse and my husband ; one of them 265

A picax bore, th' other a rusty spade,

And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,

About this Eu.

Brach. That tree ?

Vit. This harmelesse Eu.

They told me my entent was to root up

That well-growne Eu, and plant i'th steed of it 270

261 *Eu.* BCD, Ewe, as throughout the narrative.

A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they
vow'd

To bury me alive. My husband straight
With picaxe gan to dig, and your fell dutchesse
With shovell, like a fury, voyded out
The earth, & scattered bones. Lord, how me
thought 275

I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.

Flam. No, the divell was in your dreame.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose, me
thought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant, 280
And both were stricke dead by that sacred Eu
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flam. Excellent divell! Shee hath taught him
in a dreame

To make away his dutchesse and her husband.

Brach. Sweetly shall I enterpret this your
dreame: 285

You are lodged within his armes who shall pro-
tect you,

From all the feavers of a jealous husband,
From the poore envy of our flegmaticke dutch-
esse:

I'll seate you above law and above scandall,

283 *Shee . . . dreame.* Separate line in Qq.

286 *lodged.* B, lodgd.

Give to your thoughts the invention of delight 290
 And the fruition; nor shall government
 Divide me from you longer then a care
 To keepe you great: you shall to me at once
 Be dukedome, health, wife, children, friends
 and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still forerun
 our fall! 295

Flam. What fury rais'd thee up? Away,
 away! *Exit Zanche.*

Cor. What make you heare, my lord, this
 dead of night?

Never dropt meldew on a flower here tell now.

Flam. I pray will you go to bed then,
 Least you be blasted?

Cor. O that this faire garden, 300
 Had all [with] poysoned hearbes of Thessaly
 At first bene planted; made a nursery
 For witch-craft; rather [then] a buriall plot
 For both your honours.

Vit. Dearest mother, heare me.

Cor. O thou dost make my brow bend to the
 earth, 305

Sooner then nature! See the curse of children,—
 In life they keepe us frequently in teares,
 And in the cold grave leaves us in pale feares.

298 *tell.* B, till.

301 *with.* MS note in A.

303 *then.* Omitted in AB. 308 *leaves.* D, leave.

Brach. Come, come, I will not heare you.

Vit. Deere my lord—

Cor. Where is thy dutchesse now, adulterous duke? 310

Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to Rome.

Flam. How? come to Rome?

Vit. The dutchesse?

Brach. She had bene better—

Cor. The lives of princes should like dyals move,

Whose regular example is so strong,

They make the times by them go right or wrong. 315

Flam. So, have you done?

Cor. Unfortunate Camillo!

Vit. I do protest, if any chaste deniall,
If anything but bloud could have alayed
His long suite to me—

Cor. I will joyne with thee,
To the most wofull end ere^r mother kneel'd: 320
If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares
In great mens.

Brach. Fye, fye, the womans mad.

Cor. Bee thy act Judas-like, betray in kissing:
Maiest thou be envied during his short breath, 325
And pittied like a wretch after his death!

323 *mens.* Dyce, men's—

326 *his.* A, this.

Vit. O me accurst! *Exit Victoria.*

Flam. Are you out of your wits, my lord?
Ile fetch her backe againe.

Brach. No, I'le to bed:
Send Doctor Julio to me presently.
Uncharitable woman, thy rash tongue 330
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme:
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme!

Exit Brachiano.

Flam. Now, you that stand so much upon
your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night, thinke you,
To send a duke home without ere a man? 335
I would faine know where lies the masse of
wealth
Which you have whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the levell
Of my lords stirop.

Cor. What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vitious?

Flam. Pray, what meanes have you 340
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallowes?
My father prov'd himselfe a gentleman,
Sold al's lands, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought
me up

At Padua, I confesse, where, I protest, 345

337 *whoorded.* Dyce, hoarded.

For want of meanes, the university judge me,
 I have bene faine to heele my tutors stockings
 At least seven yeares : conspiring with a beard
 Made me a graduate ; then to this dukes service.
 I visited the court, whence I return'd 350
 More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
 But not a suite the richer : and shall I,
 Having a path so open and so free
 To my preferment, still retaine your milke
 In my pale forehead ? no, this face of mine 355
 I'le arme and fortifie with lusty wine
 'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne're had borne thee.

Flam. So would I.

I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
 Had bene my mother rather then thy selfe. 360
 Nature is very pitt[i]full to whoores,
 To give them but few children, yet those children
 Plurality of fathers : they are sure
 They shall not want. Go, go,
 Complaine unto my great lord cardinall : 365
 Yet may be he will justifie the act.
 Lycurgus wondred much men would provide
 Good stalions for their mares, and yet would
 suffer
 Their faire wives to be barren.

351 *courteous.* courteous &, MS correction in A.

366 *yet may.* BCD, It may.

Cor. Misery of miseries ! *Exit Cornelia.* 370

Flam. The dutchesse come to court ? I like
not that.

Wee are ingag'd to mischief and must on.

As rivers to finde out the ocean

Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced
bankes,

Or, as wee see, to aspire some mountaines top, 375

The way ascends not straight, but imitates

The suttle fouldings of a winters snake ;

So who knowes policy and her true aspect,

Shall finde her waies winding and indirect.

Exit.

377 *winters.* BC, winter.

[ACT II, SCENE i.]

[*Rome. A Room in Francisco's Palace.*]

*Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso,
Marcello, Isabella, young Giovanni, with little
Jaques the Moore.*

Francisco. Have you not seene your husband
since you arived?

Isabella. Not yet sir.

Fran. Surely he is wondrous kind.
If I had [such a] dove-house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy
The pole-cats that haunt to't.—My sweet
cossin !

5

Giovanni. Lord unkle, you did promise mee
a horse

And armour.

Fran. That I did, my pretty cossin.
Marcello, see it fitted.

Marcello. My lord, the duke is here.

Fran. Sister, away !
You must not yet bee seene.

Isab. I do beseech you 10
Intreate him mildely ; let not your rough tongue

2 *wondrous.* BCD, wonderfull. 3 *such a.* A, a such.

8 *lord.* In A there is no pause after this word.

10-11 *I . . . mildely.* Forms one line in Qq.

Set us at louder variance ; all my wrongs
 Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt,
 As men to try the precious unicornes horne
 Make of the powder a preservative circle 15
 And in it put a spider, so these armes
 Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying,
 And keepe him chaste from an infected straying.

Fran. I wish it may. Be gone. Void the
 chamber :

[*Exeunt Isabella, Giovanni and Jaques.*]

Enter Brachiano and Flamineo.

You are welcome ; will you sit ? I pray, my lord, 20
 Bee you my orator, my hearts too full ;
 I'le second you anon.

Monticelso. E're I beginne,
 Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
 Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Brachiano. As silent as i'th church you may
 proceed. 25

Mont. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
 That you have as 'twere entred the world
 With a free scepter in your able hand,
 And have to th' use of nature well applied

Exeunt, etc. ABC have merely : Exit. The directions in Qq
 precede *Void*.

25 *church*. D places a comma after *church* ; Dyce, a colon.

27 *have*. BCD, Dyce, having.

29 *have*. Dyce omits *have* rather than change to having, which
 the BCD reading adopted by him requires.

High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age 30
 Neglect your awfull throne for the soft downe
 Of an insatiate bed. Oh my lord,
 The drunkard after all his lavish cuppes
 Is dry, and then is sober; so at length,
 When you awake from this lascivious dreame, 35
 Repentance then will follow; like the sting
 Plac't in the adders taylor. Wretched are princes
 When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
 Of their unweldy crownes; or raveseth
 But one pearle from their scepter[s]: but alas! 40
 When they to wilfull shipwreck loose good fame,
 All princely titles perish with their name.

Brach. You have said, my lord.

Mont. Inough to give you tast
 How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

Brach. Now you that are his second, what
 say you? 45

Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about:
 Your game flies faire and for you.

Fran. Do not feare it:
 I'le answere you in your owne hawking phrase.
 Some eagles that should gaze upon the sunne
 Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease, 50
 Since they from dunghill birds their prey can
 ceaze:

You know Vittoria?

Brach. Yes.

Fran. You shift your shirt there
When you retire from tennis?

Brach. Happely.

Fran. Her husband is [the] lord of a poore
fortune,
Yet she wears cloth of tissue.

Brach. What of this? 55
Will you urge that, my good lord cardinall,
As part of her confession at next shrift,
And know from whence it sailes?

Fran. She is your strumpet.

Brach. Uncivill sir, ther's hemlocke in thy
breath,
And that blacke slander. Were she a whore of
mine, 60
All thy loud cannons, and thy borrowed
Switzers,
Thy gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her.

Fran. Let's not talke on thunder.
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt
fast 65
In her last winding sheete, when I gave thee
But one!

54 *the*. A MS note in A inserts *the* before *Lord*, doubtless
correctly. 63 *talke on*. D, talk of.

Brach. Thou hadst given a soule to God then.

Fran.

True:

Thy ghostly father, with al's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee.

Brach.

Spit thy poyson.

Fran. I shall not need; lust carries her
sharpe whippe

At her own girdle. Looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.

Brach.

Thunder? infaith,

They are but crackers.

Fran.

Wee'le end this with the cannon.

Brach. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in
thy wounds,

And gunpowder in thy nostrels.

Fran.

Better that, 75

Then change perfumes for plaisters.

Brach.

Pitty on thee!

'Twere good you'd shew your slaves or men
condemn'd

Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le
meete thee,

Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Mont. My lords, you shall not word it any
further

80

Without a milder limit.

78 *Your . . . defiance.* Dyce reads *forehead-defiance*, and queries
plum'd for *plow'd*.

80 *lords.* BCD, lord.

Fran. Willingly.

Brach. Have you proclaimed a triumph, that
you baite

A lyon thus?

Mont. My lord!

Brach. I am tame, I am tame, sir.

Fran. We send unto the duke for confer-
ence

Bout leavyes 'gainst the pyrates; my lord
duke 85

Is not at home; we come our selfe in person;
Still my lord duke is busied: but we feare
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discovers flockes of wilde-duckes; then, my
lord,—

'Bout moulting time, I meane,—wee shall be
certaine 90

To finde you sure enough and speake with you.

Brach. Ha!

Fran. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are
idle.

But to expresse the sonnet by naturall reason,

Enter Giovanni.

When stagges grow melancholike, you'le finde
the season.

Mont. No more, my lord, heare comes a
champion 95

83 *A* ends preceding line in AB; in C the line ends in *Lion*; in D in *thus*. 88 *proling*. Dyce, *prowling*.

Shall end the difference betweene you both,
 Your sonne the Prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
 What hopes you store in him: this is a casket
 For both your crowns, & should be held like
 deere.

Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know 100
 It is a more direct and even way
 To traine to vertue those of princely bloud,
 By examples then by precepts: if by examples,
 Whom should he rather strive to imitate
 Then his owne father? be his patterne, then; 105
 Leave him a stocke of vertue that may last,
 Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

Brach. Your hand, boy; growing to [a]
 souldier?

Giovanni. Give me a pike.

Fran. What, practising your pike so yong,
 faire cous?

Giov. Suppose me one of Homers frogges,
 my lord, 110

Tossing my bul-rush thus: pray sir, tell mee
 Might not a child of good descretion
 Be leader to an army?

Fran. Yes, cousin, a yong prince
 Of good descretion might.

Giov. Say you so?
 Indeed I have heard 'tis fit a generall 115

108 *a.* Omitted in A, perhaps correctly.

Should not endanger his owne person oft ;
 So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horse-
 backe,

Like a danske drummer, O 'tis excellent !—
 Hee need not fight ;—me thinkes his horse as
 well

Might lead an army for him. If I live, 120
 I'le charge the French foe, in the very front
 Of all my troupes, the formost man.

Fran. What, what !

Giov. And will not bid my souldiers up and
 follow,

But bid them follow me.

Brach. Forward lap-wing !

He flies with the shell on's head.

Fran. Pretty cousin ! 125

Giov. The first yeare, unkle, that I go to
 warre,

All prisoners that I take I will set free
 Without their ransome.

Fran. Ha, without thier ransome !

How then will you reward your souldiers
 That tooke those prisoners for you ?

Giov. Thus, my lord : 130

I'le marry them to all the wealthy widowes
 That fals that yeare.

118 *danske.* C, Dantzicke.

124 *Forward.* MS suggestion in A: A forward ; Dyce, Forward, lapwing. 132 *fals.* D, fall.

Fran. Why then, the next yeare following
You'll have no men to go with you to warre.

Giov. Why then, I'll presse the women to
the war,
And then the men will follow.

Mont. Witty prince! 135

Fran. See, a good habite makes a child a
man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.

Come, you and I are friends.

Brach. Most wishedly;
Like bones which, broke in sunder and well
set,
Knit the more strongly.

Fran. Call [Isabella] hither. 140
[Exit Servant.]

You have received the rumor, how Count
Lodowicke
Is turn'd a pyrate?

Brach. Yes.

Fran. We are now preparing
Some shippes to fetch him in. Behold your
dutchesse.

Wee now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind intreaty.

139 *broke.* D, broken.

140 *Call Isabella.* ABC, Call Camillo.

Exit Servant. Dyce, Exit Marcello.

Brach. You have charm'd mee. 145

[*Enter Isabella.*]

*Exeunt Fr[an-
cisco,] Mon[ti-
celso,] Giov[anni,
Marcello and
Flammineo.]*

You are in health, we see.

Isabella. And above health,

To see my lord well.

Brach. So I wonder much,

What amorous whirlwind hurried you to
Rome?

Isab. Devotion, my lord.

Brach. Devotion?

Is your soule charg'd with any grievous sinne? 150

Isab. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I
thinke

The oftner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleepes will be the sounder.

Brach. Take your chamber.

Isab. Nay, my deere lord, I will not have you
angry;

Doth not my absence from you [these] two
moneths, 155

Merit one kisse?

Brach. I do not use to kisse:

If that will dispossesse your jealousy,
I'le sweare it to you.

147 *So I.* D, So, I; Dyce, So. I.

155 *these* is suggested in MS in A. CD, now.

Isab. O my loved lord,
 I do not come to chide; my jealousy!
 I [am] to learne what that Italian meanes. 160
 You are as welcome to these longing armes,
 As I to you a virgine.

Brach. O your breath!
 Out upon sweete meates, and continued phys-
 icke.
 The plague is in them!

Isab. You have oft for these two lippes
 Neglected cassia or the naturall sweetes 165
 Of the spring-violet; they are not yet much
 whithered.

My lord, I should be merry: these your frownes
 Shew in a helmet lovely, but on me,
 In such a peacefull enterveiw, me thinkes
 They are to [o] too roughly knit.

Brach. O dissemblance! 170
 Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you
 learn't
 The trick of impudent basenes, to complaine
 Unto your kindred?

Isab. Never, my deere lord.

Brach. Must I be haunted out, or wast your
 trick
 To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome, 175
 That must supply our discontinuance?

160 *I am.* A, I come.

174 *haunted.* D, hunted.

Isab. I pray, sir, burst my heart; and in my death

Turne to your antient pittie, though not love.

Brach. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,

That is, the great duke, 'sdeath, I shall not shortly

180

Rackit away five hundreth crownes at tennis,

But it shall rest upon record! I scorne him

Like a shav'd Pollake; all his reverent wit

Lies in his wardrope; hee's a discret fellow

When hee's made up in his roabes of state. 185

Your brother the great duke, because h'as gallies,

And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,

(Now all the hellish furies take his soule!)

First made this match. Accursed be the priest

That sang the wedding masse, and even my issue!

190

Isab. O to[o] too far you have curst!

Brach. Your hand I'le kisse:

This is the latest ceremony of my love;

Hence-forth I'le never lye with thee, — by this,

This wedding-ring, I'le ne're more lye with thee.

And this divorce shall be as truely kept

195

As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well,

Our sleeps are sever'd.

Isab. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessed! why the saints in heaven
Will knit their browes at that.

Brach. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeleever; this my vow 200
Shall never, on my soule, bee satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed.

Isab. O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly. Deere my lord, 205
Let me heare once more, what I would not
heare,
Never.

Brach. Never.

Isab. O my unkind lord, may your sins find
mercy,
As I upon a woefull widowed bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes 210
Upon your wretched wife and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you'le fix them upon heaven.

Brach. No more; go, go, complaine to the
great duke.

Isab. No my deere lord, you shall have pre-
sent witnesse
How I'le worke peace betweene you. I will
make 215

207 *Never. Never.* So D; ABC, *Never. Never?* Dyce,
Never? Never.

My selfe the author of your cursed vow :
I have some cause to do it, you have none ;
Conceale it, I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your dukedomes, that you wrought the
meanes

Of such a separation ; let the fault
Remaine with my supposed jealousy,
And thinke with what a pitteous and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello.

Brach. Well, take your course. My honourable brother.

Francisco. Sister! this is not well, my lord;
why sister!

She merits not this welcome.

Brach. Welcome, say ?

Shee hath given a sharpe welcome.

Fran. Are you foolish ?

Come dry your teares ; is this a modest course,
To better what is nought, to raile and weepe ?
Grow to a reconcilment, or, by heaven, 230
I'le nere more deale betweene you.

Isab. Sir, you shall not;

Enter Francisco, etc. Qq add, Camillo. D marks Act. 2.
Scen. 2.

224 *course.* *My.* ABC have no punctuation between these words.

227 given. MS note in A, given me.

28 course. A puts a period, BCD an interrogation after this.

No, though Vittoria upon that condition
Would become honest.

Fran. Was your husband loud
Since we departed?

Isab. By my life, sir, no;
I swear by that I do not care to loose. 235
Are all these ruines of my former beauty
Laid out for a whores triumph?

Fran. Do you heare:
Looke upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, [and] with
what justice
They study to requite them; take that course. 240

Isab. O that I were a man, or that I had
power
To execute my apprehended wishes!
I would whip some with scorpions.

Fran. What? turn'd fury?

Isab. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off 245
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like Mummia, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water. By your favour, sir,—
Brother, draw neere, and my lord cardinall,— 250
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kisse:

239 *with.* MS in A, & with; Qq, with.

241 *or that.* MS erasure of *or* in A.

Hence-forth I'le never lye with you, by this,
This wedding-ring.

Fran. How ? nere more lie with him ?

Isab. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged court, a thousand eares 255
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers hands
Seal'd to the separation.

Brach. Nere lie with me ?

Isab. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbelever : this my vow
Shall never, on my soule, be satisfied 260
With my repentance ; *manet alta mente re-*
postum.

Fran. Now by my birth, you are a foolish,
mad,
And jealous woman.

Brach. You see 'tis not my seeking.

Fran. Was this your circle of pure unicornes
horne,
You said should charme your lord ? Now hornes
upon thee, 265
For jealousy deserves them ! Keepe your vow,
And take your chamber.

Isab. No sir, I'le presently to Padua ;
I will not stay a minute.

Monticelso. O good madame !

Brach. 'Twere best to let her have her humor ;

261 *repentance.* Quéry : thy repentance. *repostum.* A, repositum.

Some halfe daies journey will bring downe her
 stomacke, 270
 And then she'le turne in post.

Fran. To see her come
 To my lord cardinall for a dispensation
 Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.

Isab. "Unkindnesse, do thy office; poore
 heart, breake;
 "Those are the killing greifes which dare not
 speake. *Exit.* 275

Mar. Camillo's come, my lord. *Enter Camillo.*

Fran. Where's the commission?

Mar. Tis here.

Fran. Give me the signet.

[*Exeunt Francisco, Monticelso, Camillo, Marcello.*]

Flamineo. My lord, do you marke their whis-
 pering? I will compound a medicine out of their
 two heads, stronger then garlick, deadlier then 280
 stibium; the cantarides which are scarce seene
 to sticke upon the flesh when they work to the
 heart, shall not do it with more silence or invis-
 ble cunning. *Enter Doctor.*

Brach. About the murder? 285

Flam. They are sending him to Naples, but
 I'le send him to Candy. Here's another pro-
 perty to[o].

Enter Camillo. Dyce places Marcello's entrance here.

287 *Here's.* AB, her's.

288 *too.* D corrects.

Brach. O the doctor !

Flam. A poore quackesalving knave, my lord; 290
one that should have bene lasht for's letchery,
but that he confest a judgement, had an execu-
tion laid upon him, and so put the whip to a
non-plus.

Doctor. And was cosin'd, my lord, by an ar- 295
ranter knave then my selfe, and made pay all
the coulourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pils into a mans guts,
shall make them have more ventages then a cor-
net or a lamprey; hee will poyson a kisse; and 300
was once minded, for his master-peece, because
Ireland breeds no poyson, to have prepared a
deadly vapour in a Spaniards fart, that should
have poison'd all Dublin.

Brach. O Saint Anthony fire! 305

Doc. Your secretary is merry, my lord.

Flam. O thou cursed antipathy to nature!
Looke, his eyes bloud-shed, like a needle a chi-
rurgeon stitcheth a wound with. Let me em-
brace thee, toad, & love thee, O thou abhomin- 310
able lothsome gargarisme, that will fetch up
lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples!

Brach. No more: I must employ thee, hon-
est doctor:

299 *cornet*. Query: coney. Cf. note 47, 299, p. 190.

305 *Anthony*. BC, Anthonies.

311 *lothsome*. Dyce notes that some copies of A have lethan.

You must to Padua, and by the way,
Use some of your skill for us.

Doc. Sir, I shall. 315

Brach. But for Camillo?

Flam. He dies this night, by such a polliticke
straine,

Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your dutchesse death?

Doc. I'le make her sure.

Brach. Small mischiefes are by greater made
secure. 320

Flam. Remember this, you slave; when
knaves come to preferment they rise as gal-
louses are raised i'th low countries, one upon an-
others shoulders. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter Monticelso, Camillo, Francisco, Marcello.*]

Monticelso. Here is an embleme, nephew, pray
peruse it. 325

'Twas throwne in at your window.

Camillo. At my window?

Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his hornes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes;
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.*

315 *Use . . . us.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

315 *Sir, I shall.* Omitted, Dyce notes, in some copies of A.

324 *another.* AB, another.

Exeunt. So ABC; D adds: Ent. Monc. Cam. Fra.

Enter Monticelso. Symonds marks here a new scene.

Mont. That is,
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes. 330

Cam. What should this meane?

Mont. Ile tell you; 'tis given out
You are a cocould.

Cam. Is it given out so?
I had rather such report as that, my lord,
Should keepe within dores.

Fran. Have you any children?

Cam. None, my lord.

Fran. You are the happier: 335
Ile tell you a tale.

Cam. Pray, my lord.

Fran. An old tale.
Uppon a time Phœbus, the god of light,
Or him wee call the Sunne, would neede be
married.

The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the generall world. 340
But what a pitious cry their straight arose
Amongst smiths, & felt-makers, brewers &
cooks,

Reapers and butter-women, amongst fishmon-
gers,

And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessive heate; twas lamentable: 345
They came to Jupiter all in a sweat

332 *Is it.* BCD, It is.

338 *neede.* BCD, needs.

And do forbid the banes ; a great fat cooke
 Was made their speaker, who intreates of Jove
 That Phœbus might bee guelded, for if now
 When there was but one sunne, so many men 350
 Weare like to perish by his violent heate,
 What should they do if hee were married
 And should beget more, and those children
 Make fier-workes like their father? So say I ;
 Only I will apply it to your wife ; 355
 Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
 Would make both nature, time, and man repent
 it.

Mont. Looke you, cossin.
 Go change the aire, for shame, see if your ab-
 sence

Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello 360
 Is chosen with you joint commissioner
 For the relieving our Italian coast
 From pirats.

Mar. I am much honord int.

Cam. But sir,
 Ere I returne, the stagges hornes may be sprouted
 Greater then these are shed.

Mont. Do not feare it ; 365
 I'le bee your ranger.

Cam. You must watch i'th nights ;
 Then's the most danger.

365 *these.* BCD, *those.*

Fran. Farewell, good Marcello.
All the best fortunes of a souldiers wish
Bring you a ship-board!

Cam. Were I not best now I am turn'd
souldier, 370
E're that I leave my wife, sell all shee hath,
And then take leave of her?

Mont. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry, my lord? a'th captaines humor
right,
I am resolved to be drunke this night. *Exit.* 375

Fran. So, 'twas well fitted: now shall we
descerne
How his wisht absence will give violent way
To Duke Brachiano's lust.

Mont. Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make
choice
Of him for a sea captaine? and besides, 380
Count Lodowicke, which was rumor'd for a
pirate,
Is now in Padua.

Fran. Is't true?

Mont. Most certaine.

370 *turn'd.* Query: turned.

Exit. Dyce gives (probably correctly): Exeunt Camillo and
Marcello.

I have letters from him, which are suppliant
 To worke his quicke repeale from banishment ;
 He meanes to adresse himselfe for pention 385
 Unto our sister dutchesse.

Fran. O 'twas well.

We shall not want his absence past sixe daies.
 I faine would have the Duke Brachiano run
 Into notorious scandale ; for their's nought
 In such curst dotage to repaire his name, 390
 Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame.

Mont. It may be objected I am dishonourable,
 To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere,
 For my revenge I'de stake a brothers life,
 That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himselfe. 395

Fran. Come to observe this strumpet.

Mont. Cursse of greatnes,
 Sure hee'le not leave her.

Fran. There's small pittie in't ;
 Like mistle-tow on seare elmes spent by weather,
 Let him cleave to her and both rot together.

Exeunt.

[SCENE ii.]

[*Rome. Camillo's House.*]

Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Conjuror.

Brachiano. Now sir, I claime your promise :
 'tis dead midnight,

Scene ii. D, Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The time prefixt to shew me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loathed dutchesse grow to action.

Conjurer. You have won me by your bounty
to a deed

5

I do not often practise. Some there are,
Which by sophisticke tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly loose, of nigromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cardes,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheate: 10
Others that raise up their confederate spirits,
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne
neckes,

For making of a squib : and some their are
Will keepe a curtall to shew juggling trickes,
And give out 'tis a spirit : besides these, 15
Such a whole reame of almanacke-makers, fig-
ure-fingers,

Fellowes indeed that onely live by stealth,
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the divell were fast
and loose,

With speaking fustian Lattine. Pray sit downe, 20
Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd; and
now

I'le shew you by my strong-commanding art
The circumstance that breakes your dutch [e]sse
heart.

A Dumb Shew.

Enter suspiciously, Julio and Christophero; they draw a curtaine wher Brachian's picture is; they put on spectacles of glasse, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her; Count Lodovico, Giovanni, [Gasparo, Antonelli,] and others waighting on her; shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice; shee faints; and will not suffer them to come nere it; dies; sorrow exprest in Giovanni and in Count Lodovico; shees conveid out solemnly.

Brach. Excellent! then shee's dead.

Con.

She's poysoned
By the fum'd picture. 'Twas her custome
nightly,

Before shee went to bed, to go and visite
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oile
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.

25

30

Gasparo, Antonelli. All editions read Guid-Antonio, which is meaningless. In all probability the MS read: Gasp. Anton.

Brach. Me thought I saw
Count Lodowicke there.

Con. He was ; and by my art
I finde hee did most passionately doate
Upon your dutchesse. Now turne another way,
And veiwe Camillo's farre more polliticke [fate]. 35
Strike louder, musicke, from this charmed
ground,
To yeeld, as fits the act, a tragicke sound.

The Second Dumb Shew.

*Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more
as Captaines ; they drinke healths, and dance : a
vaunting horse is brought into the roome ; Marcello
and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while
Flamineo and Camillo strip themselves into their
shirts, as to vault ; complement who shall beginne :
as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth
him upon his necke, and with the help of the rest,
wriths his necke about ; seemes to see if it be broke,
and layes him foulded double, as 't were, under the
horse ; makes shewes to call for helpe ; Marcello
comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and
Duke, who comes forth with armed men ; wonder at
the act ; commands the bodie to be carried home ;
apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and
go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.*

35 fate. ABC, face.

Dumb Shew (6) complement. BCD, they complement.

Dumb Shew (13) comes. D, come. (14) commands, D,
command.

Brach. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each
 circumstance
 I tast not fully.

Con. O 'twas most apparant.
 You saw them enter, charged with their deepe
 helthes 40
 To their boone voyage; and to second that,
 Flamineo cals to have a vaulting horse
 Maintaine their sport. The vertuous Marcello
 Is innocently plotted forth the roome;
 Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe
 you 45
 The engine of all.

Brach. It seemes Marcello and Flamineo
 Are both committed.

Con. Yes, you saw them guarded;
 And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
 Your mistresse, faire Vittoria. Wee are now
 Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly 50
 Make out by some backe posterne.

Brach. Noble friend,
 You bind me ever to you: this shall stand
 As the firme seale annexed to my hand.
 It shall inforce a payment.

40 *charged.* D, charg'd.

51 *friend.* A puts a period after this.

Con.

Sir, I thanke you.

Exit Brac[hiano.]

Both flowers and weedes spring when the sunne
is warme,

55

And great men do great good, or else great harme.

Exit Con[jurer.]

Exit Brachiano. Follows *hand* in ABC for typographical reasons ; placed as here in D.

[ACT III, SCENE i.]

[*Rome. Monticelso's Palace.*]

Enter Francisco and Monticelso, their Chancellor and Register.

Francisco. You have dealt discreetly to obtaine
the presence
Of all the grave leiger embassadours
To heare Vittorias triall.

Monticelso. 'Twas not ill ;
For sir, you know we have nought but circum-
stances
To charge her with, about her husbands death ; 5
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdomes. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here.

Fran. O fye !
'Twere impudence too palpable. [*Exeunt.*] 10

Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Lawyer. What, are you in by the weeke ? so,
I will try now whether thy wit be close pris-

Act III, etc. D, Scen. 2. ; Symonds, Act 2, Sc. iv. Mr. Greg suggests that this and the two following scenes are in Francisco's palace.

10 'Twere . . . palpable. Ends preceding line in Qq.

11 What. ABC have no punctuation after *what*,

oner. Mee thinke's none should sit upon thy sister but old whoore-maisters.

Flamineo. Or cocoulds ; for your cocould is 15
your most terrible tickler of letchery : whoore-
maisters would serve, for none are judges at
tilting, but those that have bene old tilters.

Law. My lord duke and shee have bene very
private. 20

Flam. You are a dull asse ; 'tis threatned they
have bene very publicke.

Law. If it can be proved they have but kist
one another—

Flam. What then ? 25

Law. My lord cardinall will ferit them.

Flam. A cardinall, I hope, will not catch
conyes.

Law. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say),
to sowe kisses is to reape letchery ; and I am 30
sure a woman that will endure kissing is halfe
won.

Flam. True, her upper part by that rule ; if
you will win her nether part to[o], you know
what followes. 35

Law. Harke, the embassadours are lighted.

Flam. I do put on this feigned garbe of mirth,
To gull suspition.

34 *too.* D corrects. 37 *I . . . suspition.* D notes this speech
as an aside. 38 *gull.* B, gall.

Marcello. O my unfortunate sister!
 I would my daggers point had cleft her heart
 When she first saw Brachiano. You, 'tis said, 40
 Were made his engine, and his stauking horse,
 To undo my sister.

Flam. I made a kind of path
 To her & mine owne preferment.

Mar. Your ruine.

Flam. Hum! thou art a souldier,
 Followest the great duke, feedest his victories, 45
 As witches do their serviceable spirits,
 Even with thy prodigall bloud: what hast got,
 But like the wealth of captaines, a poore hand-
 full,
 Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold
 water?

Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward 50
 Steales through thy fingers.

Mar. Sir!

Flam. Thou hast scarce maintenance
 To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes.

Mar. Brother!

Flam. Heare me, —
 And thus when we have even powred our selves,
 Into great fights, for their ambition

42 *I made.* BCD, followed by Dyce, I am a.

45 *Followest . . . feedest.* D, Follow'st . . . feed'st.

53 *powred.* D, poured.

Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward? 55
But as we seldome find the mistle-towe
Sacred to physicke, or the builder oke,
Without a mandrake by it; so in our quest of
gaine.

Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes! 60
This is lamented doctrine.

Mar. Come, come.

Flam. When age shall turne thee,
White as a blooming hauthorne —

Mar. I'le interrupt you.
For love of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride over every polliticke respect, 65
Which, where they most advance, they most
infect.

Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.

Flam. I'le think on't. *Enter Savoy.*
The lord ambassadors. 70

*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadours
over the Stage severally. Enter French Em-
bassadour.*

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman! Do you
know him? he's an admirable tilter.

55 reward. C, rewards.

69-70 A . . . ambassadors. One line in ABC.

Flam. I saw him at last tilting: he shewed like a peuter candlesticke fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a tilting staffe in his hand, 75 little bigger then a candle of twelve i' th pound.

Law. O but he's an excellent horseman.

Flam. A lame one in his lofty trickes; hee sleepes a horsebacke like a poulter. 8c

Enter English and Spanish [Ambassadors.]

Law. Lo you, my Spaniard!

Flam. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I have seene a serving-man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous steddly, for feare of breaking. He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, 8; first salted and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE ii.]

[*Rome. The Hall in Monticelso's Palace.*]

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA

Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the sixe lieger Embassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, [Flamineo, Marcello,] Lawyer, and a Guard.

Monticelso. Forbeare, my lord, here is no place assign'd you;

Enter English, etc. Qq omit Ambassadors.

Scene ii. This ensuing scene is marked in A (followed by BCD), THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA. D indicates no new scene. Symonds marks Act III, Sc. i.

Enter Francisco, etc. Isabella's name appears in ABC, but not in D.

This businesse by his holinesse is left
To our examination.

Brachiano. May it thrive with you!
Laies a rich gowne under him.

Francisco. A chaire there for his lordship!

Brach. Forbeare your kindnesse: an un-
bidden guest

Should travaile as Dutch-women go to church,
Beare their stooles with them.

Mont. At your pleasure, sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman. Now signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. *Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc* 10
pestem mulierum corruptissimam.

Vittoria. Whats he?

Fran. A lawyer, that pleades against you.

Vit. Pray my lord, let him speake his usuall
tongue;

Ile make no answeare else.

Fran. Why, you understand Lattin.

Vit. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory 15
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or
more

May bee ignorant in't.

Mont. Go on, sir.

3 *To our.* BC, to your. AD, to our.

8 *gentlewoman.* ABC, gentlewomen.

10 *Domine . . . corruptissimam.* This speech is not assigned in A.

Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue : all this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge mee with.

Fran. Signior, 20
You need not stand on't much ; pray change
your language.

Mont. Oh for God sake ! Gentlewoman,
your credit
Shall bee more famous by it.

Law. Well then, have at you !

Vit. I am at the marke, sir : Ile give aime to
you,
And tell you how neare you shoote. 25

Law. Most literated judges, please your lord-
ships,
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debausht and diversivolent woman,
Who such a blacke concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to exterpe 30
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections—

Vit. What's all this ?

Law. Hould your peace.
Exorbitant sinnes must have exulceration.

20, 21 *Signior, language.* In the B. M. copy of A, defective impression makes these *Sig* and *languag*.

29 *blacke.* BCD omit.

Vit. Surely, my lords, this lawier here hath
swallowed 35

Some poticaryes bils, or proclamations;
And now the hard and undegestable wordes
Come up like stones wee use give haukes for
phisicke.

Why, this is Welch to Lattin.

Law. My lords, the woman
Know's not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect 40
In the accademick derivation
Of grammaticall elocution.

Fran. Sir, your paynes
Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Bee worthely applauded amongst those
Which understand you.

Law. My good lord—

Fran. Sir, 45
Put up your papers in your fustian bag,—
Cry mercy sir, tis buckeram,—and
accept *Francisco speakes
this as in scorne.*
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Law. I most graduatically thanke your lord-
ship.
I shall have use for them elsewhere. 50

Mont. I shall bee playner with you, and paint
out

35 *here.* BCD omit. 36 *poticaryes.* BCD, apothecaries.
Similarly in ll. 68 and 105. 40 *nor figures.* BCD omit.
50 Query: Exit Lawyer.

Your folies in more naturall red and white,
Then that upon your cheek.

Vit. O you mistake.
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mothers. 55

Mont. I must spare you till prooffe cry whore
to that.

Observe this creature here, my honoured lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected.

Vit. Honorable my lord,
It doth not sute a reverend cardinall 60
To play the lawier thus.

Mont. Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see my lords what goodly fruict she seemes:
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomora stood, 65
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
Sheele fall to soote and ashes.

Vit. Your invenom'd
Poticary should doo't.

Mont. I am resolved,
Were there a second Paradice to loose,
This devell would betray it.

59 *in her effected.* CD omit. *Honorable my.* B, My honorable; D, Lords.

67-68 *Your . . . doo't.* One line in Qq. *resolved.* D puts a period after this word.

Vit. O poore charity! 70
Thou art seldome found in scarlet.

Mont. Who knowes not how, when severall
night by night
Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her
roomes
Out-brav'd the stars with severall kind of lights,
When shee did counterfet a princes court? 75
In musicke, banquets and most ryotous sur-
fets,
This whore, forsooth, was holy.

Vit. Ha! whore? what's that?

Mont. Shall I expound whore to you? sure,
I shal;
Ile give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweete meates which rot the eater; in mans
nostrill 80
Poison'd perfumes; they are coosning alcumy,
Shipwrackes in calmest weather. What are
whores?

Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the trew matteriall fier of hell, 85
Worse then those tributes ith low countries
payed,

Exactions upon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe,
I even on mans perdition, his sin.

80 *nostrill.* BCD, nostrils.

They are those brittle evidences of law
 Which forfait all a wretched mans estate 90
 For leaving out one sillable. What are whores ?
 They are those flattering bells have all one
 tune,
 At weddings, and at funerals. Your ritch whores
 Are only treasuries by extortion fild,
 And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse, 95
 Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gal-
 lowes,
 And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
 Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore ?
 Shees like the guilty conterfettèd coine
 Which, who so eare first stampes it, bring[s]
 in trouble 100
 All that receave it.

Vit. This carracter scapes me.

Mont. You, gentlewoman ?
 Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls
 Their deadly poison—

Vit. Well, what then ?

Mont. Ile tell thee ;
 Ile find in thee a poticaries shop, 105
 To sample them all.

French Ambassador. Shee hath lived ill.

English Ambassador. Trew, but the cardinals
 too bitter.

Mont. You know what whore is : next the
devell, Adultry,
Enters the devell, Murder.

Fran. Your unhappy
Husband is dead.

Vit. O hees a happy husband, 110
Now hee owes nature nothing.

Fran. And by a vaulting engine.

Mont. An active plot,
Hee jump't into his grave.

Fran. What a prodigy wast,
That from some two yardes height a slender
man
Should breake his necke !

Mont. Ith' rushes !

Fran. And what's more, 115
Upon the instant loose all use of speach,
All vitall motion, like a man had laine
Wound up three dayes. Now marke each cir-
cumstance.

Mont. And looke upon this creature was his
wife.

Shee comes not like a widow ; shee comes arm'd 120
With scorne and impudence. Is this a mourn-
ing habit ?

108 is. Qq have no pause after this. *know what, etc.* D, You
know a Whore is next the Devil : Adultery Enters, the Devil and
Murder. 110 *Husband* ends preceding line in Qq.

114 *height.* BCD, high.

Vit. Had I forknowne his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Mont. O you are conning.

Vit. You shame your wit and judgement
To call it so. What, is my just defence 125
By him that is my judge cal'd impudence?
Let mee appeale, then, from this Christian court
To the uncivill Tartar.

Mont. See, my lords!
Shee scandals our proceedings.

Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected 130
Leigier ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like [Portia's],
Must personate masculine vertue to the point. 135
Find mee but guilty, sever head from body:
Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my
life

At yours or any mans intreaty, sir.

Eng. Amb. Shee hath a brave spirit.

Mont. Well, well, such counterfet jewels 140
Make trew [ones] oft suspected.

123 *conning*. B, cunning. 129 *thus*. A puts a period after *thus*.

134 *Portia's*. Qq, Perseus. Mitford, according to Dyce, conjectured Portia; according to Hazlitt, Portia's. Cf. note, p. 193.

135 *vertue to*. Dyce, virtue. To. 141 *ones*. A, on's.

Vit. You are deceived.
For know that all your strickt combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall
 breake.

These are but faigned shadowes of my evels : 145
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needlesse palsy. For your names
Of whoore and murdresse, they proceed from
 you,
As if a man should spit against the wind ;
The filth returne's in's face. 150

Mont. Pray you, mistresse, satisfy me one
 question :
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke ?

Brach. That question
Inforceth me breake silence : I was there.

Mont. Your businesse ?

Brach. Why, I came to comfort her, 155
And take some course for setling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.

Mont. He was.

Brach. And 'twas strangely fear'd .
That you would cosen her.

Mont. Who made you over-seer ?

Brach. Why, my charity, my charity, which
 should flow

From every generous and noble spirit
To orphans and to widdows.

Mont. Your lust.

Brach. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah
priest,

Ile talke with you hereafter,—do you heare?
The sword you frame of such an excellent
temper, 165

I'le sheath in your owne bowels.
There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post-boyes.

Mont. Ha!

Brach. Your mercenary post-boyes:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise 170
To fill your mouths with grosse and impudent
lies.

Servant. My lord, your gowne.

Brach. Thou liest, 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't upon thy maister, that will challenge
The rest a'th houshold-stuffe; for Brachiano
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole 175
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-
cloth,

For his most reverent moile. Monticelso,
Nemo me impune lacessit. *Exit Brachiano.*

173 *maister.* A has no punctuation after this word.

178 *moile.* Qq have a comma only after *moile*.

179 *laccessit.* A, *laccessit*.

Mont. Your champions gon.

Vit. The wolfe may prey the better. 180

Fran. My lord, there's great suspition of the murder,

But no sounde prooffe who did it. For my part,

I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke

To act a deed so bloody; if shee have,

As in cold countries husband-men plant vines, 185

And with warme blood manure them, even so

One summer she will beare unsavory fruite,

And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.

The act of blood let passe; onely descend

To matter of incontinence.

Vit. I decerne poison, 190

Under your guilded pils.

Mont. Now the duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted, [he] and you should meete

At an appoticaries summer-house,

Downe by the river Tiber,—veiw't, my lords,—195

Where, after wanton bathing and the heat

Of a lascivious banquet—I pray read it,

I shame to speake the rest.

Vit. Grant I was tempted,

Temptation to lust proves not the act:

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

200

193 *he and you.* AB, her and you.

You reade his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answere.

Mont. Frost i'th dog-daies ! strange !

Vit. Condemne you me for that the duke did
love mee ?

So may you blame some faire and christall river
For that some melancholike distracted man 205
Hath drown'd himselfe in't.

Mont. Truly drown'd indeed.

Vit. Summe up my faults I pray, and you
shall finde

That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to [a] feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with. 210
Infaith, my lord, you might go pistoll flyes,—
The sport would be more noble.

Mont. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course : it seemes you
have beggerd me first,

And now would faine undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poore remnant of crusado's, 215
Would those would make you charitable.

Mont. If the devill
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vit. You have one vertue left,—you will not
flatter me.

Fran. Who brought this letter ?

209 to a. Dyce added the a. 213 take you. Query : omit you.

218-219 You will . . . letter ? One line in Qq.

Vit. I am not compel'd to tell you.

Mont. My lord duke sent to you a thousand
duckets,

220

The twelfth of August.

Vit. 'Twas to keepe your cosen
From prison: I paid use for't.

Mont. I rather thinke
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee
my accuser,

Pray cease to be my judge, come from the bench, 225

Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these

Be moderators. My lord cardinall,

Were your intelligencing eares as loving

As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue

I would not care though you proclaim'd them all. 230

Mont. Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,

I'le give you a choake peare.

Vit. A' your owne grafting?

Mont. You were borne in Venice, honourably
descended

From the Vitelli; 'twas my cossins fate,— 235

Ill may I name the hower,—to marry you;

Hee bought you of your father.

Vit. Ha!

Mont. Hee spent there in sixe monthes,
Twelve thousand dukets, and to my acquaint-
ance

Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio : 240
 'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so
 light.

I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture :
 You came from thence a most notorious strum-
 pet,

And so you have continued.

Vit. My lord,—

Mont. Nay heare me ;
 You shall have time to prate. My Lord Bra-
 chiano— 245

Alas I make but repe[ti]tion
 Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,
 And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,
 But that vice many times findes such loud
 freinds,

That preachers are charm'd silent. 250
 You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
 The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
 Onely you must remaine upon your suerties,
 For your appearance.

Fran. I stand for Marcello.

Flam. And my lord duke for me. 255

Mont. For you, Vittoria, your publicke fault,
 Joyn'd to'th condition of the present time,
 Takes from you all the fruits of noble pittie ;

242 *curtaine.* D puts a comma, Dyce a semi-colon after this
 word. 249 *loud freinds.* B, lou'd (*i.e.* lov'd) friends.

Such a corrupted triall have you made
 Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd 260
 No lesse [an] ominous fate then blasing starres
 To princes: heare your sentence; you are con-
 fin'd

Unto a house of convertites and your baud—

Flam. Who, I?

Mont. The Moore.

Flam. O I am a sound man againe.

Vit. A house of co[n]vertites! what's that?

Mont. A house 265

Of penitent whoores.

Vit. Do the noblemen in Rome

Erect it for their wives, that I am sent

To lodge there?

Fran. You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.

I faine would know if you have your salvation 270

By patent, that you proceed thus.

Mont. Away with her! Take her hence.

Vit. A rape, a rape!

Mont. How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravisht justice,

Forc't her to do your pleasure.

261 *an.* A, in. 262 *princes: heare.* A, princes heares;
 Dyce conjectures, here's. Barely possible is: princes heires.

263 This line is assigned in AB to Vittoria. BCD, converts.

264 *Who, I?* This, and the next speech of Flamineo, are
 marked as asides by Dyce. 265 *convertites.* BCD, converts.

A house begins following line in Qq.

Mont. Fy, shee's mad!

Vit. Dye with these pils in your most cursed
mawe, 275
Should bring you health! or while you sit a'th
bench,

Let your owne spittle choake you!

Mont. She's turn'd fury.

Vit. That the last day of judgement may so
find you,
And leave you the same devill you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-lech, to speak
treason; 280

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for wordes: O womans poore revenge,
Which dwels but in the tongue! I will not
weepe,—

No, I do scorne to call up one poore teare
To fawne on your injustice: beare me hence 285
Unto this house of—what's your mittigating
title?

Mont. Of convertites.

Vit. It shal not be a house of convertites;
My minde shall make it honester to mee
Then the Popes pallace, and more peaceable 290
Then thy soule, though thou art a cardinall:

275 *these.* D, those. *mawe.* A, mawes.

285 *on your.* A, one your.

287, 288 *convertites.* BCD, converts.

291 *Then thy.* CD, Then my.

Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkenesse, diamonds spred their
ritchest light. *Exit Vittoria.*

Enter Brachiano.

Brachiano. Now you and I are friends, sir,
wee'le shake hands
In a friends grave, together; a fit place, 295
Being the embleme of soft peace, t' attone our
hatred.

Fran. Sir, what's the matter?

Brach. I will not chase more bloud from that
lov'd cheeke;
You have lost too much already, fare-you-well.

[*Exit.*]

Fran. How strange these words sound!
what's the interpretation? 300

Flam. [aside.] Good; this is a preface to
the discovery of the dutches death: hee carries
it well. Because now I cannot counterfeit a
whining passion for the death of my lady, I will
faine a madde humor for the disgrace of my sis- 305
ter, and that will keepe off idle questions. Trea-
sons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't; I will
talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time
appeare a polliticke mad-man. [*Exit.*]

Exit Vittoria. Dyce adds: Lawyer, and Guards. D here marks
Act. 3. Scen. 3.

307 hath a. BCD, with a

Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.

Fran. How now, my noble cossin ! what, in
blacke ? 310

Giovanni. Yes, unckle, I was taught to imi-
tate you

In vertue, and you must imitate mee

In coulours of your garments : my sweete mo-
ther

Is—

Fran. How ? where ?

Giov. Is there ; no, yonder ; indeed sir, Ile
not tell you, 315

For I shall make you weepe.

Fran. Is dead.

Giov. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

Fran. Dead !

Mont. Blessed lady ; thou art now above
thy woes !

Wilt please your lordships to with-draw a little ? 320

[Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Giov. What do the dead do, uncle ? do they
eate,

Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie,
As wee that live ?

Enter . . . Lodovico. Dyce adds : and Attendant.

312 *you must.* Mr. Swinburne has suggested : you now must.

319 *thou . . . woes.* Separate line in Qq.

323 *As . . . live.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Fran. No, cose ; they sleepe.

Giov. Lord, Lord, that I were dead !
I have not slept these sixe nights. When doe
they wake ? 325

Fran. When God shall please.

Giov. Good God let her sleepe ever !
For I have knowne her wake an hundreth
nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to com-
plaine to you, sir.
Ile tell you how they have used her now shees
dead : 330

They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her.

Fran. Thou didst love her.

Giov. I have often heard her say shee gave
mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lov'd
mee,
Since princes seldome doe it. 335

Fran. O, all of my poore sister that re-
maines !

Take him away, for Gods sake !

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Lodovico, and Marcello.*]

Mont. How now, my lord ?

326 *Good . . . ever.* This speech is assigned to *Fran.* in AB.

327 *hundreth.* D, hundred.

Fran. Beleeve mee, I am nothing but her
grave,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie
Longer then thousand epitaphs. 340

[*Exeunt Francisco and Monticelso.*]

[SCENE iii.]

[*Rome. Monticelso's Palace.*]

Enter Flamineo as distracted.

Flamineo. Wee indure the strokes like anviles
or hard steele,
Till paine it selfe make us no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now? is this the end
of service? Ide rather go weede garlicke; tra-
vaile through France, and be mine owne ostler; 5
weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke
of blacking; bee entred into the list of the four-
tie thousand pedlars in Poland.

Enter Savoy, [Marcello and Lodovico.]

Would I had rotted in some surgeons house at
Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles, 10
ere I had serv'd Brachiano!

Savoy Ambassador. You must have comfort.

Flam. Your comfortable wordes are like
honie: they rellish well in your mouth that's
whole; but in mine that's wounded they go 15
downe as if the sting of the bee were in them.

Oh they have wrought their purpose cunningly,
 as if they would not seeme to doe it of malice !
 In this a polititian imitates the devill, as the
 devill imitates a canon : wheresoever he comes 20
 to doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside
 towardes you.

Enter the French [Ambassador.]

French Ambassador. The proofes are evident.

Flam. Prooffe ! 'twas corruption. O gold,
 what a god art thou ! and O man, what a devill 25
 art thou to be tempted by that cursed minerall !
 You[r] diversivolent lawyer, marke him ; knaves
 turne informers, as maggots turne to flies ; you
 may catch gudgions with either. A cardinal ! I
 would hee would heare mee : theres nothing so 30
 holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it, like
 vittell under the line. You are happie in Eng-

[Enter English [Ambassa]dor.

land, my lord ; here they sell justice with those
 weights they presse men to death with. O hor-
 rible salarie !

35

English Ambassador. Fie, fie, Flamineo !

[Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Flam. Bels nere ring well, till they are at

27 your. ABC, You.

Enter . . . Ambassador. In clipped margin of A is : *nglish dor* ;
 nothing in BCD.

Exeunt, etc. Supplied by Dyce.

their full pitch ; and I hope yon cardinall shall never have the grace to pray well till he come to the scaffold. If they were rackt now to know 40 the confederacie ! But your noblemen are privileged from the racke ; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion : oh how it is commeddled with policie ! 45 The first bloudshed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Jew !

Marcello. O, there are too many.

Flam. You are deceiv'd : there are not Jewes enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. 50

Mar. How ?

Flam. Ile prove it. For if there were Jewes enough, so many Christians would not turne usurers ; if preists enough, one should not have sixe benefices ; and if gentlemen enough, so 55 many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others live by begging. Bee thou one of them ; practize the art of Wol-nor in England, to swallow all's given thee ; and 60 yet let one purgation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in [a] saw-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle. *Exit.*

59 of them. Dyce puts no stop between *them* and *practize*.

Lodovico. This was Brachiano's pandar, and
'tis strange
That, in such open and apparant guilt 65
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter Flamineo.

Flamineo. [*aside.*] How dares this banisht
count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchast? I have heard
The deceast dutchesse gave him pension, 70
And that he came along from Padua
I'th' traine of the yong prince. There's some-
what in't :

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counterpoisons.

Mar. Marke this strange incounter.

Flam. The god of melancholie turne thy gall
to poison, 75
And let the stigmaticke wrincles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide,
One still overtake an other.

Lod. I doe thanke thee,
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-daies all yeare long.

Flam. How crokes the raven? 80
Is our good dutchesse dead?

Lod. Dead.

64-67 *This . . . wind him.* Dyce marks this speech as an aside.

Flam. O fate !
 Misfortune comes like the crowners businesse,
 Huddle upon huddle.
Lod. Shalt thou & I joyne housekeeping ?
Flam. Yes, content.
 Let's bee unsociably sociable. 85
Lod. Sit some three daies together, and dis-
 course.
Flam. Onely with making faces ; lie in our
 clothes.
Lod. With faggots for our pillowes.
Flam. And bee lowsie.
Lod. In taffeta lininges ; that's gentile melan-
 cholie :
 Sleepe all day. 90
Flam. Yes : and, like your melancholike hare,
 Feed after midnight.
 Wee are observed : see how yon couple greve !
Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing
 foole !
 As if man were created to no use 95
 But onely to shew his teeth.
Flam. Ile tell thee what :
 It would doe well, in stead of looking glasses,
 To set ones face each morning by a sawcer
 Of a witches congealed bloud.

84 *Shalt.* D, Shall. 87 *lie . . . clothes.* Begins following line
 in Qq. 89 *gentile.* Dyce, genteel

98 *by a.* BCD, by the.

Lod.

Pretious gue.

Weel never part.

Flam. Never: till the beggerie of courtiers,¹⁰⁰
 The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,
 And all the creatures that hang manacled,
 Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
 Of fortunes wheele, be taught, in our two lives,
 To scorne that world which life of meanes de-
 prives.

105

Enter Antonelli [and Gasparo.]

Antonelli. My lord, I bring good newes. The
 Pope, on's death-bed,
 At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,
 Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you—

Lod. I thanke you for your news. Look up
 againe,
 Flamineo; see my pardon.

Flam. Why do you laugh? ¹¹⁰
 There was no such condition in our covenant.

Lod. Why?

Flam. You shall not seeme a happier man
 then I;
 You know our vow, sir; if you will be merry,

⁹⁹ *gue.* A (B. M. copy), Pretious grine rouge; B, and some
 copies of A (Dyce), Pretious gue; CD, Precious Rogue. The
 puzzling reading of A (B. M. copy) may possibly be explained thus:
grine, a clerical error for *gue* or *gueux*, changed without erasure to
rogue, which was then misprinted *rouge*.

Enter, etc. Follows *lies* in Qq.

Do it i'th like posture as if some great man
 Sate while his enemy were executed : 115
 Though it be very letchery unto thee,
 Doo't with a crabbed polititian's face.

Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore.

Flam. Ha!

Lod. Looke you; I spake that laughing.

Flam. Dost ever thinke to speake againe?

Lod. Do you heare? 120

Wil't sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,
 To water a mandrake?

Flam. Poore lord, you did vow
 To live a lowzy creature.

Lod. Yes.

Flam. Like one
 That had for ever forfeited the day-light
 By being in debt.

Lod. Ha, ha! 125

Flam. I do not greatly wonder you do
 breake :
 Your Lordship learn't long since. But Ile tell
 you —

Lod. What?

Flam. And't shall sticke by you —

Lod. I long for it.

Flam. This laughter scurvily becomes your
 face.

117 *crabbed.* BCD, *sabby.*

If you will not be melancholy, be angry. 130

See, now I laugh too. *Strikes him.*

Mar. You are to blame : Ile force you hence.

Lod. Unhand me ! *Exit Mar. & Flam.*
That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe
Upon a pandar !

Anto. My lord !

Lod. H'had bene as good met with his fist
a thunderbolt. 135

Gasparo. How this shewes !

Lod. Uds' death, how did my sword
misse him ?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives
Still scape the greatest dangers,

A pox upon him ! all his reputation,
Nay, all the goodnesse of his family, 140
Is not worth halfe this earthquake !

I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus :
Come, I'le forget him, and go drinke some wine.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE i.]

[*Rome. Francisco's Palace.*]

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

Monticelso. Come, come, my lord, untie your
foulded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a brid[e]'s haire.
Your sister's poisoned.

Francisco. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke revenge.

Mont. What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fran. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre 5
Most burthensome on my poore subjects neckes,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horred lust of warre,
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed, 10
Shall finde it in his grave and in his seed.

Mont. That's not the course I'de wish you:
pray, observe me:
We see that undermining more prevailes
Then doth the canon. Beare your wrongs con-
ceal'd,
And, patient as the tortoise, let this cammell 15

Act IV, Scene i. D, Act. 3. Scen. 4.

12 *observe me.* CD, omit *me.*

Stalke o're your back unbruis'd : sleep with the
lyon,

And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time bee ripe
For th' bloody audit and the fatall gripe :
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie, 20
That you the better may your game espy.

Fran. Free me, my innocence, from treach-
erous actes !

I know ther's thunder yonder : and I'le stand
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine : since I know 25
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd
lord,—

It is reported you possesse a booke
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence, 30
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the citty.

Mont. Sir, I do ;

And some there are which call it my blacke
booke :

Well may the title hold : for though it teach
not

The art of conjuring, yet in it lurke 35
The names of many devils.

Fran. Pray let's see it.

Mont. I'le fetch it to your lordship.

Exit Monticelso

Fran.

Monticelso

I'le not trust thee; but in all my plots

I'le rest as jealous as a towne besieg'd.

Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.

Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,

But gold slow heats, and long will hot remaine.

Enter Monticelso,] presents Francisco with a booke.

Monticelso. 'Tis here, my lord.

Fran. First your intelligencers pray let's see

Mont. Their number rises strangely, and some of them

You'd take for honest men. Next are pandars

These are your pirats: and these following leaves,

For base rogues that undo yong gentlemen

By taking up commodities: for pollitick bankrupts:

For fellowes that are bawdes to their own wives,

Onely to put off horses, and slight jewels,

38 I'le. BCD, I will.

presents, etc. Added by BCD.

45-46 In A the lines end in *strangely, them, men, pandars*
Query: for *and some* read *some*, and for *Next* read *And next*.

Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.

Fran. Are there such?

Mont. These are for impudent baudes,
That go in mens apparell: for usurers 55
That share with scriveners for their good re-
portage:

For lawyers that will antedate their writtes:
And some divines you might find foulded there;
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.
Here is a generall catalogue of knaves: 60
A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet never attaine this knowledge.

Fran. Murderers—
Fould downe the leafe I pray.
Good my lord, let me borrow this strange doc-
trine.

Mont. Pray use't, my lord.

Fran. I do assure your lordship, 65
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders.

Mont. Some-what, sir.

Fran. O God!
Better then tribute of wolves paid in England.
'Twill hang their skinnes o'th hedge.

Mont. I must make bold 70
To leave your lord-ship.

Fran. Deerey, sir, I thanke you ;
 If any aske for me at court, report
 You have left me in the company of knaves.

Exit Mont [*icelso.*]

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
 That's my lords officer, one that lately skipt 75
 From a clerkes deske up to a justice chaire,
 Hath made this knavish summons ; and in-
 tendes,

As th' Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
 So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
 Your poore rogues pay for't, which have not
 the meanes 80

To present bribe in fist : the rest o'th' band
 Are raz'd out of the knaves record ; or else
 My lord he winkes at them with easy will ;
 His man growes rich, the knaves are the knaves
 still.

But to the use I'le make of it ; it shall serve 85
 To point me out a [list] of murderers,
 Agents for any villany. Did I want
 Ten leash of curtisans, it would furnish me ;

71 *Deerey*. B, Deere ; CD, Dear.

75 *one that*. A (B. M. copy), and that. Dyce indicates that some copies of A read *one that*. So BCD.

76 *justice*. BCD, Justices.

78 *wont were*. BCD, were wont. 80 *not the*. BCD omit *the*.

86 *list*. A (B. M. copy), life. Dyce queries misprint for file, which is improbable. BCD, list, and, Dyce says, some copies of A.

Nay, lawndresse three armies. That so little
 paper
 Should be th' undoing of so many men ! 90
 'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
 See the corrupted use some make of bookes :
 Divinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
 Draws swords, swels battels, & orethrowes all
 good.
 To fashion my revenge more seriously, 95
 Let me remember my dead sisters face :
 Looke for her picture : no ; I'le close mine eyes,
 And in a melancholicke thought I'll frame

Enter Isabela's Ghost.

Her figure 'fore me. Now I—— d'foot how
 strong
 Imagination workes ! how she can frame 100
 Things which are not ! me thinks she stands
 afore me ;
 And by the quicke idea of my minde,
 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her pic-
 ture.

89 *That so . . . should be.* BCD, and some copies of A (Dyce),
 That in so . . . lye th' undoing. The reading of the text is that
 of the B. M. copy of A.

97 *looke for.* BCD, call for. Some copies of A have *looke for*
 (Dyce) ; so the B. M. copy.

99 *Now . . . d'foot.* B, Now I—hav't ; CD, Now I hav't—. Dyce reads, ha't :—and notes : some copies of A have *d'foot*.
 Query : Her figure 'fore me now — uds foot how strong.

Thought, as a subtile jugler, makes us deeme
 Things supernaturall which [yet] have cause 105
 Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy.
 How cam'st thou by thy death?—how idle
 am I

To question mine owne idlenesse!—did ever
 Man dreame awake till now?—Remove this
 object!

Out of my braine with't! what have I to do 110
 With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
 That have to meditate upon revenge?

[Exit Ghost.]

So now 'tis ended, like an old wives story.
 States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
 Then mad-men. Come, to this waighty businesse. 115
 My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,
 Else it will never passe. I am in love,
 In love with Corombona; and my suite
 Thus haltes to her in verse. *He writes.*

I have done it rarely: O the fate of princes! 120
 I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
 That, being alone, I now flatter my selfe
 But it will serve; 'tis seal'd. Beare this

Enter Servant.

To th' house of convertites; and watch your
 leisure

105 *which yet.* CD, supply *yet.* 119 *He writes.* This, in A,
 follows l. 121 124 *convertites.* BCD, converts.

To give it to the hands of Corombona,
 Or to the matron, when some followers
 Of Brachiano may be by. Away! *Exit Servant.*
 He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
 When a mans head goes through, each limbe
 will follow.

The engine for my busines, bold Count Lodo-
 wicke:

'Tis gold must such an instrument procure;
 With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
 Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
 Like the wild Irish, I'le nere thinke thee dead,
 Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

Exit.

[SCENE ii.]

[*Rome. The House of Convertites.*]

Enter the Matron and Flamineo.

Matron. Should it be knowne the duke hath
 such recourse
 To your imprison'd sister, I were like
 T' incur much damage by it.

Flamineo. Not a scruple.

132 *man dotb.* BC, man do.

Exit. ABC, exit Mon. C adds: The end of the Third Act.
Scene ii. C, Act 4. D, Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Than guarding of a ladie.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
With the matrona. Let mee speake with you.
I would intreat you to deliver for mee
This letter to the faire Vittoria.

Matron. I shall, sir.

Serv. With all care and secrecie;
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receive
Thankes for this curtesie. *[Exit]*

Flam. How now? what's that?

Matron. A letter.

Flam. To my sister: Ile see't delivered.

Enter Brachiano.

Brachiano. What's that you read, Flamineo?

Flam. Looke.

Brach. Ha!

To the most unfortunate, his best respected
Vittoria. — Who was the messenger?

Flam. I know not.

Brach. No! Who sent it?

Flam. Ud's foot, you speake as if a man

10 faire Vittoria. AB have here: Enter Brachiano; C omits
the direction, and D places it as here given.

15-17 Ha! . . . Vittoria. One line in Qq.

Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't
meate

20

Afore you cut it up.

Brach. Ile open't, were't her heart. What's
heere subscribed!

Florence? This jugling is grosse and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance. Read it,
read it.

Flam. Your teares Ile turne to triumphes,
bee but mine.

*Reades the
letter.*

*Your prop is fall'n; I pittie that a vine
Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine, yfaith, my lord, with lees would serve
his turne.*

*Your sad imprisonment Ile soone uncharme,
And with a princelie uncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver haire.
A halter on his strange æquivocation!*

30

*Nor for my yeares retorne mee the sad willow:
Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow?
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long
i'th bed-straw.*

35

*And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The gods never wax old, no more doe princes.*

23 *Florence?* Ends preceding line in Qq.

36 *mellow?* The Qq put a period after *mellow*.

A pox on't, teare it, let's have no more atheists, 40
For Gods sake.

Brach. Udsdeath, Ile cut her into atomies
And let th' irregular north-winde sweep her up
And blow her int' his nostrils! Where's this
whore?

Flam. What? what doe you call her?

Brach. Oh, I could bee mad, 45
Prevent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to,
And teare my haire of[f]! Where's this change-
able stuffe?

Flam. Ore head and eares in water, I assure
you,
Shee is not for your wearing.

Brach. No, you pandar?

Flam. What, mee, my lord? am I your dog? 50

Brach. A bloud-hound: doe you brave? doe
you stand mee?

Flam. Stand you? let those that have diseases
run;
I need no plaisters.

Brach. Would you bee kickt?

40-41 *A . . . sake.* One line in Qq.

42 *atomies.* B, atomes; CD, atoms.

45 *What? what.* BC, That? what. D follows A, as here.
Dyce over-ingeniously reads: *That what do you call her?*

49 *No, you.* Some copies of A (Dyce), In you; B, Ee'n you;
CD, You! Pandar!

50 *What, mee.* D, What of me.

53 *plaisters.* BCD, plaister.

Flam. Would you have your necke broke?
I tell you, duke, I am not in Russia; 55
My shinnes must be kept whole.

Brach. Do you know mee?

Flam. O my lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of evils,
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You'r a great duke; I your poore secretarie. 60
I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian
sallet daily.

Brach. Pandar, plie your convoy, and leave
your prating.

Flam. All your kindnesse to mee is like that
miserable curtesie of Polyphemus to Ulisses; 65
you reserve mee to be devour'd last: you would
dig turves out of my grave to feed your larkes;
that would bee musicke to you. Come, I'le lead
you to her.

Brach. Do you face mee? 70

Flam. Sir, I would not go before a pol-
litique enemy with my backe towards him,
though there were behind mee a whirlepoole.

[*Exeunt.*]

71 *Sir.* BCD and some copies of A (Dyce) read: *O sir.*

[SCENE iii.]

[*Another Room in the House of Convertites.*]*Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.*

Brachiano. Can you read, mistresse? looke
upon that letter:

There are no characters nor hieroglyphicks.
You need no comment; I am growne your re-
ceiver.

Gods pretious, you shall bee a brave great ladie,
A statelie and advanced whore!

Vittoria. Say, sir? 5

Brach. Come, come, let's see your cabinet,
discover

Your treasure of love-letters. Death and fu-
ries,
Ile see them all!

Vit. Sir, upon my soule,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Brach. Confusion on your politicke ignorance! 10
You are reclaimed, are you? Ile give you the
bels

And let you flie to the devill.

Flaminese. Ware hawke, my lord.

Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot,
my lord;

Scene iii. Hazlitt first marked a new scene here.

To mee he nere was thought on, I protest,
So much as in my sleepe.

Brach. Right: they are plots. 15
Your beautie! O, ten thousand curses on't!
How long have I beheld the devill in christall?
Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man 20
Is either a god or a wolfe.

Vit. My lord—

Brach. Away!
Wee'l bee as differing as two adamants;
The one shall shunne the other. What? do'st
weepe?

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
[W]ee'ld furnish all the Irish funeralls 25
With howling, past wild Irish.

Flam. Fie, my lord!

Brach. That hand, that cursed hand, which
I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest dutchesse
How lovelie art thou now! [My] loose thoughtes
Scatter like quicke-silver. I was bewitch'd; 30
For all the world speakes ill of thee.

14 *was thought on.* BC, was lovely. Dyce notes *thought on* in some copies of A: so the B. M. copy.

25 *Wee'ld.* A (B. M.), ee'ld; B, Wee'l; C, Weel; D, We'l; Dyce, Ye'd.

29 *My loose.* ABC, Thy loose.

Vit. No matter.
 Ile live so now, Ile make that world recant
 And change her speeches. You did name your
 dutchesse.

Brach. Whose death God pardon!

Vit. Whose death God revenge
 On thee, most godlesse duke!

Flam. Now for ten whirlwindes. 35

Vit. What have I gain'd by thee but infamie?
 Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my
 house,
 And frighted thence noble societie:
 Like those, which sicke o'th' palsie, and retaine
 Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd 40
 By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you
 call this house?

Is this your palace? did not the judge stile it
 A house of penitent whores? who sent mee
 to it?

Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
 To this incontinent colledge? is't not you? 45
 Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
 How many ladies you have undone like mee.
 Fare you well, sir; let me heare no more of you.
 I had a limbe corrupted to an ulcer,
 But I have cut it off: and now I'le go 50

35 *for ten.* BCD, for the; Dyce, for two, following 'some
 copies' of A. A (B. M.) as here.

Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your
 giftes,
 I will returne them all; and I do wish
 That I could make you full executor
 To all my sinnes: O that I could tosse my selfe
 Into a grave as quickly! for all thou art worth 55
 Ile not shed one teare more:—Ile burst first.

She throwes her selfe upon a bed.

Brach. I have drunke Lethe. Vittoria!
 My dearest happinesse! Vittoria!
 What doe you aile, my love? why doe you
 weepe?

Vit. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you
 see. 60

Brach. Are not those matchlesse eies mine?

Vit. I had rather

They were not matches.

Brach. Is not this lip mine?

Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than give
 it thee.

Flam. Turne to my lord, good sister.

Vit. Hence, you pandar!

Flam. Pandar! am I the author of your
 sinne? 65

Vit. Yes: hee's a base theif that a theif
 lets in.

57 *Vittoria.* Begins next line in Qq.

62 *matches.* B, matchles; CD, Dyce, Hazlitt, matchless.

Flam. Wee're blowne up, my lord.

Brach. Wilt thou heare mee?

Once to bee jealous of thee, is t' expresse
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more bee jealous.

Vit. O thou foole, 70

Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy
wit!

What dar'st thou doe that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that,
In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire.

Flam. O, no othes, for Gods sake! 75

Brach. Will you heare mee?

Vit. Never.

Flam. What a damn'd impostume is a womans
will!

Can nothing breake it?—Fie, fie, my lord!
Women are caught as you take tortoises;
Shee must bee turn'd on her backe.—Sister, by
this hand, 80
I am on your side.—Come, come, you have
wrong'd her.

What a strange credulous man were you, my
lord,

To thinke the Duke of Florence would love her!
Will any mercer take an others ware

83 *would.* Some copies of A (Dyce), could.

When once 't is tows'd and sullied?—And yet,
sister, 85
How scurvily this frowardnesse becomes you!
Yong leverets stand not long; and womens
anger

Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;
And then bee put to th' dead quat.

Brach. Shall these eies, 90
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?

Flam. No cruell land-lady i'th' world,
Which lends forth grotes to broome-men, &
takes use for them,
Would doe't.

Hand her, my lord, and kisse her: be not like 95
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.

Brach. Let us renew right handes.

Vit. Hence!

Brach. Never shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make mee commit like fault.

Flam. Now you are ith' way ont, follow't
hard. 100

Brach. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all
the world

Threaten the cannon.

Flam. Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,

When they're giv'n ore to jealousie ; as best wine,
 Dying, makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you : 105
 The sea's more rough and raging than calme
 rivers,

But not so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet
 woman

Is a still water under a great bridge.

A man may shoot her safely.

Vit. O yee dissembling men !

Flam. Wee suckt that, sister, 110

From womens brestes, in our first infancie.

Vit. To ad miserie to miserie !

Brach. Sweetest,—

Vit. Am I not low enough ?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
 Now your affection's cold.

Flam. Ud'foot, it shall melt 115

To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome

Shall run o'th lees for't.

Vit. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded
 better

Then I have bin. Ile speake not one word more.

Flam. Stop her mouth with a sweet kisse,
 my lord. So, 120

Now the tide's turne'd, the vessel's come about.

108 *Is a . . . bridge.* CD, Is like a . . . under London-Bridge.

110–111 *Wee . . . infancie.* One line in Qq.

120 *Stop . . . lord.* Two lines in Qq, ending in *mouth, Lord.*

Hee's a sweet armefull. O wee curl'd-haird men
Are still most kind to women! This is well.

Brach. That you should chide thus!

Flam. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe ever cast most smoke! I swet for you. 125
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.
My lord, supplie your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.

Brach. Stay ingratefull Rome.

Flam. Rome! it deserves 130
To be cal'd Barbarie, for our villainous usage.

Brach. Soft; the same project which the
Duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullerie I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.

Flam. And no time fitter than this night, my
lord: 135
The Pope being dead; and all the cardinals
entred

The conclave for th' electing a new Pope;
The cittie in a great confusion;
Wee may attire her in a pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine 140
For Padua.

130 *Stay ingratefull Rome.* AB, *Stay ingratefull Rome.*
C, *Stay ingrateful Rome.* D, *Stay, ingrateful Rome!* Dyce
queries: *Stay in ingrateful Rome!*

130-31 *Rome! . . . usage* One line in Qq.

Brach. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince
 Giovanni,
 And make for Padua. You two with your old
 mother,
 And yong Marcello, that attendes on Florence,
 If you can worke him to it, follow mee. 145
 I will advance you all : for you, Vittoria,
 Thinke of a dutchesse title.

Flam. Lo you, sister !
 Stay, my lord ; I'le tell you a tale. The croco-
 dile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a
 worme breeds i'th teeth of't, which puts it to 150
 extreame anguish : a little bird, no bigger then a
 wren, is barbor-surgeon to this crocodile ; flies
 into the jawes of't ; pickes out the worme ; and
 brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease,
 but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird 155
 may not talke largely of her abroad for non
 payment, closeth her chaps, intending to swal-
 low her, and so put her to perpetuall silence.
 But nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath
 arm'd this bird with a quill or pricke on the head, 160
 top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th mouth ;
 forceth her open her bloody prison ; and away

142 *Ile instantly.* BCD omit *Ile.*

148-164 A definite rhythmical movement is discernible here and
 there in this speech, but it is hardly possible to print the speech
 otherwise than as the prose in which it appears in Qq.

161 *head, top o'th which.* CD, head top, which.

flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

Brach. Your application is, I have not rewarded
165

The service you have done me.

Flam. No, my lord :
You, sister, are the crocodile : you are blemisht
in your fame, my lord cures it. And though
the comparison hold not in every particle ; yet
observe, remember, what good the bird with the 170
pricke i'th head hath done you ; and scorne in-
gratitude.

It may appeare to some ridiculous [*Aside.*]
Thus to talke knave and madman ; and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stufte with sage. 175
But this allowes my varying of shapes,
Knaves do grow great by being great mens apes.

Exeunt.

[SCENE iv.]

[*Rome. Without the Vatican.*]

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadours.

Francisco. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.

Guard well the conclave ; and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Scene iv. D, Act. 4. Scen. 2. Enter . . . Embassadours. AB
add : At another dore the Duke of Florence.

Lodovico. I shall, my lord. Roome for the
embassadors!

Gasparo. They're wondrous brave to day:
why do they weare

These severall habits?

5

Lod. O sir, they'r knights
Of severall orders.

That lord i'th blacke cloak with the silver crosse
Is Knight of Rhodes; the next, Knight of S.
Michael;

That, of the Golden Fleece; the French-man
there,

10

Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my lord of Savoy
Knight of th' Annuntiation; the Englishman
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated
Unto their saint, S. George. I could describe
to you

Their severall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their orders, but that time
Permits not such discovery.

15

Fran. Where's Count Lodowicke?

Lod. Here, my lord.

Fran. 'Tis o'th point of dinner time;
Marshall the cardinals service.

Lod. Sir, I shall.

Enter Servants with severall dishes covered.

Stand, let me search your dish: who's this for? 20

20 *dish.* Query: dishes.

Servant. For my Lord Cardinall Monticelso.

Lod. Whose this?

Serv. For my Lord Cardinall of Burbon.

French Ambassador. Why doth he search the
dishes? to observe

What meate is drest?

English Ambassador. No, sir, but to prevent,
Least any letters should be convei'd in 25
To bribe or to sollicite the advancement
Of any cardinall. When first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the embassadours of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their prince affecteth best; 30
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

Lod. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands.

A Cardinal. [*From the window.*] You must
returne the service; the L. cardinals 35
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope;
They have given o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration.

Lod. Away, away.

Fran. I'le lay a thousand duckets you here
news *A Cardinal on the Tarras.*

23 *dishes.* A puts a comma after *dishes*.

35 *the L.* CD, the Lord. 36 *'bout.* CD, about.

38 *admiration.* Query: adoration.

Of a Pope presently. Hearke; sure, he's
elected. 40

Behold! my Lord of Arragon appeares,
On the church battlements.

*Arragon. Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum.
Reverendissimus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monti-
celso electus est in sedem Apostolicam, & elegit sibi 45
nomen Paulum Quartum.*

Omnes. Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.

[Enter Servant.]

Servant. Vittoria, my lord,—

Fran. Wel: what of her?

Serv. Is fled the citty—

Fran. Ha!

Serv. With Duke Brachiano.

Fran. Fled? Where's the Prince Giovanni?

Serv. Gone with his father. 50

*Fran. Let the matrona of the convertites
Be apprehended! Fled? O damnable!*

[Exit Servant.]

How fortunate are my wishes! why, 'twas this
I onely laboured. I did send the letter
T' instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond
duke, 55

I first have poison'd; directed thee the way

43 *Denuntio.* BCD, Annuntio.

51 *matrona.* BC, matrone; D, matron. *convertites.* BCD,
converts.

To marrie a whore : what can be worse ?

This followes :

The hand must act to drowne the passionate
tongue.

I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in state.

Monticelso. Concedimus vobis Apostolicam bene- 60
dictionem & remissionem peccatorum.

My lord reportes Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'ne from forth the house of convertites
By Brachiano, and they're fled the cittie.
Now, though this bee the first daie of our seate, 65
Wee cannot better please the divine power,
Than to sequester from the holie church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore
knowne,

Wee doe denounce excommunication
Against them both : all that are theirs in Rome 70
Wee likewise banish. Set on.

Exeunt [Monticelso, his train, Ambassadors, &c.]

Fran. Come, deare Lodovico,
You have tane the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murder.

Enter Monticelso. D, Act. 4. Scen. 3.

60 *Concedimus, etc.* The benediction is not given in some copies
of A (Dyce). 61 *peccatorum.* A, *peccatorem.*

63 *convertites.* BCD, *converts.* 65 *seate.* So A (B. M.), B ;
CD, *seat* ; Dyce reads *state*, and notes *seat* in some copies of A.

Exeunt . . . Ambassadors. The Qq have only *Exeunt.*

Lod. With all constancie.

But, sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe
In person, being a great prince.

Fran. Divert mee not. 75

Most of his court are of my faction,
And some are of my councill. Noble freind,
Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,
Give leave, part of the glorie may bee mine.

Exit Fran. [and Gasparo.]

Enter Monticelso.

Monticelso. Why did the Duke of Florence
with such care 80

Labour your pardon? say.

Lod. Italian beggars will resolve you that,
Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg
of

Doe good for their owne sakes; or 't may bee
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand, 85
Like kinges, who many times give out of mea-
sure;

Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

Mont. I know you're cunning. Come, what
devill was that

That you were raising?

78 'like. D, like.

80 *Monticelso.* Some copies of A give this speech to Francisco
(Dyce). B. M. copy as in text.

83 *beg of.* ABC here repeat the direction for Monticelso's en-
trance.

Lod. Devill, my lord?

Mont. I aske you,
How doth the duke imploy you, that his bonnet 90
Fell with such complement unto his knee,
When hee departed from you?

Lod. Why, my lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine have brought to the
carreere,
The sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my lord, 95
I have a rare French rider.

Mont. Take you heede
Least the jade breake your necke. Doe you put
mee off
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra, you doe
lie.

O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st
threat
A violent storme.

Lod. Stormes are i'th aire, my lord : 100
I am too low to storme.

Mont. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l ever
kill.

About some murder? wa'st not?

Lod. Ile not tell you;

89 *I aske you.* Assigned to *Lod.* in AB. 95 *sault.* Qq, 'sault.

And yet I care not greatly if I doe. 105
 Marry, with this preparation. Holie father,
 I come not to you as an intelligencer,
 But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
 Is in confession meerely ; which you know
 Must never bee reveal'd.

Mont. You have oretane mee. 110

Lod. Sir, I did love Brachiano's dutchesse
 deerely ;
 Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
 Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poy-
 son'd ;
 Upon my soule shee was : for which I have
 sworne

T' avenge her murder.

Mont. To the Duke of Florence ? 115

Lod. To him I have.

Mont. Miserable creature !

If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
 Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud
 And not be tainted with a shamefull fall ?
 Or like the blacke and melancholicke Eugh-
 tree, 120

Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens
 graves,

And yet to prosper ? Instruction to thee
 Comes like sweet showers to over-hardned
 ground :

They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leave
thee

With all the furies hanging 'bout thy necke, 125
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evill,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruell devill.

Exit Mon[ti]celso.

Lod. I'le give it o're. He saies 'tis dam[n]-
able :

Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death. 130

Enter Servant & Francisco.

Francisco. Do you know that count ?

Servant. Yes, my lord.

Fran. Beare him these thousand duckets to
his lodging ;

Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
'That will confirme [him] more then all the
rest. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Sir—

Lod. To me, sir ? 135

Serv. His Holinesse hath sent you a thousand
crownes,

And wils you, if you travaile, to make him
Your patron for intelligence.

Lod. His creature ever to bee commanded.

[*Exit Servant.*]

125 *With all.* AB, Withall.

133 *Happily.* D, Haply. 134 *him.* First added by Dyce.

137 *wils.* A, will.

Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me; 140
And yet these crownes were told out and laid

ready,

Before he knew my voiage. O the art,
The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit
Like brides at wedding dinners, with their looks
turn'd

From the least wanton jests, their puling stom-
acke 145

Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are
loose,

Even acting of those hot and lustfull sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plum-
met.

I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of
bloud. 150

There's but three Furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

[*Exit.*]

145 *jests.* BCD, *jest.*

150 *arm'd . . . th' act.* Query: *arm'd.* Now to the act of
bloud.

[ACT V. SCENE i.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche and others. [Then re-enter Flamineo and Hortensio.]

Flamineo. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day nere broke up till now. This mariage
Confirmes me happy.

Hortensio. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to court?

Flam. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th dukes
closet.

5

I have not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talkt with man better experienc't
In state-affares or rudiments of warre.
Hee hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian
In Candy these twice seven yeares, and bene
cheife

10

In many a bold designe.

Hort. What are those two
That beare him company?

Flam. Two noblemen of Hungary, that living
in the emperour's service as commanders, eight

Act V. D, Act. 4. Scen. 4.

yeares since, contrary to the expectation of all 15
 the court, entred into religion, into the strickt
 order of Capuchins: but being not well settled
 in their undertaking, they left their order and
 returned to court: for which, being after troubled
 in conscience, they vowed their service against 20
 the enemies of Christ; went to Malta; were
 there knighted; and in their returne backe, at
 this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever
 to forsake the world, and settle themselves here
 in a house of Capuchines in Padua. 25

Hort. 'Tis strange.

Flam. One thing makes it so. They have
 vowed for ever to weare next their bare bodies
 those coates of maile they served in.

Hort. Hard penance! Is the Moore a Chris-
 tian? 30

Flam. Hee is.

Hort. Why proffers hee his service to our
 duke?

Flam. Because he understands ther's like to
 grow

Some warres betweene us and the Duke of Flor-
 ence,

In which hee hopes imployment. 35
 I never saw one in a sterne bold looke

30 *Hard penance!* A separate line in Qq. 34 *warres.* B, warre;
 CD, war. 35 At this point AB note: Enter Duke Brachiano.

Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
 Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
 Of our slight airy courtiers. Hee talkes
 As if hee had travail'd all the princes courts 40
 Of Christendome; in all things strives t' ex-
 presse,

That all that should dispute with him may know,
 Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine
 bright,

But lookt to neare, have neither heat nor light.

The duke! 45

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodovico [disguised as Carlo], Antonelli, Gaspar [o disguised as Pedro], [Marcello], bearing their swordes and helmets.

Brachiano. You' are nobly welcome. Wee
 have heard at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turke.

To you, brave Mulinassar, wee assigne

A competent pension: and are inly [sorrise,]

The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen, 50

Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.

Your wish is you may leave your warlike swordes

Florence disguised. i. e. Francisco. A gives *Farnese* after *Gasparo*, but this must be *Marcello*, whose exit is given later. Dyce marks the entrance of *Carlo* and *Pedro* as if they were actual characters; they are, however, only the names assumed by *Lodovico* and *Gasparo* in their disguise. No disguise is indicated for *Antonelli*. D marks Act. 4. Scen. 5. 49 *sorrise*. A, sorrow.

For monuments in our chappell. I accept it
 As a great honour done mee, and must crave
 Your leave to furnish out our dutchesse revells. 55
 Onely one thing, as the last vanitie
 You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay
 To see a barriers prepar'd to night;
 You shall have private standings. It hath pleas'd
 The great ambassadours of severall princes, 60
 In their returne from Rome to their owne
 countries,
 To grace our marriage, and to honour mee
 With such a kind of sport.

Francisco. I shall perswade them
 To stay, my lord.

[*Brach.*] Set on there to the presence!

Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello
[and Hortensio].

Lodovico. Noble my lord, most fortunately
 wellcome! *The Conspirators here imbrace.* 65
 You have our vowes, seal'd with the sacrament,
 To second your attempts.

Gasparo. And all thinges readie.
 Hee could not have invented his owne ruine,
 Had hee despair'd, with more proprietie.

62 *our.* B, your. 64 *Set on . . . presence.* Qq assign this to Francisco; Dyce to Brachiano. 65 *Lodovico.* A, Carlo.

67 *Gasparo.* A, Pedro. 69 *more propriety.* CD, more dexterity. A omits comma after *despair'd*.

Lod. You would not take my way.

Fran. 'Tis better ordered. 70

Lod. T' have poison'd his praier booke, or a
paire of beades,

The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th' handle of his racket,—O that, that!

That while he had bin bandying at tennis,
He might have sworne himselfe to hell, and
strooke

75

His soule into the hazzard! O my lord!

I would have our plot bee ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example.

Fran. There's no way
More speeding than this thought on.

Lod. On, then. 80

Fran. And yet mee thinkes that this revenge
is poore,
Because it steales upon him like a theif;
To have tane him by the caske in a pitcht
feild,
Led him to Florence!

Lod. It had bin rare.—And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking
garlicke,

85

79 *borrow example.* CD, borrow from it.

80 *On, then.* B, Oh then.

T' have showne the sharpnesse of his govern-
ment

And rancknesse of his lust. *Flamineo comes.*

Exeunt Lodovico, Antonelli [and Gasparo].

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.

Marcello. Why doth this devill haunt you, say?

Flamineo. I know not.

For by this light I doe not conjure for her.

Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke 90

To raise the devill: for heeres one up allreadie,
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe.

Mar. Shee is your shame.

Flam. I prethee pardon her.

In faith you see, women are like to burres;
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l
sticke. 95

Zanche. That is my country man, a goodly
person.

When hee's at leisure Ile discourse with him
In our owne language.

Flam. I beseech you doe. *Exit Zanche.*

How is't, brave souldier? O, that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate 100
Some of your service to us.

Fran. T'is a ridiculous thing for a man to
bee his own chronicle. I did never wash my

87 *lust. Flamineo.* CD, *lust* — But, peace; Flamineo comes.
Flamineo comes. A separate line in Qq.

mouth with mine owne praise for feare of getting a stincking breath. 105

Mar. You're too stoicall. The duke will expect other discourse from you.

Fran. I shall never flatter him: I have studied man to much to do that. What difference is betweene the duke and I? no more than betweene two bricke, all made of one clay: onely 't may bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom of a well by meere chance. If I were plac't as high as the duke, I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; 115 and beare out weather equally.

Flam. [*aside.*] If this souldier had a patent to beg in churches, then hee would tell them stories.

Mar. I have bin a souldier too. 120

Fran. How have you thriv'd?

Mar. Faith, poorely.

Fran. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected. As shippes seeme verie great upon the river, which shew verie 125 little upon the seas; so some men i'th court seeme colossuses in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittifull pigmies.

Flam. Give mee a faire roome yet hung with arras, and some great cardinall to lug mee by 130 th' eares as his endeared minion.

Fran. And thou maist doe the devill knowes what vilanie.

Flam. And safely.

Fran. Right: you shall see in the countrie¹³⁵ in harvest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the lord of the mannor; whilst your poore sparrowes that belong to the Lord of¹⁴⁰ heaven, they go to the pot for't.

Flam. I will now give you some polliticke instruction. The duke saies he will give you pension; that's but bare promise: get it under his hand. For I have knowne men that have¹⁴⁵ come from serving against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they have had pension to buy them new wooden legges and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes as if a tormenter should¹⁵⁰ give hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Enter Hortensio, a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, gallants! what, are they readie for the barriers?

155

¹⁴³ instruction. BCD, instructions. you pension. BCD, you a pension. *Exit Francisco.* Added by Dyce.

Young Lord. Yes: the lordes are putting on their armour.

Hortensio. What's hee?

Flam. A new up-start: one that sweares like a falckner, and will lye in the dukes eare day by 160 day like a maker of almanacks; and yet I knew him, since hee came to th' court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hort. Looke you, yonder's your sweet mistress. 165

Flam. Thou art my sworne brother: I'le tell thee, I doe love that Moore, that witch, very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny. I do love her, just as a man holds a wolfe by the eares: but for feare of turning upon 170 mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the devill.

Hort. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

Flam. 'Faith, I made to her some such darke promise; and in seeking to flye from't, I run on, 175 like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious gipsie!

Zanche. I, your love to me rather cooles then heates.

Flam. Marry, I am the sounder lover: we have 180 many wenches about the towne heate too fast.

180 *sounder.* A puts a comma after this.

Hort. What do you thinke of these perfum'd gallants, then?

Flam. Their sattin cannot save them. I am
confident 185

They have a certaine spice of the disease,
For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Beleeve it! a little painting and gay
clothes

Make you [love] me.

Flam. How? love a lady for painting or gay 190
apparell? I'le unkennell one example more for
thee. Esop had a foolish dog that let go the
flesh to catch the shadow. I would have cour-
tiers bee better [diners].

Zan. You remember your oathes. 195

Flam. Lovers oathes are like marriners'
prayers, uttered in extremity; but when the
tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaves
tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking.
And yet amongst gentlemen, protesting and 200
drinking go together, and agree as well as shooe-
makers and West-phalia bacon: they are both
drawers on; for drinke drawes on protestation;
and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not
this discourse better now then the morality of 205
your sun-burnt gentleman?

189 *love*. ABC, loath.
succeeding editions, divers.

194 *diners*. AB, diuers; CD and
205 *morality*. ABC, mortality.

Enter Cornelia.

Cornelia. Is this your pearch, you haggard?
flye to'th stewes! [*Striking Zanche.*]

Flam. You should be clapt by th' heeles
now: strike i'th court! [*Exit Cornelia.*]

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her
maids

Catch cold a nights; they dare not use a bed-
staffe, 210

For feare of her light fingers.

Mar. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.

Flam. Why do you kicke her? say,
Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?

Mar. Shee brags that you shall marry her.

Flam. What then? 215

Mar. I had rather she were pitch't upon a
stake

In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crowes thence.

Flam. Your a boy, a foole,
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her neere you, I'le cut her
throate. 220

Flam. With a fan of feathers?

210 use a *bedstaffe*. D, use bed-staves.

212-213 *her?* say, Do you. Dyce prints *her*, say?

Mar. And for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.

Flam. Are you cholericke?
I'll purg't with rubarbe.

Hort. O your brother!

Flam. Hang him!
Hee wrongs me most that ought t' offend mee
least.

I do suspect my mother plaid foule play 225
When she conceiv'd thee.

Mar. Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtred sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turne [two] waies. Those words I'll
make thee answere
With thy heart bloud.

Flam. Doe like the geesse in the pro-
gresse; 230
You know where you shall finde mee. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Very good.
And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my
sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.

Young Lord. Sir, I shall.

[*Exeunt all but Zanche.*]

229 *turne two.* A, turne 10.

230 *Doe like.* B puts a comma after *doe*.

232 *noble, friend.* BCD omit the comma after *noble*.

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace!

Enter Francisco, the Duke of Florence.

I neere lov'd my complexion till now, 235
Cause I may boldly say without a blush,
I love you.

Francisco. Your love is untimely sown;
there's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a
faint one: I am sunck in yeares, and I have 240
vowed never to marry.

Zan. Alas! poore maides get more lovers
then husbands: yet you may mistake my wealth.
For, as when embassadours are sent to congratu-
late princes, there's commonly sent along with 245
them a rich present; so that though the prince
like not the embassadours person nor words, yet
he likes well of the presentment: so I may come
to you in the same maner, & be better loved
for my dowry then my vertue. 250

Fran. I'le thinke on the motion.

Zan. Do: Ile now detain you no longer.
At your better leasure I'le tell you things shall
startle your bloud.

Nor blame me that this passion I reveale; 255
Lovers dye inward that their flames conceale.

[*Exit.*]

238 *Your love, etc.* Assigned in AB to Fla. instead of Fra.

239 *'tis but.* Query: omit *but.*

Mar. And for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.

Flam. Are you cholericke?
I'll purg't with rubarbe.

Hort. O your brother!

Flam. Hang him!
Hee wrongs me most that ought t' offend mee
least.

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When she conceiv'd thee.

Mar. Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtred sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turne [two] waies. Those words I'll
make thee answere
With thy heart bloud.

Flam. Doe like the geesse in the pro-
gresse; 230
You know where you shall finde mee. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Very good.
And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my
sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.

Young Lord. Sir, I shall.

[*Exeunt all but Zanche.*]

229 *turne two.* A, *turne io.*

230 *Doe like.* B puts a comma after *doe.*

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late princes, there's commonly sent along with 245
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startle your bloud.

Nor blame me that this passion I reveale; 255
Lovers dye inward that their flames conceale.

[*Exit.*]

238 *Your love, etc.* Assigned in AB to Fla. instead of Fra.

239 *'tis but.* Query: omit *but*.

Fran. Of all intelligence this may prove the best :

Sure, I shall draw strange fowle from this foule nest. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE ii.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

Cornelia. I heare a whispering all about the court,

You are to fight : who is your opposite ?

What is the quarrell ?

Marcello. 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cor. Will you dissemble ? sure, you do not well

To fright me thus ; you never look thus pale, 5
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'll call the duke,
And he shall schoole you.

Mar. Publish not a feare
Which would convert to laughter ; 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my fathers ?

Cor. Yes. 10

Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother
sucke,

Hee tooke the crucifix betweene his hands,

258 *Exit.* Qq here mark : Exeunt. Dyce is obviously right
in indicating two Exits, as here given.

Scene ii. D, Act. 4. Scen. 6.

Enter Flamineo.

And broke a limbe off.

Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

Flamineo. I have brought your weapon backe.

Flamineo runnes Marcello through.

Cor. Ha! O my horreur!

Mar. You have brought it home indeed.

Cor. Helpe, oh he's murdered! 15

Flam. Do you turne your gaule up? I'le to
sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit Flamineo.*]

Enter Car[lo,] Hort[ensio,] Pedro.

Hortensio. How? o'th ground?

Mar. O mother, now remember what I told,
Of breaking off the crucifix: farewell,—

There are some sinnes which heaven doth duly
punish 20

In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest meanes! Let all men know,

That tree shall long time keepe a steddye foote

Whose branches spread no [wider] then the
roote. [*Dies.*]

Cor. O my perpetuall sorrow!

16 *gaule.* D, gill.

Exit Flamineo. C.

Enter . . . Pedro. This entry (for typographical reasons) is
placed after *farewell* (l. 19) in AB. CD have only *Enter Hort.*
Carlo is Lodovico,—Pedro, Gasparo.

19 *off.* BCD, of.

24 *wider.* ABC, wilder.

Hort. Vertuous Marcello ! 25
Hee's dead: pray leave him, lady; come, you shall.

Cor. Alas, he is not dead: hee's in a trance. Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him againe, for Gods sake!

Hort. I would you were deceiv'd. 30

Cor. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for lacke of tendance! Reare up's head, reare up's head! His bleeding inward will kill him.

Hort. You see hee is departed. 35

Cor. Let mee come to him; give mee him as hee is, if hee bee turn'd to earth; let mee but give him one heartie kisse, and you shall put us both into one coffin: fetch a looking glasse, see if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some 40 feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes. Will you loose him for a little paines taking?

Hort. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. 45
Hee may live to lay mee ith ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come to him.

30 *I . . . deceiv'd.* This speech is assigned to *Car.* in ABC; in D as here.

37 *hee is.* Dyce puts a colon after *is.* *earth.* B puts a comma after *earth.*

*Enter Brachiano all armed, save the beaver ; with
Flaminese, [Page, carrying the beaver, and
Francisco.]*

Brachiano. Was this your handy-worke ?

Flaminese. It was my misfortune.

Cor. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him : 50
these have kill'd him, that would not let him bee
better look't to.

Brach. Have comfort, my greiv'd mother.

Cor. O you scritch-owle !

Hort. Forbeare, good madam. 55

Cor. Let mee goe, let mee goe !

*She runes to Flaminese with her knif drawne,
and comming to him, lets it fall.*

The God of heaven forgive thee ! Do'st not
wonder

I pray for thee ? Ile tell thee what's the reason :
I have scarce breath to number twentie minutes ;
Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well : 60
Halfe of thy selfe lies there : and maist thou live
To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to
come

In blest repentance !

Brach. Mother, pray tell mee
How came hee by his death ? what was the
quarrell ? 65

Cor. Indeed, my yonger boy presum'd too
much

Upon his manhood; gave him bitter wordes;
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head
Just in my bosome.

Page. This is not trew, madam. 70

Cor. I pray thee peace.
One arrow's graz'd already; it were vaine
T' lose this: for that will nere bee found
again.

Brach. Go, beare the bodie to Cornelia's
lodging:
And wee commaund that none acquaint our
dutchesse 75
With this sad accident. For you, Flamineo,
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon.

Flam. No?

Brach. Onely a lease of your life. And that
shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each
evening
To renew it, or be hang'd.

Flam. At your pleasure. 80

Lodovico [secretly] *sprinckles Brachiano's bever
with a poison.*

Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.

80 To . . . it. Ends preceding line in Qq.

Brach. You once did brave mee in your sisters lodging;
I'le now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beaver?

Francisco. [*aside.*] Hee cals for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pittie thy sad fate! Now to the barriers. 85
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,
The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murder.
Exeunt.

[SCENE iii.]

[*Padua. The Courtyard of the Palace.*]

Charges and shoutes. They fight at Barriers; first single paires, then three to three.

Enter Brachiano, [Francisco] & Flamineo with others.

Brachiano. An armorer! uds' death, an armorer!

Flamineo. Armorer! where's the armorer?

Brach. Teare off my beaver.

Flam. Are you hurt, my lord?

Brach. O my braine's on fire!

Enter Armorer.

The helmet is poison'd.

Armorer. My lord, upon my soule— 5

86 This line is indented in AB.

Scene iii. D, Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. This follows the direction concerning the Barriers.

Brach. Away with him to torture !
 There are some great ones that have hand in
 this,
 And neere about me.

[*Enter Vittoria.*]

Vittoria. O my loved lord, poisoned ?

Flam. Remove the barre : heer's unfortunate
 rev[e]ls !

Call the physitions. A plague upon you ! 10

[*Enter 2. Physitians.*]

Wee have to[o] much of your cunning here
 already.

I feare the embassadours are likewise poyson'd.

Brach. Oh I am gone already : the infection
 Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong
 heart !

There's such a covenant 'twene the world and
 it, 15
 They're loath to breake.

[*Enter Giovanni.*]

Giovanni. O my most loved father !

Brach. Remove the boy away :
 Where's this good woman ? Had I infinite worlds,
 They were too little for thee. Must I leave
 thee ?

What say yon scritch-owles, is the venomne
 mortall ? 20

Enter Vittoria. D.

Enter Giovanni. D.

20 say yon. BC, say you ; D, say yon. owles. CD, owl.

Physician. Most deadly.

Brach. Most corrupted pollitick hangman!
 You kill without booke; but your art to save
 Failes you as oft as great mens needy friends.
 I that have given life to offending slaves
 And wretched murderers, have I not power 25
 To lengthen mine owne a twelve-month?
 Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.

[*To Vittoria.*]

This unction is sent from the great Duke of
 Florence.

Francisco. Sir, bee of comfort.

Brach. O thou soft naturall death, that art
 joint-twin 30
 To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
 Stares on thy milde departure; the dull owle
 Beates not against thy casement; the hoarse
 wolfe

Sents not thy carion: pittie windes thy coarse,
 Whilst horror waights on princes.

Vit. I am lost for ever. 35

Brach. How miserable a thing it is to die,
 'Mongst women howling!

[*Enter Lodovico and Gasparo, disguised.*]

What are those?

Flam. Franciscans.

They have brought the extreame unction.

To Vittoria. D.

30 art. BC, are; D, art.

Brach. On paine of death, let no man name
 death to me, —
 It is a word infinitely terrible. 40
 Withdraw into our cabinet.

Exeunt [all] but Francisco and Flamineo
[Brachiano being borne out].

Flam. To see what solitarinesse is about
 dying princes! As heretofore they have un-
 peopled townes, divorst friends, and made great
 houses unhospitable; so now, O justice! where 45
 are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the
 shadowes of princes bodies; the least thicke
 cloud makes them invisible.

Fran. There's great moane made for him.

Flam. 'Faith, for some few howers salt water 50
 will runne most plentifully in every office o'th
 court. But beleve it, most of them do but
 weepe over their step-mothers graves.

Fran. How meane you?

Flam. Why, they dissemble, as some men 55
 doe that live within compasse o'th verge.

Fran. Come, you have thriv'd well under
 him.

Flam. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans

40 word infinitely. MS note in A, word most infinitely.

42-48 To see . . . invisible. This speech may be rendered into
 a kind of verse whose lines end in see, princes, townes, unhospitable,
 now, bodies, invisible.

53 graves. BCD, grave.

breast; I have beene fed with poultry : but, for 60
money, understand me, I had as good a will to
cosen him, as e're an officer of them all. But
I had not cunning enough to doe it.

Fran. What did'st thou thinke of him? 'faith,
speake freely. 65

Flam. Hee was a kinde of states-man, that
would sooner have reckond how many cannon
bullets he had discharged against a towne, to
count his expence that way, than how many of
his valiant and deserving subjects hee lost be- 70
fore it.

Fran. O, speake well of the duke.

Flam. I have done. Will't heare some of
my court wisdomes? (*Enter Lodovico.*) To re-
prehend princes is dangerous: and to over- 75
commend some of them is palpable lying.

Fran. How is it with the duke?

Lodovico. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.

Hee talkes of battailes and monopolies,

Levyng of taxes, and from that descends 80

To the most brain-sicke language. His minde
fastens

On twentie severall objects, which confound

Deepe sence with follie. Such a fearefull end

May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,

Though they live happiest, yet they dye not best. 85

Hee hath conferr'd the whole state of the duke-
dome

Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.

Flam. There's some good lucke in that yet.

Fran. See, heere he comes.

[*The traverse is drawn.*]

*Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed; Vittoria and
others.*

There's death in's face already.

Vittoria. O my good lord!

Brachiano. Away, you have
abus'd mee!

These speches are severall kinds of distractions and in the action should apeare.

You have convayd coyne forth
our territories;

Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,
And I nere dreamt on't. Make up your accounts;

Ile now bee mine owne steward.

Flam. Sir, have patience.

Brach. Indeed I am to blame.

95

Enter Brachiano. The place is now Brachiano's 'cabinet.' No new scene is indicated in any edition, but Mr. Greg suggests one. We are to assume either Brachiano's entrance in a bed carried by attendants, or the drawing of a traverse discovering Brachiano in bed. In either event, it is dramatically a new scene. The objection to marking it so is Francisco's speech, *See, heere he comes.*

These . . . apeare. This marginal direction appears only in A. The B. M. copy is clipped in binding: a few letters supplied are from Dyce's collation.

For did you ever heare the duskie raven
Chide blacknesse? or wast ever knowne the
divell

Raild against cloven creatures?

Vit.

O my lord!

Brach. Let mee have some quailes to supper.

Flam.

Sir, you shal.

Brach. No, some fried dog-fish : your quailes
feed on poison.

100

That old dog-fox, that polititian, Florence!
Ile forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! Ile bee frindes with him : for marke you,
sir, one dog

Still sets another a barking : peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now.

Flam.

Where?

Brach.

Why there, 105

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha!
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes,
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you
know him?

Flam. No, my lord.

Brach.

Why, 'tis the devill : 110

I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe
To hide his cloven foot. Ile dispute with him :
Hee's a rare linguist.

Vit.

My lord, heers nothing.

Hee hath conferr'd the whole state of the duke-
dome

Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.

Flam. There's some good lucke in that yet.

Fran. See, heere he comes.

[*The traverse is drawn.*]

*Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed; Vittoria and
others.*

There's death in's face allready.

Vittoria. O my good lord!

Brachiano. Away, you have
abus'd mee!

You have convayd coyne forth
our territories;

*These speches are sev-
erall kinds of distrac-
tions and in the action
should apeare.*

Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,
And I nere dreamt on't. Make up your ac-
countes;

Ile now bee mine owne steward.

Flam. Sir, have patience.

Brach. Indeed I am to blame.

95

Enter Brachiano. The place is now Brachiano's 'cabinet.' No new scene is indicated in any edition, but Mr. Greg suggests one. We are to assume either Brachiano's entrance in a bed carried by attendants, or the drawing of a traverse discovering Brachiano in bed. In either event, it is dramatically a new scene. The objection to marking it so is Francisco's speech, *See, heere he comes.*

These . . . apeare. This marginal direction appears only in A. The B. M. copy is clipped in binding: a few letters supplied are from Dyce's collation.

For did you ever heare the duskie raven
Chide blacknesse? or wast ever knowne the
divell

Raild against cloven creatures?

Vit. O my lord!

Brach. Let mee have some quailles to supper.

Flam. Sir, you shal.

Brach. No, some fried dog-fish : your quailles
feed on poison. 100

That old dog-fox, that polititian, Florence!
Ile forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! Ile bee frindes with him : for marke you,
sir, one dog

Still sets another a barking : peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now.

Flam. Where?

Brach. Why there, 105

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha!
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes,
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you
know him?

Flam. No, my lord.

Brach. Why, 'tis the devill : 110
I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe
To hide his cloven foot. Ile dispute with him :
Hee's a rare linguist.

Vit. My lord, heers nothing.

Brach. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I
 want monie,
 Our treasure is emptie; there is nothing: 115
 Ile not bee us'd thus.

Vit. O! 'ly still, my lord!

Brach. See, see, Flamineo that kill'd his
 brother
 Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries
 A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him even,
 For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a
 lawyer 120

In a gowne whipt with velvet, stares and gapes
 When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts
 capers!

It should have bin in a halter.

'Tis there: what's shee?

Flam. Vittoria, my lord.

Brach. Ha, ha, ha! Her haire is sprinckled
 with arras powder, 125
 That makes her looke as if she
 had sinn'd in the pastrie.

What's hee?

Flam. A divine, my lord,

Brach. Hee will bee drunke;
 avoid him: th' argument

*Brachiano seemes heare
 neare his end, Lodo-
 vico & Gasparoe in
 the habit of Cupuchins,
 present him in his bed
 with a crucifix and
 hallowed candle.*

116 'ly. Apostrophe in Qq.

125-127 *Ha . . . What's hee?* Printed as prose in Qq.

Brachiano . . . candle. Six or eight letters of this are clipped

Is fearefull when church-men stagger in't.
 Looke you; six gray rats that have lost their
 tailes, 130

Crall up the pillow; send for a rat-cat [c]her!
 Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the court
 From all foule vermin. Where's Flamineo?

Flam. I doe not like that hee names mee so
 often,

Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe 135
 I shall not live long. See, hee's neere his end.

Lod. Pray give us leave. *Attende, Domine Brachiane.*

Flam. See, see, how firmly hee doth fixe his
 eye

Upon the crucifix.

Vit. O hold it constant!

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies 140
 Melt into teares.

Lod. *Domine Brachiane, solebas*
in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo; nunc *By the crucifix.*
hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

in A (B. M.). The presence of this marginal note is perhaps responsible for the irregular line-arrangement of the next four verses in ABC. The arrangement of D is followed here. In A, the lines end in *is*, *in't*, *the*, *-cather*, *court*.

130 *gray rats*. BC, gray cats.

137 *Brachiane*. B, Brachiano.

By . . . crucifix. *By . . . taper*. The two marginal notes are badly clipped in ABC (B. M. copies). D is perfect and is here followed. AB have *Ho-* as the first syllable of *hallowed*.

*Gas. Olim hastâ valuisti in bello ;
nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis
contra hostem animarum.*

*By the hallowed
taper.*

*Lod. Attende, Domine Brachiane : si nunc quòque
probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in
dextrum.* 150

*Gas. Esto securus, Domine Brachiane : cogita
quantum habeas meritorum ; denique memineris meam
animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.*

*Lod. Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt
inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.* 155

Hee is departing : pray stand all apart,
And let us onely whisper in his eares
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to heare.

*Heare, the rest being departed, Lodovico
and Gasparo discover themselves.*

Gas. Brachiano,—

Lod. Devill Brachiano, thou art damn'd.

Gas. Perpetually. 160

*Lod. A slave condemn'd and given up to the
gallowes*

Is thy great lord and master.

*Gas. True : for thou
Art given up to the devill.*

155 *lævum*. A, levum ; B, lavum.

Gasparo. A, Gasparao or.

160 *Devill Brachiano*. Separate line in Qq.

Lod. O you slave!

You that were held the famous pollititian;
Whose art was poison!

Gas. And whose conscience, murder! 165

Lod. That would have broke your wives necke
downe the staires

Ere she was poison'd!

Gas. That had your villanous sallets!

Lod. And fine imbrodered bottles, and per-
fumes,

Equally mortall with a winter plague!

Gas. Now there's mercarie—

Lod. And copperesse—

Gas. And quickesilver— 170

Lod. With other develish potticarie stuffe,
A melting in your polliticke braines: do'st heare?

Gas. This is Count Lodovico.

Lod. This, Gasparo.

And thou shalt die like a poore rogue.

Gas. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog. 175

Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall
sermon.

Brach. Vittoria? Vittoria!

Lod. O the cursed devill,
Come to himselfe againe! Wee are undone.

166-167 Prose in Qq. 168 *and perfumes*. Separate line in A.

171 *potticarie*. B, Apothecarie. 178 *Come*. BCD, Comes.

Enter Vittoria, [Francisco, Flamineo] and the Attendants.

Gas. Strangle him in private. What, will you call him againe

To live in treble torments? for charitie, 180
For Christian charitie, avoid the chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Lod. You would prate, sir. This is a true-love knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence.

Brachiano is strangled.

Gas. What, is it done?

Lod. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper
i'th world,
Though shee had practis'd seven yere at the
pest-house, 185
Could have done't quaintlyer. My lordes hee's
dead.

[They return.]

Omnes. Rest to his soule! *[The traverse is closed.]*

Vittoria. O mee! this place is hell.

Exit Vittoria.

Francisco. How heavily shee takes it!

Enter . . . Attendants. D, Act. 5. Scen. 2. Dyce adds Flamineo to this list. Francisco's name is in CD.

Exeunt. CD. Dyce adds: Vittoria, Francisco, Flamineo, and Attendants.

184 *woman-keeper.* Preferably, woman keeper.

They return. CD.

Flamineo.

O yes, yes;

Had women navigable rivers in their eies,
They would dispend them all; surely, I wonder¹⁹⁰
Why wee should wish more rivers to the cittie,
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell
thee,

These are but moonish shades of greifes or
feares;
There's nothing sooner drie than womens
teares.

Why heere's an end of all my harvest; hee
[h]as given mee nothing.¹⁹⁵

Court promises! let wisemen count them curst,
For while you live, hee that scores best paies
worst.

Fran. Sure, this was Florence doing.*Flam.* Very likelie.

Those are found waightie strokes which come
from th' hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from
th' head.²⁰⁰

O the rare trickes of a Machivillian!
Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slave
And buffet you to death: no, my quaint knave,
Hee tickles you to death, makes you die
laughing,

As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of
saffron,²⁰⁵

You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice :
To teach court-honestie, it jumpes on ice.

Fran. Now have the people libertie to talke
And descant on his vices.

Flam. Miserie of princes,
That must of force bee censur'd by their
slaves! 210

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher. Uds'death, I
Would faine speake with this duke yet.

Fran. Now hee's dead?

Flam. I cannot conjure; but if praiers or
oathes 215
Will get to th' speech of him, though forty
devils

Waight on him in his livery of flames,
I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I bee blasted. *Exit Flamineo.*

Fran. Excellent Lodovico!
What, did you terrifie him at the last gaspe? 220

Lod. Yes; and so idely, that the duke had
like

T' have terrified us.

Fran. How?

Lod. You shall heare that heareafter.

213 *Uds'death, I.* Begins following line in Qq.

Exit Flamineo. This exit is placed one line lower in ABC.

Enter the Moore [Zanche].

See! yon's the infernall that would make up
sport.

Now to the revelation of that secret,
Shee promis't when she fell in love with you. 225

Fran. You're passionately met in this sad
world.

Zanche. I would have you look up, sir; these
court teares

Claime not your tribute to them. Let those
weepe

That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.

I knew last night, by a sad dreame I had, 230

Some mischief would insue; yet to say truth,
My dreame most concern'd you.

Lod. Shal's fall a dreaming?

Fran. Yes; and for fashion sake Ile dreame
with her.

Zan. Mee thought, sir, you came stealing to
my bed.

Fran. Wilt thou beleeve me, sweeting; by
this light, 235

I was a dreamt on thee too: for me thought
I saw thee naked.

223 *infernall that.* Mr. Daniel suggests: infernall hag.

227-232 *I would . . . concern'd you.* Like the other speeches of
Zanche in this scene, this is indicated in AB by Moo. for Moore;
and in several cases also, Francisco's speeches are marked Flo. for
Florence.

Zan. Fy, sir ! As I told you,
Me thought you lay downe by me.

Fran. So drempt I ;
And least thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle.

Zan. Verily, I did dreame 240
You were somewhat bold with me ; but to come
to't,—

Lod. How ? how ? I hope you will not go
to it here.

Fran. Nay ; you must heare my dreame out.

Zan. Well, sir, forth.

Fran. When I threw the mantle ore thee,
thou didst laugh
Exceedingly, me thought.

Zan. Laugh ?

Fran. And cridst out, 245
The haire did tickle thee.

Zan. There was a dreame indeed !

Lod. Marke her, I prethee, shee simpers like
the suddes
A collier hath bene washt in.

Zan. Come, sir ; good fortune tends you ; I
did tell you
I would reveale a secret : Isabella, 250
The Duke of Florence sister, was impoison'd
By a 'fum'd picture ; and Camillo's necke

242 to it here. B, to there ; CD, to't there.

Was broke by damn'd Flamineo; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse.

Fran. Most strange!

Zan. Most true.

Lod. The bed of snakes is broke. 255

Zan. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

Fran. Thou kepts their counsell.

Zan. Right;
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria.

Lod. Excellent penitence!
Usurers dreame on't while they sleepe out ser-
mons. 260

Zan. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me, till the funerall,
Unto a friend i'th country. That excuse
Will further our escape. In coine and jewels
I shall, at least, make good unto your use 265
An hundred thousand crowns.

Fran. O noble wench!

Lod. Those crownes we'le share.

Zan. It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt proverbe
false,

And wash the Ethiop white.

Fran. It shall. Away!

257 counsell. Dyce, counsel?

Zan. Be ready for our flight.

Fran. An howre 'fore day. *Exit the Moore.* 270

O strange discovery! why, till now we knew
not

The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Enter Moore.

Zanche. You'le waight about midnight in the
chappel.

Fran. There. [*Exit Zanche.*]

Lod. Why, now our action's justified.

Fran. Tush for justice!

What harmes it justice? we now, like the par-
tridge,

275

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame.

Exeunt.

[SCENE iv.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

*Enter Flam[ineo] and Gasp[aro] at one dore, another
way, Giovanni, attended.*

Gasparo. The yong duke: did you ere see a
sweeter prince?

Flamineo. I have knowne a poore womans
bastard better favor'd. This is behind him:

273 You'le . . . midnight. Separate line in Qq. *chappel.* Dyce,
chapel?

Scene iv. D, Act. 5. Scen. 3.

now, to his face, all comparisons were hateful. 5
Wise was the courtly peacocke, that being a
great minion, and being compar'd for beauty, by
some dottrels that stood by, to the kingly eagle,
said the eagle was a farre fairer bird then her-
selfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in re- 10
spect of her long tallants. His will grow out in
time. — My gracious lord !

Giovanni. I pray leave mee, sir.

Flam. Your grace must be merry : 'tis I have
cause to mourne ; for wot you what said the 15
little boy that rode behind his father on horse-
backe ?

Gio. Why, what said hee ?

Flam. When you are dead, father (said he),
I hope then I shall ride in the saddle. O 'tis a 20
brave thing for a man to sit by himselfe ! he
may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about,
and see the whole compasse of the hemisphere.
You're now, my lord, ith saddle.

Gio. Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent. 25
'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former
bin ;
I have heard grieffe nam'd the eldest child of
sinne.

Exit Giov[anni.]

Flam. Study my praiers ? he threatens me
divinely ;

11 *tallants.* B, talons. 12 *time.* AB put a comma after *time.*

20 *hope then I.* BCD, hope that I.

I am falling to peeces already. I care not,
 though, like Anacharsis, I were pounded to death 30
 in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for
 usurers, — gold and themselves to be beaten to-
 gether, to make a most cordiall chullice for the
 devill.

He hath his unckles villanous looke already, 35

Enter Courtier.

In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you ?

Courtier. It is the pleasure, sir, of the yong
 duke,

That you forbear the presence, and all roomes
 That owe him reverence.

Flam. So, the wolfe and the raven
 Are very pretty fools when they are yong. 40
 Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out ?

Cour. So the duke wils.

Flam. Verely, maister courtier, extreamity is
 not to bee used in all offices. Say that a gentle-
 woman were taken out of her bed about mid- 45
 night, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the
 tower yonder, with nothing about her but her
 smocke : would it not shew a cruell part in the
 gentleman porter to lay clame to her upper gar-
 ment, pull it ore her head and eares, and put 50
 her in nak'd ?

32 *usurers.* Qq have no punctuation after *usurers.* 37 *the yong*
duke. D, the Duke. 39-41 *So . . . out ?* Prose in Qq.

46 *to the.* Dyce queries : or to the.

Cour. Very good : you are merrie. [*Exit.*]

Flam. Doth hee make a court ejectment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney then withint. Ile smooore 55
some of them.

Enter Florence.

How now? thou art sad.

Francisco. I met even now with the most piti-
ous sight.

Flam. Thou metst another heare, a pittifull
Degraded courtier.

Fran. Your reverend mother 60
Is growne a very old woman in two howers.
I found them winding of Marcello's coarse ;
And there is such a solemne melodie,
'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead, 65
Were wont t'out-weare the nights with, that
beleeve mee

I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome,
They were so ore-charg'd with water.

Flam. I will see them.

Fran. 'Twere much uncharety in you : for
your sight
Will adde unto their teares.

Flam. I will see them. 70

Enter Florence. BCD, *Enter Francisco.*
59 *metst.* D, meet'st.

They are behind the travers. Ile discover
Their superstitious howling. [*Draws the traverse.*]

*Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discovered,
winding Marcello's coarse. A song.*

Cornelia. This rosemarie is wither'd; pray get
fresh;
I would have these herbes grow up in his
grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes, 75
Ile tye a garland heere about his head:
'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This
sheet

I have kept this twentie yere, and everie daie
Hallow'd it with my praiers. I did not thinke
Hee should have wore it.

Zanche. Looke you; who are yonder? 80

Cor. O reach mee the flowers.

Zan. Her ladiships foolish.

Woman. Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child againe.

Cor. You're very wellcome.
There's rosemarie for you, and rue for you,
To Flamineo.

Hearts-ease for you: I pray make much of it. 85
I have left more for my selfe.

Fran. Ladie, who's this?

Cornelia . . . coarse. D, Act. 5. Scen. 4. 78 *yere.* B, yeeres;
CD, years. 85 *make much.* Query: take much. 86 *more.* Mr.
Daniel suggests *none.*

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Flam. So.

Zan. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make mee such a foole?

Heere's a white hand :

Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee
see : 90

When scritch-howles croke upon the chimney
tops,

And the strange cricket ith oven singes and
hoppes,

When yellow spots doe on your handes ap-
peare,

Bee certaine then you of a course shall heare.

Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a
toad sure. 95

Couslep-water is good for the memorie :

Pray buy me 3. ounces of't.

Flam. I would I were from hence.

Cor. Do you heere, sir?

Ile give you a saying which my grandmother

Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to
sing ore 100

Unto her lute.

Flam. Doe an you will, doe.

94 *course.* BCD, coarse; Dyce, corse.

96-97 *couslep- . . . of't.* One line in Qq.

101 *Unto her lute.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Cor. Call for the robin-red-brest and the wren,
 Since ore shadie groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowres doe cover
 The friendlesse bodies of unburied men.

*Cornelia doth this
 in severall formes
 of distraction.*

Call unto his funerall dole
 The ante, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
 And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no
 harme;

But keepe the wolfe far thence, that's foe to men, 110
 For with his nailes hee'l dig them up agen.

They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a
 quarrell;

But I have an answere for them.

Let holie church receive him duly

Since hee payd the church tithes truly. 115

His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:

This poore men get; and great men get no
 more.

Now the wares are gone, wee may shut up shop.

Blesse you all good people.

Exeunt Cornelia, and Ladies.

Flam. I have a strange thing in mee, to th'
 which

120

I cannot give a name, without it bee

Compassion. I pray leave mee. *Exit Francisco.*

This night Ile know the utmost of my fate,

118 shop. Omitted in D.

Ile bee resolv'd what my rich sister meanes
 T' assigne mee for my service. I have liv'd 125
 Riotously ill, like some that live in court;
 And sometimes, when my face was full of
 smiles,

Have felt the mase of conscience in my brest.
 Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie;
 "Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed
 they crie.

Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer,
 neerer yet.

What a mockerie hath death made
 of thee? thou look'st sad.

In what place art thou? in yon
 starrie gallerie,

*Enter Brachi-
 ano's ghost, in his
 leather cassock &
 breeches, bootes, a
 coule; in his hand
 a pot of lilly-
 flowers with a
 scull in't.*

Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speake?

Pray, sir, resolve mee, what religions best 135

For a man to die in? or is it in your know-
 ledge

To answer me how long I have to live?

That's the most necessarie question.

Not answer? Are you still like some great
 men

That onely walke like shadowes up and downe, 140

127 *my face* BCD, his face.

128 *mase*. BCD, maze.

Enter . . . in't. Badly clipped in A (B. M.); missing parts,
 except *ano's* and *in his hand*, the latter added by Dyce, supplied
 from B.

132 *of thee*. BCD omit *of*.

And to no purpose? say!—

What's that? O fatall! hee
throwes earth upon mee.

*The Ghost
throwes earth
upon him and
shewes him
the scull.*

A dead mans scull beneath the
rootes of flowers!

I pray speake, sir; our Italian church-men

Make us beleve dead men hold conference 145

With their familiars, and many times

Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.

Exit G[host.]

Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are
vanisht.

This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate

To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging, 150

And summe up all these horrors; the disgrace

The prince threw on mee; next the pitious
sight

Of my dead brother; and my mothers dotage;

And last this terrible vision. All these

Shall with Vittoria's bountie turne to good, 155

Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

The . . . scull. Clipped in A (B. M.) ; missing parts from B.

Exit Ghost. Clipped in A.

[SCENE v.]

[Padua. A Street.]

*Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio [apart].**Lodovico.* My lord, upon my soule, you shall
no further :

You have most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe
Too far allready. For my part, I have payd
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall,
My creditours fall not with mee ; and I vow 5
To quite all in this bold assemblie
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave the
cittie,

Or Ile forswear the murder.

Francisco. Farewell, Lodovico.
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
Ile reare unto thy memorie that fame 10
Shall in the ashes keepe alive thy name.

[*Exeunt Francisco and Lodovico severally.*]

Hortensio. There's some blacke deed on foot.
Ile presently
Downe to the citadell, and raise some force.

*Scene v. D, Act. 5. Scen. 5.**11 the ashes. D, thy ashes.*

Exeunt . . . severally. CD mark here exit of Francisco only ;
AB give no directions.

These strong court factions that do brooke no
checks,

In the carriere oft breake the riders neckes. 15
[Exit Hortensio.]

[SCENE vi.]

[Padua. Brachiano's Palace.]

*Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand; Zanke;
Flamineo, following them.*

Flamineo. What, are you at your prayers?
Give o're.

Vittoria. How, ruffin?

Flam. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse:
Sit downe, sit downe. Nay, stay, blouze, you
may heare it;

The dores are fast inough.

Vit. Ha, are you drunke?

Flam. Yes, yes, with wormewood water; you
shall tast

Some of it presently. 5

Vit. What intends the fury?

Flam. You are my lords executrix; and I
claime

Reward for my long service.

Vit. For your service?

Scene vi. No scene marked in Qq.

Enter . . . them. Clipped in AB (B. M.). In left margin.

Flam. Come, therefore, heere is pen and inke;
set downe

What you will give me.

Vit. There. *Shee writes.*

Flam. Ha! have you done already? 10
'Tis a most short conveyance.

Vit. I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Caine gron'd under, having slaine his
brother.

Flam. A most courtly pattent to beg by!

Vit. You are a villaine.

Flam. Is't come to this? The[y] say affrights
cure agues: 15

Thou hast a devill in thee; I will try
If I can scarre him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me yet two case of jewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall
see them. *[Exit.]*

Vit. Sure, hee's distracted.

Zanche. O he's desperate! 20
For your owne safety give him gentle language.

He enters with two case of pistols.

Flamineo. Looke, these are better far at a
dead lift,
Then all your jewell house.

Shee writes. Clipped in A. In left margin.

17 *scarre.* C, scare. 19 *Exit.* Supplied by C.

He . . . pistols. A few letters clipped in A.

Vit. And yet, mee thinkes,
These stones have no faire lustre, they are ill
set.

Flam. I'le turne the right side towards you :
you shall see 25
How the[y] will sparkle.

Vit. Turne this horror from mee !
What do you want ? what would you have mee
doe ?

Is not all mine, yours ? have I any children ?

Flam. Pray thee, good woman, doe not
trouble mee
With this vaine worldly businesse ; say your
prayers. 30

I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither your selfe nor I should out-live him,
The numbring of foure howers.

Vit. Did he enjoyne it ?

Flam. He did ; and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Least any should enjoy thee after him, 35
That urg'd him vow me to it. For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing
If hee could not be safe in his owne court,
Being a great duke, what hope then for us ?

Vit. This is your melancholy and dispaire.

Flam. Away ! 40
Foole thou art to thinke that polititians

·41 *Foole.* A places a comma after this word.

Do use to kill the effects of injuries
 And let the cause live. Shall we groane in irons,
 Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen
 To a publicke scaffold? This is my resolve: 45
 I would not live at any mans entreaty
 Nor dye at any's bidding.

Vit. Will you heare me?

Flam. My life hath done service to other
 men:

My death shall serve mine owne turne. Make
 you ready.

Vit. Do you meane to die indeed?

Flam. With as much pleasure 50

As ere my father gat me.

Vit. Are the dores lockt?

Zan. Yes, madame.

Vit. Are you growne an atheist? will you
 turne your body,

Which is the goodly pallace of the soule,
 To the soules slaughter house? O the cursed
 devill 55

Which doth present us with all other sinnes
 Thrice candied ore, despaire with gaule and
 stibium,

Yet we carouse it off,—Cry out for helpe!—
 Makes us forsake that which was made for man,

58 *Cry . . . helpe.* A MS parenthesis in A (B. M.) indicates
 (rightly) an aside.

The world, to sinke to that was made for devils, 60
Eternall darkenesse !

Zan. Helpe, helpe !

Flam. Ile stop your throate
With winter plums.

Vit. I prethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking.

Flam. Leave your prating ;
For these are but grammaticall laments, 65
Feminine arguments ; and they move me
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation then sence
Of reason or sound doctrine.

Zan. Gentle madam,
Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach 70
The way to death ; let him dye first.

Vit. 'Tis good ; I apprehend it. —
To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it ;
The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the
hand, 75
May else bring trebble torments.

Flam. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to dye.

Vit. O but frailty !
Yet I am now resolv'd ; farewell, affliction !

Behold, Brachiano, I that while you liv'd 80
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well, Zanche!

Zan. How, madam! do you thinke that I'll
out-live you,
Especially when my best selfe, Flamineo, 85
Goes the same voiage?

Flam. O most loved Moore!

Zan. Onely by all my love let me entreat
you,—
Since it is most necessary [one] of us
Do violence on our selves,—let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye. 90

Flam. Thou dost instruct me nobly: take
these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:
Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th' other gainst your owne, and so we'll dye
Most equally contented. But first sweare 95
Not to out-live me.

Vit. and Zan. Most religiously.

Flam. Then here's an end of me: fare-well,
day-light!
And O contemptible physike, that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee! 100

These are two cupping-glasses, that *Shewing the*
shall draw *pistols.*

All my infected bloud out. Are you ready?

Vit. and Zan.

Ready.

Flam. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian,
thy ridiculous purgatory! to finde Alexander the
Great cobling shooes, Pompey tagging points,¹⁰⁵
and Julius Cæsar making haire buttons; Hani-
ball selling blacking, and Augustus crying gar-
like; Charlemaigne selling lists by the dozen,
and King Pippin crying apples in a cart drawn
with one horse!

110

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, aire,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not
Nor greatly care.—Shoote, shoote,

Of all deaths the violent death is best, *They shoot, and*
For from our selves it steales our selves *run to him &*
tread upon him.
so fast,

115

The paine, once apprehended, is quite past.

Vit. What, are you drop't?

Flam. I am mixt with earth already. As you
are noble,

Performe your vowes, and bravely follow mee.

Vit. Whither? to hell?

Shewing the pistols. Clipped in AB.

102 *Are you ready?* *Ready.* New line in Qq.

103-110 Possibly as verse with lines ending in *now*, *purgatory*,
shooes, *Cæsar*, *blacking*, *Charlemaigne*, *Pippin*, *horse*.

They . . . him. Clipped in AB; supplied from C.

Zan. To most assured damnation? 120

Vit. O thou most cursed devill!

Zan. Thou art caught——

Vit. In thine own engine. I tread the fire
out

That would have bene my ruine.

Flam. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious
oath was Stix, that the gods never durst sweare 125
by and violate! O that wee had such an oath to
minister, and to be so well kept in our courts
of justice!

Vit. Thinke whither thou art going.

Zan. And remember
What villanies thou hast acted.

Vit. This thy death 130
Shall make me, like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke up and tremble.

Flam. O I am caught with a springe!

Vit. You see the fox comes many times short
home;
'Tis here prov'd true.

Flam. Kild with a couple of braches!

Vit. No fitter offering for the infernall Furies 135
Then one in whom they raign'd while hee was
living.

Flam. O the waies darke and horrid! I can-
not see.
Shall I have no company?

Vit. O yes, thy sinnes
Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Flam. O I smell soote, 140
Most s[t]inking soote, the chimnie is a fire!
My livers purboil'd like scotch holly-bread;
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it
scalds!

Wilt thou out-live mee?

Zan. Yes, and drive a stake
Through thy body; for we'le give it out 145
Thou didst this violence upon thy selfe.

Flam. O cunning devils! now I have tri'd
your love,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded;

Flamineo riseth.

The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindnesse to mee; and I live 150
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
One time or other, you would finde a way
To give me a strong potion. O men
That lye upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives, neere trust them! they'le
re-marry 155
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete, ere
the spider

140 O . . . soote. Begins next line in Qq.

145 Through. Dyce, Thorough. 151 knew. BCD, know.

Make a thinne curtaine for your epitaphes.
 How cunning you were to discharge! Do you
 practice at the Artillery yard? Trust a woman?
 never, never; Brachiano bee my president! We¹⁶⁰
 lay our soules to pawne to the devill for a little
 pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale.
 That ever man should marry! For one Hyper-
 mnestra that sav'd her lord and husband, forty
 nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates¹⁶⁵
 all in one night. There was a shole of vertu-
 ous horse-leeches! Here are two other instru-
 ments.

*Enter Lod[ovico disguised as Carlo,] Gasp[aro dis-
 guised as Pedro.]*

Vit. Helpe, helpe!

Flam. What noise is that? hah! falce keies
 i'th court!

Lodovico. We have brought you a maske.

Flam. A matachine, it seemes,¹⁷⁰
 By your drawne swords. Church men turn'd
 revellers.

Gasparo. Isabella, Isabella!

Lod. Doe you know us now?

[They throw off their disguises.]

¹⁶⁰ *president.* Dyce, precedent.

Enter . . . Pedro. A has Pedro, Carlo, as separate characters,
 to indicate that the disguises were still worn.

¹⁷² *Gasparo. Isabe'lla.* Speech assigned to Con. in AB; to Gas.
 in CD. Query: Should not the speech *Isabella, Isabella* be assigned
 to Lodovico and the following speech to Gasparo? Cf. note, p. 205.

Flam. Lodovico and Gasparo !

Lod. Yes ; and that Moore the duke gave
pention to

Was the great Duke of Florence.

Vit. O wee are lost ! 175

Flam. You shall not take justice from forth
my hands,—

O let me kill her !——Ile cut my safty
Through your coates of steele. Fate's a spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from us. What remaines
now ?

Let all that doe ill, take this president : 180

Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all axiomes this shall winne the prise :

'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.

Gas. Bind him to the pillar.

Vit. O your gentle pittie !

I have seene a black-bird that would sooner fly 185

To a mans bosome then to stay the gripe

Of the feirce sparrow-hawke.

Gas. Your hope deceives you.

Vit. If Florence be ith court, would hee
would kill mee !

Gas. Foole ! princes give rewards with their
owne hands,

But death or punishment by the handes of
others. 190

180 *president.* Dyce, precedent.

188 *would hee would.* BCD, he would not.

Lod. Sirha, you once did strike mee : Ile strike
you
Into the center.

Flam. Thoul't doe it like a hangeman, a base
hangman,
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike againe.

Lod. Dost laugh ? 195

Flam. Wouldst have me dye, as I was borne,
in whining ?

Gas. Recommend your selfe to heaven.

Flam. Noe, I will carry mine owne commen-
dations thither.

Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And us't foure yeere together, 'tweare to[o]
little ! 200

Naught greev's but that you are to[o] few to
feede

The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke
on ?

Flam. Nothing ; of nothing : leave thy idle
questions ;

I am i'th way to study a long silence ;
To prate were idle ; I remember nothing. 205
Thers nothing of so infinit vexation
As mans owne thoughts.

192 *Into.* BCD, Unto. 200 *too.* C corrects.

201 *greew's.* Dyce, Hazlitt, grieves ; but *greew's* is probably a
contraction of *grieves us.* *too.* D corrects.

Lod. O thou glorious strumpet,
 Could I deuide thy breath from this pure aire
 When't leaves thy body, I would sucke it up
 And breath't upon some dunghill !

Vit. You, my deaths man !²¹⁰
 Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,
 Thou hast to[o] good a face to be a hang-man :
 If thou be, doe thy office in right forme ;
 Fall downe upon thy knees and aske forgive-
 nesse.

Lod. O thou hast bin a most prodigious
 comet,²¹⁵
 But Ile cut of[f] your traine ! kill the Moore
 first.

Vit. You shall not kill her first : behould
 my breast :
 I will be waited on in death ; my servant
 Shall never go before mee.

Gas. Are you so brave ?

Vit. Yes ; I shall wellcome death²²⁰
 As princes doe some great embassadors ;
 Ile meete thy weapon halfe way.

Lod. Thou dost tremble ;
 Mee thinkes feare should dissolve thee into ayre.

Vit. O thou art deceiv'd, I am to[o] true a
 woman :

²¹² too. C corrects.

²¹⁶ off. C corrects.

²²¹⁻²² As . . . weapon. One line in Qq.

Conceit can never kill me. Ile tell thee what, 225
I will not in my death shed one base teare ;
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.

Gas. Thou art my taske, blacke fury.

Zan. I have blood
As red as either of theirs ; wilt drinke some ?
'Tis good for the falling-sickness. I am proud 230
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale.

Lod. Strike, strike,
With a joint motion.

[*They stab Vittoria, Zanche, and Flamineo.*]

Vit. 'Twas a manly blow !
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking in-
fant,
And then thou wilt be famous.

Flam. O what blade ist ? 235
A Toledo, or an English fox.
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a doctor.
Search my wound deeper : tent it with the
steele
That made it.

Vit. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood ! 240
Now my blood paies for't.

Flam. Th'art a noble sister ;

228 *Thou . . . fury.* Assigned to Carlo in A.

240 *That made it.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

I love thee now ! if woeman doe breed man,
 Shee ought to teach him manhood : fare thee
 well.

Know, many glorious woemen that are fam'd
 For masculine vertue, have bin vitious, 245
 Onely a happier silence did betyde them :
 Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide
 them.

Vit. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke
 storme,
 Is driven I know not whither.

Flam. Then cast ancor.
 “ Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming cleere, 250
 “ But seas doe laugh, shew white, when rocks
 are neere.

“ Wee cease to greive, cease to be fortunes
 slaves,

“ Nay, cease to dye, by dying. Art thou gone ?
 And thou so neare the bottome ? falce reporte,
 Which saies that woemen vie with the nine
 Muses 255

For nine tough durable lives ! I doe not looke
 Who went before, nor who shall follow mee ;
 Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.

“ While we looke up to heaven, wee con-
 found

“ Knowledge with knowledge. O I am in a
 mist ! 260

Vit. O happy they that never saw the court,
 “Nor ever knew great man but by report !

Vittoria dyes.

Flam. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
 And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to great men remember th’²⁶⁵
 could wives tradition, to be like the lyons ith
 Tower on Candlemas day, — to mourne if the
 sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder
 of winter to come.

’Tis well yet there’s some goodnesse in my
 death ; 270

My life was a blacke charnell : I have caught
 An everlasting could. I have lost my voice
 Most irrecoverably. Farewell glorious villaines !

“This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,
 “Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by
 paine. 275

Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell ;
 Strike thunder, and strike lowde, to my farewell !

Dyes.

Enter Embassad[or] and Giovanni.

English Ambassador. This way, this way !
 breake ope the doores ! this way !

Lod. Ha ! are wee betraid ?

261-62 O . . . report. Query : should not this speech be assigned to Zanche ? In this event, the stage direction of Vittoria’s death should be placed after line 249. 262 man. BCD, men.

271 caught. A, cought.

Why, then lets constantly dye all together; 280
 And having finisht this most noble deede,
 Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

Eng. Am. Keepe backe the prince; shoot,
 shoot! [*They wound Lodovico.*]

Lod. O I am wounded!
 I feare I shall be tane.

Giovanni. You bloudy villaines,
 By what authority have you committed 285
 This massakre?

Lod. By thine.

Gio. Mine?

Lod. Yes; thy unckle,
 Which is a part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't:
 Thou knowst me, I am sure; I am Cou[n]t
 Lodowicke,

And thy most noble unckle in disguise
 Was last night in thy court.

Gio. Ha!

Lod. Yes, that Moore 290

Thy father chose his pentioner.

Gio. He turn'd murderer! —
 Away with them to prison and to torture!
 All that have hands in this shall tast our justice,
 As I hope heaven.

286 *Yes; thy unckle.* Begins following line in AB. *Yes* ends
 preceding line in CD. 287 *is a part.* BCD, is part.

290—91 *Yes . . . pentioner.* One line in Qq.

Lod. I do glory yet,
 That I can call this act mine owne. For my
 part,
 The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing²⁹⁵
 wheeles,
 Shall bee but sound sleepes to me; here's my
 rest:

“ I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.

Gio. Remove the bodies. See, my honoured
 lord[s],
 What use you ought make of their punishment.³⁰⁰
Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes
Do leane on crut[c]hes made of slender reedes.
[*Exeunt.*]

Instead of an Epilogue, onely this of
 Martial supplies me:

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia si placui.

For the action of the play, twas generally
 well, and I dare affirme, with the joint testimony

²⁹⁹⁻³⁰² *Remove . . . reedes.* Mr. Greg suggests that this
 speech be assigned to the English Ambassador. *lords.* Qq, Lord;
 Dyce, lords.

Instead . . . me. Not in CD.

Hæc . . . placui. In CD this quotation follows the last line of
 the play, and is followed by *Finis.*

For . . . and end. Not in CD.

of some of their owne quality, for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster, the best that ever became them: 5
whereof as I make a generall acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well approved industry of my freind Maister Perkins, and confesse the worth of his action did crowne both the beginning and end. 10

FINIS.

Notes to the White Devil

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

3, 3. **nos . . . nihil.** *We know that these things are nothing.* Martial, xiii. 2.

3, 5. **theater.** Mr. Fleay thinks the Curtain; Dyce, the Phoenix. Cf. note on Maister Perkins, p. 206.

3, 13. **Nec . . . molestas.** *You will not fear the jeers of the malicious, nor furnish wrappers for fish (i. e. your manuscript will not be used as waste paper).* Martial, iv. 87.

3, 16. **non . . . dixi.** *You cannot say more against my trifles than I have said myself.* Martial, xiii. 2.

3, 19. **sententious tragedy.** Sententiousness was characteristic particularly of Senecan tragedy.

3, 22. **life'n . . . Nuntius.** To the nuntius (messenger) in classic tragedy often fell the task of describing the death of one or more of the characters: his impassioned description might make even death seem alive.

4, 24. **O . . . ilia.** *Oh the strong digestion of reapers!* Horace, *Ep.* iii.

4, 28. **Hæc . . . relinques.** *These you will leave for the pigs to eat to-day.* Horace, *Epist.* i. vii. 19.

4, 32. **answer . . . Alcestides.** The story is told by Valerius Maximus, iii. 7 (Dyce).

4, 53. **non . . . mori.** *These works know not how to die.* Martial, x. 2. Dekker ends his preface to *A Knights Conjuring* (? 1607) with the same quotation.

5, 1. **Scire . . . sales.** *Would you know what a woman is? with what gadfly she stings you? Here you are, if you've wit to understand them, — a thousand witty sayings.*

5. **J. Wilson.** In all probability, this is John Wilson, the Restoration dramatist, whose plays were first collected in 1874 by Maidment and Logan.

7, 2. **thy . . . punishment.** Opposed to all the known sayings of Democritus. Cf. especially Zeller (*History of Greek Philosophy*, 1881 trans.) II. 277 ff. The title of 'laughing philosopher' may have led Webster into thinking of Democritus as a mocker. A song in *The Nice Valour* (v. i.) has this line :

'Democritus, thou ancient fleerer'

8, 21. **caviare.** A great delicacy and novelty among Webster's contemporaries. Cf. Giles Fletcher's *Of the Russe Commonwealth* (1591), and *Hamlet*, II. ii. 416. Sometimes a quadrisyllable.

9, 31. **murders.** Lodovico had killed Vincenzo Vitelli.

9, 40. **Brachiano.** The Italian is 'Bracciano' : Webster's spelling therefore indicates the soft English, not the hard Italian, pronunciation of *chi*.

9, 44. **duke.** Brachiano.

9, 44. **Have . . . you.** Be manful.

10, 47. **Perfumes . . . sents.** Cf. *D. M.* III. v. 73.

10, 50. **painted comforts, false consolations.**

12, 24. **where a satiety.** Dyce's emendation, 'whereas satiety,' is probably correct. Dyce also notes Marston's earlier use of the same idea : 'Fie on this satietie, 'tis a dul, blunt, weary, and drowsie passion' (*Farwe*, IV. i. 107).

12, 32. **could . . . liver.** Devoid of passion, impotent.

12, 33. **feathers.** The plumes struck from the helmets.

12, 34. **Irish . . . naked.** Reed notes a comment in Barnaby Rich's *A new description of Ireland* (1610), p. 38, concerning 'a certaine brotherhood called by the name of Karrowes,' who would wager the clothing upon their backs, rather than cease gaming.

14, 72. **boule bootie.** Bowl to lose at first, in order that the adversary may be led to continue playing ; 'drawing him on.'

14, 72. **his . . . mistris.** His bowl is so weighted or shaped ('bias' applies to both notions) that it will roll to the mark. In the game of bowls, one ball (the 'mistress' or the 'jack') serves as the object-ball ; the other balls are so made as to roll in a curve (bias) and thus to pass whatever obstacles might lie in a straight line between the bowler and the object-ball. Not to be confused with the game of ten-pins (skittles). The word 'cheek' is a

zle : its literal meaning does not explain the line. Possibly the
 nch *chique*, a small ball or marble, provides a clue ; or again,
 eck,' a falconry term for swerving aside, may be the reading.

15, 75. **Despight . . . Aristotle.** Illogically.

15, 76. **Ephemerides.** John Searles, in *An Ephemeris for
 e yeeres* (1609) defines thus : 'Ephemerides are tables of the
 estial motions, calculated for a time and place certaine, shewing
 motions of all the planets in longitude and latitude, as also all
 er cofigurations and passions, for every day in the yeare.' Jupiter
 l Venus were good ('smiling') planets ; Saturn and Mars evil ;
 l, Mercury, and Luna, indifferent.

15, 83. **horne-shavings.** One of the innumerable Eliza-
 han references to the horns of cuckolds.

15, 84. **Might I advise,** etc. Flamineo's advice seems de-
 ed from Ariosto's fourth Satire. The English translation of the
 tires, 1608, was by R. Tofte, although attributed to Gervase
 arkham. The poet tells how to keep a wife chaste, and Flamineo
 asingly reverses the suggestions.

'The danger's in the house when thou art forth.

'To go to feasts and weddings mongst the best,
 Is not amisse : for there suspect is least.
 Nor is it meet, that she the Church refraine,
 Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.'

16, 93. **night-cap wringes.** Cf. *Westward Hoe*, I. i.

16, 105. **last jubilee.** The year 1600.

16, 111. **perspective.** Reginald Scot, *The discoverie of
 witchcraft* (1584), bk. xiii. ch. xix, remarks that 'the wonderous
 leuises, and miraculous sights and conceipts made and conteined in
 glasse, doo farre exceed all other ; whereto the art perspectiue is
 erie necessarie.' Among the illusions are those caused by glasses,
 where one image shall seeme to be one hundred.'

17, 131. **bill.** The bill of the European blackbird is yellow.

17, 136. **any meanes.** All means.

18, 140. **carved.** A function of the mistress of an Eliza-
 bethan house. Cf. also, *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 119.

18, 154. **glasse-house.** Webster makes a number of re-
 ferences to this glass-house, which stood very near to the Black-

friars' theatre, the site being marked to-day by Glass House Yard and Play House Yard. In *A Knights Conjuring* (1607), Dekker says of hell, . . . 'like the Glasse-house Furnace in Blacke-friers, the bone-fires that are kept there, never goe out.'

19, 170. **philosophers stone**. The elixir whose property was to change baser metals into gold.

19, 180. **mayles . . . necessitie**. This recalls the adamant (diamond) spindle of Necessity which held together the celestial spheres in the vision of Er (Plato's *Republic*, x.).

20, 192. **quæ . . . grata**. *Things refused are pleasing*.

20, 202. **silkeworme**. Silkworm references recall the planting of mulberry trees in England by Verton in 1609, in the hope of encouraging silkworm culture. Cf. Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, p. 119.

20, 207. **I . . . steale**. I shall find you stealing.

21, 226. **curst dogges**. 'A curst curre must be tied short.' Ray's *Proverbs*, 1670. Cf. Glossary.

23, 264. **crosse-sticks**. Perhaps crosses stuck in the grave; the expression is unfamiliar.

23, 268. **Eu**. The double meaning of Eu (yew) and you (Brachiano) is now obvious.

24, 288. **flegmaticke**. Cf. note on 'humour,' Gloss.

25, 301. **Thessaly**. Regarded as a home of magic.

26, 323. **great mens**. This construction is sufficiently in keeping with Webster's style to make Dyce's punctuation unnecessary. Cf. *D. M.* i. ii. 156; v. v. 70-71.

27, 329. **Doctor Julio**. Cf. note on *W. D.* v. iii. 166, p. 202.

27, 339. **stirop**. Cf. *D. M.* iii. ii. 234.

28, 354. **retaine . . . forehead**. Be womanish.

28, 367. **Lycurgus . . . barren**. Cf. Plutarch's life of Lycurgus.

31, 14. **unicornes horne**. A powder used as an antidote; reputed to be made of the horn of the fabulous animal. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, iii. xxiii. The spider's inability to leave the circle would show the power of the substance to resist poison.

32, 46. **fetch . . . about**. Refuse to fly their game to

mark ; turn tail. Cf. Markham, *Countrey Contentments* (1615), p. 94.

33, 53. **tennis**. Not lawn-tennis, but the game played in an enclosed court.

33, 61. **Switzers**. In his translation of Ariosto's second Satire, Tofte has this gloss : 'The Swizzers . . . are a race of men naturally warlik & rude. . . . They are free of themselves . . . & wil be hired of any Prince for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong they never respect the same, so they be well paid, and have their pay truely.'

34, 76. **Then . . . plaisters**. Francisco implies that Brachiano will suffer from disease ; seemingly a reference to the ulcerous malady which afflicted the real Brachiano. Howell, in *Forreine Travell* (1642), ch. xiv., notes as a common hyperbole the statement that every Frenchman carries a 'box of playsters.'

34, 78. **Your . . . defiance**. Your forehead new-ploughed with the wrinkles of your defiant frown.

35, 92. **tale of a tub**. An idle story.

35, 94. **When . . . melancholike**. An allusion to the notion that the stag shed tears when near his death. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. i. 39.

36, 110. **Homers frogges**. A famous comic poem, *Batrachomyomachia* (the Battle of the Frogs and Mice), was attributed to Homer.

37, 118. **danske**. Dantzic, sometimes spelt 'Dantske' in Webster's time. Usually explained as 'Danish,' but without any obvious reason.

37, 124. **lap-wing . . . head**. A familiar allusion to precocity. Cf. Meres, *Palladis Tamia* (1598), p. 44 ; T. W., *Optick Glasse of Humors* (1605), preface ; *Hamlet*, v. ii. 193 ; *Appius and Virginia*, I. i.

38, 140. **Isabella**. 'Camillo,' the reading of ABC, is a less pointed reading than 'Isabella,' whose re-entrance is provided for in l. 10 of this scene.

40, 160. **Italian**. Because jealousy was so rife in Italy.

41, 179. **corpulent duke**. In the actual story, it is Brachiano, not Francisco, who is corpulent.

41, 181. **Rackit . . . tenis**. High stakes at tennis were

not infrequent. Cf. *D. M.* i. i. 173; and Julian Marshall, *Annals of Tennis* (1878), pp. 63, 67. There was a tennis-court in 1615, according to Petworth, within a few steps of the Blackfriars' play-house (Marshall, p. 80).

41, 183. **shav'd Pollake**. The Poles, according to Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary* (1617), shaved the greater part of the head. Query: may not the 'sleaded pollax' of *Hamlet*, i. i. 63, be 'shaved pollacks'?

44, 243. **whip . . . scorpions**. Cf. *2 Chron.* x. 11; *D. M.* ii. v. 73.

45, 261. **manet . . . repostum**. *It shall be treasured up in the depths of (my) mind*. *Æneid*, i. 26.

46, 275. **Those . . . speake**. Steevens recalls Seneca's *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent* (*Hippol.* 607), and *Macbeth*, iv. iii. 209.

46, 281. **stibium**. Antimony. Used anciently to make the eyes seem larger and brighter. Cf. Pliny, xxxiii. vi.

46, 286. **but . . . Candy**. Perhaps in the sense of having him 'preserved.' Some mocking jest is obviously intended. Cf. *D. M.* i. i. 294.

47, 295. **cosin'd . . . execution**. In order to escape whipping for lechery, the doctor pretended that he was in debt, and an execution was levied upon him; then some worse knave than himself saw to it that the pretended debt was collected in full.

47, 299. **cornet**. Perhaps the old cornet of oboe shape (*Cent. Dict.*). The editor's query, 'coney,' finds in Holland's Pliny viii. lv. this support: 'Archelaus writeth, That looke how many receptables and waies of passage, the Hare hath for his dung and excrements, so many yeares old he is just.'

47, 302. **Ireland . . . poyson**. By reason of St. Patrick's extermination of the reptiles in Ireland.

48, 322. **gallouses . . . shoulders**. Gallouses (gallows) has here its rare use of criminal or gallows-bird. The reference is to placing the condemned man on the shoulders of another man, who then steps aside, leaving the prisoner hanging.

48, 329. **Inopem . . . fecit**. *Abundance makes me destitute*. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 466.

50, 359. **change . . . aire**. Leave this place.

53, 14. **curtall.** Reed notes the allusion to Banks's famous trick-horse, Morocco, often referred to by London writers of the early seventeenth century. Cf. *Northward Ho*, iv. i.

53, 19. **were . . . Lattine.** Were subject to call here and there, merely upon the uttering of some empty Latin phrases. Fast and loose is described, as Mr. Craig notes, in Reginald Scot. It is a trick game with a handkerchief or belt, the point being that a knot or loop which seems tied fast is really loose. Hence the expression came to mean now here, now there, inconstant.

55, 35. **polliticke.** Because more artfully managed, leaving no traces of the crime.

56, 52. **this.** This service rendered by the conjurer's art.

58, 11. **in . . . weeke.** Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 61. Schmidt explains it as a reference to the hiring of servants by the week. Thomas Draxe in his *Bibliotheca Scholastica Instructissima* or *Treasurie of Ancient Adagies*, etc. (1633) gives the expression under the heading 'Of Carnall Love.' Obviously, then, it had more than one meaning. Cf. also *Roister Doister*, i. ii. 4.

59, 28. **conyes.** Holland's Pliny, viii. lv. notes that 'Ferrets are in great account for chasing and hunting of these Connies.' For the *double entendre*, 'swindle'; cf. Glossary.

59, 31. **woman . . . won.** Cf. Sharpham, *Cupid's Whirligig* (1607) sig. C2: 'The French prouerbe saies, *Fame baisse* est demie ioyee, a woman kis'd is halfe inioyed.' Cf. *Crossing of Proverbs* (1616), and Ray's *Proverbs* (1737). Mr. Craig notes a similar Romany proverb in Leland's *English Gipsies*, 3d ed., p. 108. Webster probably found it in Belle-Forest.

60, 48. **wealth . . . captaines.** Cf. *Northward Ho*, v. i. : 'whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low Countries . . . some angel' (*i. e.* eight or ten shillings).

61, 57. **builder oke.** Chaucer, *Parlement of Foules*, 176; Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. i. 8. Can builder oak here mean gallows? Mandrakes (see next line) grew under gallows. Cf. Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, ii. vi.

62, 80. **sleepes . . . poulter.** Because the poulterers rode in to market so early in the morning.

63, 10. **Domine . . . corruptissimam.** *Sir Judge, turn your eyes upon this plague, the most corrupt of women.*

63, 14. Webster deftly arouses a sympathy with Vittoria by means of her objection to a trial in Latin.

64, 24. **give aime.** The man who stood by the mark cried out to the archers how near their arrows came: this was to 'give aim' or to 'cry aim.'

65, 38. **stones . . . phisicke.** Gervase Markham's *Cheape and Good Husbandry* (2d ed., 1616), p. 160, tells how to give hawks stones, seven to fifteen fine white pebbles from a river.

65, 39. **to.** In comparison with.

65, 40. **tropes . . . figures.** The distinction, now usually ignored, is that tropes are words used out of literal meaning, and figures are words used out of ordinary construction.

66, 64. **apples . . . ashes.** Reed quotes from 1725 ed. of Sir John Maundeville's *Travels*. The passage in the 1568 edition reads: . . . 'and there about grow trees that beare fruite of faire colour and seme rype, but whan a man breaketh them or cut them, he findeth nought in them, but coales or asshes, in tokening that throughe the vengauce of God, these cities were brent with the fyre of hell' (sig. E₅).

67, 71. **scarlet.** The color of the legal faculty, or perhaps here of the cardinal's vestments.

67, 80. **Sweete . . . eater.** Dyce notes Dekker's

'What gives she me' good words,
Sweet meates that rotte the eater.

Whore of Babylon (1607).

67, 86. **tributes . . . payed.** Howel, *Familiar Letters* (Letter vii. from Amsterdam, 1619): 'Twere cheap living here, were it not for the monstrous Accises which are impos'd upon all sorts of Commodities both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer payes the States almost the one Moity as much as he payed for the Commodity at first.'

68, 96. **bodies . . . gallowes.** At this time the Barber-Surgeons' society was entitled to a certain number of bodies of criminals who had been hanged at Tyburn. Cf. Stow's *Annales* (1631), ch. xxix. pp. 1078, 1079.

68, 101. **carracter.** Accent on penult, as doubtless also in line 79.

69, 115. **rushes.** The floors were covered with rushes, which, in this instance, must have been strewn thick.

69, 118. **wound up.** In a shroud.

70, 127. **Christian.** Here, ecclesiastical as well as civilized.

70, 134. **Portia's.** Whether Dyce or Hazlitt have the correct version of Mitford's emendation, 'Portia's' seems much better than 'Portia.' 'Perseus' is obviously wrong. If Webster's reference be to Portia, it is Cato's daughter, not the heroine of the *Merchant of Venice*, as Hazlitt and Wurzbach naïvely assume. Cf. *D. M.* iv. i. 70.

72, 173. **that . . . challenge.** Who will claim as his own.

72, 179. **Nemo . . . lacesit.** *No one injures me with impunity.*

73, 185. **husband-men . . them.** Cf. *W. D.* iii. iii. 121.

73, 194. **appoticaries summer-house.** This detail has probably no part in Webster's original, but is doubtless a reference to the Elizabethan use of summer-houses as places of rendezvous.

73, 200. **Casta . . . rogavit.** *She's chaste whom no one's tempted.* Ovid, *Amorum*, i. viii. 43.

75, 228. **as loving.** As curious.

75, 234. **descended . . . Vittelli.** There is no authority for this statement. Webster seems to have drawn the name from an incidental personage in the original story: Lodovico had murdered a Vitelli. Cf. *W. D.* i. i. 31.

76, 247. **Ryalto talke.** Talk of the town. As the Rialto was the Exchange of Venice, Webster uses the word figuratively.

76, 249. **vice . . . silent.** Vice is often so loudly praised, that preachers, under the spell of the moment ('charm'd'), do not realize that they should attack the special evil.

77, 261. **blasing starres.** Comets and eclipses were regarded as ominous. Cf. *Lear*, i. ii. 112-117; *Hamlet*, i. i. 117-125; *W. D.* v. iii. 31; v. vi. 131; Dr. Furness's note, *Variorum Lear*, p. 51.

77, 271. **By patent.** An allusion to the frequent granting of monopolies by letters-patent in the time of James I.

78, 278. **That . . . before.** Because he would have died unrepentant.

78, 280. **horse-lech . . . treason.** An insatiable person (cf. Glossary; also *Proverbs*, xxx. 15) would be very ready with words: perhaps this is Webster's allusion. Cf. ll. 306-7 of this scene.

82, 7. **fourtie . . . Poland.** During the seventeenth century, swarms of Irish and Scotch peddlers came to Poland, and engaged in the Oriental trade. The Lithuanian word for peddler is 'szatas' (Scot).

82, 10. **Venice.** The disease referred to was supposed to have come from Italy, more particularly from Naples, although the 'French disease' was the more familiar name. Cf. Wm. Clowes, *Morbus Gallicus* (1585).

83, 32. **under . . . line.** Under the equator.

83, 34. **weights.** Those used in torture chambers.

84, 43. **pull . . . peeces.** Because of disease.

84, 56. **mushromes . . . dunghill.** The same image of parvenus occurs in *The Devil's Law-Case*, iv. ii.

84, 59. **Wolnor.** Reed refers to Thomas Moufet (Muffett, Moffet) who, in *Health's Improvement* (1655), mentions 'Woolmar,' the famous sixteenth century glutton who could 'eat Iron, glass, oistershels,' etc., but who 'by eating a raw eel was over-mastered.'

85, 80. **dog-daies . . . long.** Lodovico returns the false compliment of Flamineo, by wishing for the latter a whole year of unpleasant and unlucky days.

86, 91. **melancholike.** Cf. note on 'humour,' Gloss. The hare is traditionally melancholy.

86, 93. **couple greve.** As Flamineo is feigning madness, this expression need not be taken literally. Dyce is puzzled to know what 'couple' is meant, as Francisco and Monticelso are not on the stage. But 'greve' is Flamineo's mad word for 'laugh,' and the 'couple' may likewise be the solitary Marcello: or perhaps Gasparo and Antonelli, who speak later, have come in sight; this, however, is doubtful.

86, 98. **To . . . face.** To 'make up' one's face.

88, 116. **Though . . . letchery.** Though it be delightful.

90, 2. **loose . . . haire.** Customary about this period, as Steevens notes.

92, 49. **taking . . . commodities.** Reed notes Thomas Wilson's *Discourse upon usurie* (second ed. 1584). The passage reads (f. 99 verso): 'In the third part I will open divers contracts and bargaines that are vsed to auoide vsurie. I have néede of money, and deale with a broker, hée answereth me, that he cannot helpe me with money, but if I liste to haue wares I shall speede. Well my necessitie is great, he bringeth mée blotting paper, pack-thréed, fustian, chamlets, haukes bels, and hoods, or I wot not what : I desire him to make sale for mine aduantage, asking what he thinketh will be my losse, he answereth not past twelue pound in the hundred. When I come to receiue, I do finde that I loose more than twentie in the hundred . . . this is called a double staccado, that is to saie, the sticking blowe, or the double stab.' Cf. Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins* (1606).

92, 51. **Onely . . . children.** To use the occasion as an opportunity to palm off, at exorbitant prices, 'commodities' upon the person thus trapped.

93, 56. **scriveners . . . reportage.** Scriveners who drew up the papers in terms unduly favorable to the usurers.

93, 69. **tribute . . . England.** A tribute of three hundred wolves' skins annually was imposed on the Welsh by King Edgar. Cf. William of Malmesbury, II. vi. Reed refers to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ix.

96, 116. **tragedy . . . passe.** An interesting allusion to the popular appreciation of the mixture of grave and gay in Elizabethan drama.

96, 117. **I . . . Corombona.** This is said in irony, but it explains the nature of the false love-letter Francisco is writing to Vittoria.

97, 132. **With . . . lure.** The lure was a decoy bird attached to a cord and flung into the air to attract the attention of the falcon and induce it to return.

97, 134. **wild Irish.** Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617) uses this expression regularly.

97, 136. **Flectere . . . movebo.** *If I cannot prevail upon the high gods, I will move the gods of the nether world.* *Æneid*, vii. 312.

98, 4. **Pope . . . death-bed.** Gregory XIII. (1502-

1585), whose bull of 1582 established the Gregorian calendar. He died 10 April.

99, 20. **coffind . . . meate**. Covered by the crust of a meat pie. The expression is a not unusual one of the period.

99, 23. **jugling**. Probably trisyllabic.

99, 35. **willow**. Traditionally sacred to rejected lovers.

99, 37. **Rotten . . . bed-straw**. Referring to fruit thus ripened.

99, 38. **all . . . convinces**; *i. e.* the line that follows surpasses all the verses of antiquity.

100, 40. **let's . . . atheists**. Atheistic, because having just uttered the ungodly sentiment that princes do not grow old.

100, 46. **disease**. Cf. *W. D.* i. ii. 33.

100, 47. **changeable . . . water**. An image drawn from watered silk, 'moire.'

101, 55. **I . . . Russia**. Cf. Edward Webbe's *Trauailles* (1590), p. 17 (Arber's ed.). Reed notes a passage in Giles Fletcher's *Russe Common Wealth* (1591) descriptive of the punishment inflicted upon debtors: 'You shall see fortie or fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* [the place of punishment], all on a rowe, and their shinnes thus becudgelled, and bebasted every morning with a piteous crie.'

101, 61. **Spanish . . . sallet**. Cf. *W. D.* v. iii. 167. Poisons were thus given. Cf. Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* vi. :

'Or that *Masse Baptist* doth strong poison mix
Amongst his Phisick, whilst (through trechery)
His Spanish figs kils vs vnnaturally.'

101, 62. **plie . . . convoy**. Attend to your office of convoy to your sister.

102. **Act IV. Scene iii**. Strictly speaking, this new scene is part of the preceding scene: but the traverse is drawn, discovering Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

102, 3. **receiver**. Seemingly in the sense of 'procurer.'

102, 11. **reclaimed . . . bells**. The imagery of this speech is drawn from falconry. In training a young bird to return, it was drawn back ('reclaimed') by a cord. To each leg was attached a bell, one a semi-tone in pitch above the other.

103, 17. **devill . . . christall**. In *The Discoverie of*

Witchcraft (1584), xv. ch. xii., Reginald Scot gives an elaborate direction (observances, fasting, prayers, circles, conjurations) how to enclose a spirit in a 'christall stone or berill glasse,' to the end that the spirit may do one's bidding. Chapter xvi. gives another form of conjuration to make a spirit 'appeare in a christall . . . in faire forme of a boy of twelve yeares of age.' Here the application is to Vittoria's fair looks, but evil nature.

103, 25. **funeralls** . . . **Irish**. Barnabe Rich in *A New Description of Ireland* (1610) quotes Stanihurst: 'They follow the dead corps to the grave with howling and barbarous out-cries, pittiful in apparence, whereof grew (as I suppose) the proverbe: *To weep Irish*.'

104, 46. **Go** . . . **brag**. As in *D. M.* i. ii. 155.

105, 60. **weepe poniardes**. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 414: 'I will speak daggers.'

105, 62. **matches**. The reading 'matchless' of all editions since the first, is not necessary; the original reading finds support in *Appius and Virginia*, III. ii.:

' *Virginia*. But she hath a matchless eye, sir.
Corbulo. True, her eyes not right matches.'

107, 98. **forgetfull wine**. The same expression occurs in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, III. i.

107, 101. **Bee** . . . **cannon**. If I have your love, let the world do what it will.

108, 108. **great bridge**. The later variant, 'London-Bridge,' merely explains the obvious allusion. London Bridge could be 'shot' safely by the watermen when the tide was high or low. When it turned, the rush of water made the passage dangerous. For an interesting modern description, cf. Borrow's *Lavengro*, ch. xxxi.

108, 118. **dog** . . . **rewarded**. Cf. *D. M.* i. i. 65.

109, 130. **Stay** . . . **Rome**. The speech, as it stands, has no meaning. Dyce's emendation does not help much.

109, 136. **Pope** . . . **dead**. No other announcement than this is made of the death of Pope Gregory XIII.

109, 137. **conclave**. The conclave lasted three days, 22-24 April, 1585.

110, 148. **The crocodile.** This story is told by Herodotus (ii. 68) and by Pliny (viii. 25), neither of whom speaks of the ingratitude of the reptile. The bird was called Trochilus.

110, 152. **barbor-surgeon.** The guild of barber-surgeons was not dissolved until 1745.

111. **Without the Vatican.** Sixtus V. was chosen Pope in the Sistine Chapel.

112, 7. **severall orders.** Howell in his *Lexicon Tetraglotton* (1659) gives brief notes upon the various European orders. The Knights of Rhodes sprang from the Hospitallers of St. John, established in the eleventh century: the 'silver crosse' is that of Malta. The order of St. Michael was instituted by Louis XI. in 1469; that of the Golden Fleece by Philippe le Bon in 1429; that of the Holy Ghost by Henry III. of France in 1579. The orders of the Annunciation and of the Garter were established by Amadeus of Savoy and Edward III. of England, respectively. The costumes of the orders were indeed 'wondrous brave.'

113, 28. **'Tis lawfull.** Webster's information corresponds pretty closely to the facts in the case. Cf. Von Huebner's *Life and Times of Sixtus V.* (English tr. 1871), pt. II. ii.-iii.

113, 37. **scrutinie . . . admiration.** Two of the methods of electing a Pope are here referred to. Scrutiny is balloting, a two thirds vote of the conclave being necessary to elect. Adoration (for which 'admiration' is either a misprint or an error on Webster's part) is an act of reverence on the part of cardinals, who approach one of their number, kneel to him and acclaim him Pope: this constitutes election if participated in by two thirds. The term 'adoration' is no longer in use. The two other methods are access and compromise. Access is changing votes after a scrutiny has failed to elect. Compromise is submitting to a committee of one or more the naming of a Pope, in case the other methods fail to result in agreement.

114, 43. **Denuntio . . . Quartus.** *I give you tidings of great joy. The most reverend Cardinal Lorenzo di Monticelso has been elected to the apostolic see, and has chosen for himself the name of Paul the Fourth. — Long live the Holy Father, Paul the Fourth.*

114, 44. **Lorenzo . . . Monticelso.** The real name was Felice Peretti di Montalto.

114, 46. **Paulum Quartum.** This, of course, should be Sixtum Quintum, the title assumed by Montalto. Paul IV. was followed by Pius IV., Pius V., Gregory XIII., and then Sixtus V.

115, 60. **Concedimus . . . peccatorum.** *We grant you our apostolic benediction and remission of your sins.*

115, 62. **My lord.** Reference not certain; perhaps Francisco has conveyed the information in an aside.

117, 93. **Barbarie horse.** Gervase Markham, in *Countrey Contentments* (1615), p. 167, counts the Barbary horse the best for coursing and running.

117, 94. **carreere.** 'This word *Carriere* is by many ignorant men and some schollers taken for leaping, bounding, & saults above ground; . . . indeed *Carriere* is but onelie to runne swiftlie. . . . 4 score & 10 paces a verie convenient *Carriere*' (Markham's *Cavalariace*, 1607). Cf. Glossary.

117, 96. **French rider.** Cf. *D. M.* i. i. 159. French horsemanship was highly esteemed at this time.

119, 129. **suffrage.** Trisyllabic.

119, 130. **reason . . . death.** Montalto had been expected to avenge the murder of his nephew, Camillo; and Lodovico, as an enemy of Flamineo, had counted on protection.

121, 4. **Saw . . . Moore.** The resemblance to Othello is sufficiently obvious.

122, 16. **strickt . . . Capuchins.** The Capuchins were a mendicant order of the Franciscans.

122, 21. **Malta . . . knighted.** The knights of Malta were those referred to as the knights of Rhodes, *W. D.* iv. iv. 9.

123, 43. **Glories . . . light.** This couplet is repeated verbatim in *D. M.* iv. ii. 150.

125, 71. **paire . . . beades.** A chaplet of beads. 'Pair,' in certain expressions, means a set and not specifically two: *e. g.* a pair of stairs.

125, 72. **pummell . . . saddle.** Reed notes the execution of Edward Squire in 1598 for poisoning the pommel of Queen Elizabeth's saddle.

126, 94. **In faith.** Perhaps the ejaculation.

126, 103. **own chronicle.** Cf. *D. M.* iii. i. 87.

128, 144. **pension.**

'The Duke but slowly did my pension pay
And at the last did take it quite away.'

Ariosto, *Sat.* v. (Tofte).

129, 171. **pulling . . . throate.** Worrying to death. Mr. Craig notes Rowley's *A Match at Midnight* (1633) i. i.:

'Blood. Go let loose the mastiff.

Sim. Alas sir, he'll tear and pull out your son's throat.'

Cf. also Selden's *Table Talk*, p. 76 (Arber's ed.).

130, 187. **they . . . fleas.** Florio, *First Fruites* (1578), notes this proverb, as does Cotgrave (1611). It is still in use in the north of Ireland (W. J. Craig).

130, 203. **drawers on.** The shoemaker draws on shoes, and salt things induce thirstiness. Cf. Diccon's comment on 'a slyp of bacon' (*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, i. i. 22):

'Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpose fayle,
Shall serue for a shoinghorne to draw on two pots of ale.'

S. Rowlands, in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine* (1600), *Sat.* 6, says of a pickle-herring:

'Which fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as heate doth straw.'

Cf. also Rabelais, *Gargantua*, i. v. Moryson (*Itinerary*, III. 3, 148) praises Westphalian bacon above English.

131, 208. **clapt . . . heeles.** Put in the stocks; fettered.

131, 208. **strike . . . court.** At some courts, for instance Queen Elizabeth's, it was against etiquette to use physical violence within the limits of the palace.

131, 213. **walnut-tree . . . fruite.** The saying, as it appears in Ray's *Proverbs* (1670), runs:

'A spaniel, a woman and a walnut tree,
The more they're beaten, the better still they be.'

131, 216. **pitcht . . . stake.** A peculiarly atrocious method of impaling a prisoner through the body, and then setting him up like a scare-crow.

132, 222. **cholericke . . . rubarbe.** So in *D. M.* II. v. 15. Rhubarb was introduced into England in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Vigo (tr. by Thomas Gale, 1586) says: 'Pilles

of Rubarbe open oppilations [stoppages] of the liver, & purge evill, mixt, or unmixt humours.' It was one of the Poticary's remedies in *The Four PP.*

132, 227. **two . . . sons.** Polynices and Eteocles, who 'in one day effected at each other's hands their suicidal, wretched, common doom.' (*Antigone*, 55.)

132, 230. **geesse . . . progresse.** The only explanation the editor can suggest is one indicated in *Northward Ho*, v. i., — fighting with threats only: ' . . as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling.'

132, 232. **noble, friend.** This reading finds support in *W. D.* v. vi. 2, 118:

'As you are noble,
Performe your vowes.'

133, 239. **spring . . . Michaelmas.** Recurrence of fine weather in autumn.

136, 39. **looking glasse . . . lippes.** Cf. *Lear*, v. iii. 260–265.

140, 9. **Remove . . . barre.** Probably one or all of the bars enclosing the space within which they fought.

140, 12. **I . . . poyson'd.** A very dramatic suggestion of Flamineo's, probably followed by the hurried exit of the ambassadors.

141, 22. **without booke.** Without learning or authority. Possibly reminiscent of the frequent phrase of killing or fighting 'by the book,'—in accordance with the correct teaching of Saviole. Cf. *D. M.* iii. iii. 20.

141, 31. **comet . . . departure.** Cf. *W. D.* iii. ii. 261.

142, 56. **within . . . verge.** Probably, within the boundaries of the horizon, or earth; on this side of the 'jumping-off place.'

142, 59. **wolfe . . . breast.** Steeven's supposition that this refers to the craving appetite of a pregnant woman is surely untenable. The reference must be to the disease, the 'ulcerous wolf' (cf. *D. M.* ii. i. 68), or lupus, sometimes treated by the application of raw meat, the theory being that the ulcer would eat into the application. This was the treatment followed by the real Bracciano, who suffered from the loathsome disease.

144, 91. **convayd coyne**. This was forbidden in Naples, for example, in the sixteenth century.

146, 125. **haire . . . powder**. Cf. *D. M.* III. ii. 60.

147, 132. **Miracle . . . vermin**. Possibly an allusion to the legendary release of Hamelin from the plague of rats by the pied piper, in 1284.

147, 137. **Attende . . . Brachiane**. *Listen, Lord Brachiano*.

147, 142. **Domine . . . lævum**. *Lord Brachiano, by thy shield thou wert wont to be safe in battle; this shield shalt thou now oppose against thine infernal enemy.*

By this spear thou wert formerly strong in battle; this sacred spear shalt thou now shake against the enemy of souls.

Hearken, Lord Brachiano: if now thou deemest fitting the things done among us, turn thy head to the right.

Have no fears, Lord Brachiano: think what merits you have; then remember that my soul has been pawned for thine if there be any peril.

If now, too, thou deemest fitting the things done among us, turn thy head to the left.

149, 166. **broke . . . poison'd**. Professor Baker here makes note of the similarity to the charges made against Leicester after the death of Amy Robsart. This supposition, that Leicester was in Webster's mind, receives support from the name of Isabella's poisoner, Julio. Leicester's Italian physician, afterward royal physician, was Giulio Borgarucci, who was deemed expert in poisoning. The reference in the preceding lines to the 'famous pollititian' is also in point.

150, 184. **woman-keeper . . . quaintlyer**. Alluding to the nurses' ('keepers') supposed custom of smothering or strangling patients sick with the plague. Cf. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. Besant, *London*, p. 392, quotes an anonymous tract of 1603, *The Wonderful Year*: 'Neither shall you wring out of my pen . . . the villainies of that damnd Keeper, who killd all she kept.'

151, 191. **wish . . . cittie**. Certainly a reference to the New River project of Sir Hugh Myddelton to supply London with fresh water. The scheme was sanctioned in 1606 and after serious interruptions was completed in 1613.

151, 201. **Machivillian.** In this period, Machiavelli was synonymous with utter unscrupulousness.

151, 205. **saffron.** Frequently used in the old pharmacopœia as a stimulant and restorative. Cf. Rabelais, *Gargantua*, i. x.: 'And as Avicen speaketh in 2 Canon. et lib. de virib. cordis, of the saffron, that it doth so rejoyce the heart, that if you take of it excessively, it will, by a superfluous resolution and dilation, deprive it altogether of life.'

152, 207. **To . . . ice.** 'Court honesty' is another name for deceitfulness; to jump on ice is to do something dangerous. Thus court honesty is taught (or exposed) by a device that is fatal to the imitator.

154, 240. **Irish mantle.** Mr. Craig notes the long description of these large shaggy mantles in Spenser's *State of Ireland* (cf. Globe edition, 631 a).

154, 250. **reveale . . . secret.** Both here, and in *D.M.* (v. ii.), Webster provides for the resolution of the plot by the betrayal of trust on the part of a lewd woman under the influence of passion.

155, 255. **The . . . broke.** The bed (knot or mass) of snakes is broken by the separation of the reptiles (the conspirators).

155, 269. **wash . . . white.** Cf. *Jeremiah*, xiii. 23.

156, 275. **partridge . . . lawrell.** Reed notes that Pliny (viii. 27), places the partridge among the birds that purge with laurel. Holland's translation speaks of partridges using 'parietarie of the wall' [pellitory].

157, 26. **'Twere . . . sinne.** Repeated in nearly the same words in *D. M.* v. v. 62-63.

158, 30. **Anacharsis.** A Thracian prince of the sixth century B. C., noted for his wisdom. He was put to death by his brother.

158, 36. **In . . . sexto.** In 16mo, *i. e.* in little.

160, 71. **They . . . travers.** The use of the traverse is clearly illustrated at this point. Under other stage conditions, a new scene would occur here, the scene shifting to Cornelia's room. But Elizabethan simplicity conveniently brings the new scene into the old one, without even an explanation of the incongruity that lies in Flamineo's discovery of the 'superstitious howling' behind

a curtain, immediately after Francisco has referred to the mourners as being in a 'room' which was obviously out of Flamineo's hearing.

160. A song. This song is lost.

160, 75. bayes . . . lightning. 'As the Laurel tree is not subject to lightning.' — Meres, *Palladis Tamia* (1598). Cf. also Pliny, II. 55.

160, 78. this . . . yere. Perhaps the winding-sheet which Cornelia was keeping for herself: an old custom.

160, 84. There's rosemarie. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 175.

161, 89. heere's . . . out. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. i.

161, 99. Ile . . . lute. The general resemblance to the words with which Desdemona introduces the willow song is obvious (*Othello*, IV. iii. 26).

164, 149. beyond melancholie. Not a mere illusion caused by excess of the humor, melancholy, in his nature.

165, Act V. Scene v. This brief scene is dramatically necessary, in order to account for the entrance of Giovanni and the English ambassador after the triple murder in the following scene.

167, 22. at . . . lift. As a last resort.

170, 64. mandrakes . . . shreeking. Referring to the notion that when mandrakes were pulled from the ground they made a sound like hissing or shrieking.

170, 65. grammaticall laments. Analogous to 'rhetorical questions'; verbal quibbling.

171, 94. your owne. Flamineo is speaking here to both.

172, 103. Lucian . . . purgatory. In Lucian's (second century A. D.) dialogue *Menippos* (*Necymanteia*) occurs this passage: 'I thinke it would move you to laugh much, if you saw those that were Kings and Princes amongst us, beg their bread there, sell salt fish, and teach the A. B. C. for sustenance, and how they are scorned and boxed about the eares as the basest slaves in the world. It was my fortune to have a sight of Philip King of Macedon, and I thought I should have burst my heart with laughing: hee was shewed mee sitting in a little corner, cobling old shoes to get somewhat towards his living: many other were to be seene there also, begging by the high waies side, such as Xerxes, Darius, and Poly-

crates' (tr. Francis Hickes, Oxford, 1634, p. 40). Rabelais much more explicitly, in the thirtieth chapter of *Pantagruel*, makes use of the same idea. Webster chooses his own examples, however.

174, 142. **purboil'd . . . holly-bread.** Cotgrave's *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues* (1611) explains the allusion, hitherto unnoted: '*Pain benist d'Escosse.* — A sodden sheepes liver.' Purboil'd (parboiled) has its original and correct meaning. Cf. Glossary.

174, 144. **drive . . . body.** Referring to the custom of driving a stake through the body of a suicide.

174, 148. **doubled . . . reaches.** Escaped all your schemes, either as a hare doubling on its course, or as a person meeting scheme with scheme.

175, 159. **Artillery yard.** Near Bishopsgate Street Without. There was a revival of interest in the Honourable Artillery Company in 1610.

175, 163. **Hypermnestra.** The only one of the fifty daughters of Danaus who did not kill her husband on the wedding-night.

175, 172. **Isabella.** There is little value in assigning this speech to any one but Lodovico, from whose lips it may come as a cry of vengeance.

176, 178. **Fate's . . . us.** Cf. note on v. i. 213, p. 200.

177, 203. **Nothing . . . nothing.** Cf. Iago's 'Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.' *Othello*, v. ii. 303.

178, 223. **Mee thinkes . . . ayre.** Bosola strikes the same note in *D. M.* iv. ii. 216-219:

'Doth not death fright you? . . . Yet, me thinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you.'

The Duchess's reply is as fearless as Vittoria's.

179, 225. **Conceit . . . me.** Owing to the number of meanings, the play upon words is not unmistakable. The literal meaning is that Vittoria cannot be terrified by the name of death: figuratively, as she is a woman, conception (or vanity) cannot kill her.

181, 261. **O happy . . . report.** This dying speech is so inferior to Vittoria's preceding speech, that not improbably this one belongs to Zanche, with whose character it is in accord.

181, 266. **lyons . . . Candlemas.** From the time of Henry I. to William IV. the Tower contained wild animals, the lions being a chief attraction. Candlemas is 2 February, and the 'tradition' is obviously like that of 'ground-hog day.'

Epilogue.

183. **Hæc . . . placui.** *These things will be our reward, if I have pleased you.* Martial, II. 91.

184, 8. **Maister Perkins.** Richard Perkins, who probably played Brachiano, was one of the excellent actors of his time. Dyce notes that he acted for many years 'at the Cock-pit or Phœnix, where this play was produced.' From Malone, it appears that the Red Bull also had his services. Other parts of his were Captain Goodlack in *The Fair Maid of the West*, and Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta* (revival of 1633).

The Dutchesse of Malby

THE TEXT

THE following text is that of the British Museum copy of the first quarto, 1623 (A), collated with the quartos of 1640 (B), 1678 (C), 1708, and with all the succeeding editions. The Harvard copy of A, which was collated while this edition was passing through the press, is referred to as A₂, for it corrects the most obvious errors of A. Its variants show that it is a specimen of "some copies of A" (Dyce), often cited in the variants. A, A₂, B, and C, are referred to collectively as Qq. Departures from the original are treated exactly as in the text of *The White Diuel*: that is, all variations from A are bracketed, excepting corrections of such obvious and meaningless misprints as *fiequently* and *seeene*; the source of all other corrections is indicated thus — a bracketed correction without footnote means that B supplies the adopted reading; C or 1708 supplies the reading when the old reading is specified as being in AB or Qq respectively, and all other emendations are credited to the editor proposing them. Unbracketed stage-directions or those within () are from A; others are within [], and are credited when not entirely obvious. Line rearrangements are always noted, and are credited when not obvious; frequently they follow Dyce. Punctuation and capitalization are modernized. ô is replaced by O, and n and m are used instead of their occasional symbol ~.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DVITCHESSE Of Malfy.

*As it was Presented priuatly, at the Black-
Friers; and publiquely at the Globe, By the
Kings Maiesties Seruants.*

The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerse
*things Printed, that the length of the Play would
not beare in the Presentment.*

Written by *John Webster.*

Flora. ——— *Siquid* ———
—— *Candidus Imperti si non his utere mecum.*

LONDON:

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for IOHN
WATERSON, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crowne, in *Paules*
Church-yard, 1623.

✱ SOURCES

WEBSTER found the story of the Duchess of Amalfi in Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*, the twenty-third "Nouell" of the second "Tome" (1567). Painter translated the story from the *Histoires Tragiques* (1565) of Belle-Forest, who had freely paraphrased it from the twenty-sixth novella of Bandello (1554). Other accounts accessible to Webster, but too brief to have served as material for the play, are in Beard's *The Theatre of Gods Iudgements* (1597), in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables* (1600), and in Grimeston's translation of Goulart (1607). Webster made no use of Lope de Vega's play *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi* (written before 1609, published 1618), a sequel to which, *La Venganza de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, by Diego Muxet de Solis (1624), has nothing in common with Webster's tragedy. For a discussion of all these points, see *Introduction*.

TO THE RIGHT

HONORABLE, GEORGE

HARDING, BARON BARKELEY, OF BARKELEY

Castle, and Knight of the Order of the Bathe,

To the Illustrious Prince Charles.

MY NOBLE LORD,

That I may present my excuse why (being a stranger
to your Lordshippe) I offer this poem to your patronage,
I plead this warrant: men (who never saw the sea yet
desire to behold that regiment of waters) choose some 5
eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it
were, their conduct or postilion: by the like ingenious
meanes has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving
it from some of worth, who both in contemplation and
practise owe to your Honor their clearest service. I do 10
not altogether looke up at your title: the ancien'st no-
bility being but a rellique of time past, and the truest
honor indeede beeing for a man to conferre honor on him-
selfe, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall
make you aime at the dignity of a great example. I am 15
confident this worke is not unworthy your Honors pe-
rusal, for by such poems as this poets have kist the hands
of great princes, and drawne their gentle eyes to looke

Dedication. Not in BC.

downe upon their sheetes of paper, when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding-sheetes. The like 20
curtesie from your Lordship shall make you live in your
grave, and laurell spring out of it, when the ignorant
scorners of the Muses (that like wormes in libraries seeme
to live onely to destroy learning) shall wither, neglected
and forgotten. This worke and my selfe I humbly pre- 25
sent to your approved censure ; it being the utmost of my
wishes to have your Honorable selfe my weighty and
perspicuous comment : which grace so done me shall
ever be acknowledged

By your Lordships

in all duty and

observance,

JOHN WEBSTER.

IN THE JUST WORTH OF THAT WELL DESERVER,
 MR. JOHN WEBSTER, AND UPON THIS
 MAISTER-PEECE OF TRAGEDY

*In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
 That sees his good deedes done before he dies;
 As he by workes, thou by this worke of fame
 Ha'st well provided for thy living name.
 To trust to others honorings is worth's crime : 5
 Thy monument is rais'd in thy life time;
 And 'tis most just; for every worthy man
 Is his owne marble; and his merit can
 Cut him to any figure, and expresse
 More art then Deaths cathedrall pallaces, 10
 Where royall ashes keepe their court. Thy note
 Be ever plainnes; 'tis the richest coate:
 Thy epitaph onely the title bee:
 Write Dutchesse, that will fetch a teare for thee;
 For who ere saw this Dutchesse live and dye 15
 That could get off under a bleeding eye?*

IN TRAGÆDIAM.

*Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa Tonantis;
 Illa, (ruina malis) claris fit vita poetis.*

THOMAS MIDDLETONUS

Poëta & Chron:

Londinensis.

TO HIS FRIEND MR. JOHN WEBSTER
UPON HIS DUTCHESS
OF MALFY

*I never saw thy Dutchesse till the day
That she was lively body'd in thy play;
How'ere she answer'd her low-rated love,
Her brothers anger did so fatall proove;
Yet my opinion is, she might speake more, 5
But (never in her life) so well before.*

WIL: ROWLEY.

TO THE READER OF THE AUTHOUR
AND HIS DUTCHESS OF MALFY

*Crowne him a poet, whom nor Rome nor Greece
Transcend in all their's, for a master-peece:
In which, while words and matter change, and men
Act one another, hee, from whose cleare pen 10
They all tooke life, to memory hath lent
A lasting fame to raise his monument.*

JOHN FORD.

These three poetical tributes are not in BC.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

BOSOLA, [Daniel de, Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess,]
J. Lowin.

FERDINAND, [Duke of Calabria,] 1 *R. Burbidge.* 2 *J. Taylor.*

CARDINALL, [his brother,] 1 *H. Cundaile.* 2 *R. Robinson.*

ANTONIO [BOLOGNA, steward to the Duchess's Household,]
 1 *W. Ostler.* 2 *R. Benfeild.*

DELIO, [his friend,] *J. Underwood.*

FOROBOSCO, [an attendant,] *N. Towley.*

MALATESTA, [Count.]

[CASTRUCHIO, an old Lord.]

The MARQUESSE OF PESCARA, *J. Rice.*

SILVIO, [a Lord,] *T. Pollard.*

[RODERIGO }
 [GRISOLAN } Lords.]

The severall mad-men, *N. Towley, J. Underwood, etc.*

The Dutchesse, *R. Sharpe.*

The Cardinals Mis. [Julia, wife of Castruchio,] *J. Tomson.*

The Doctor,

CARIOLA, [the Duchess's waiting-woman,] } *R. Pallant.*
 Court Officers. }

[Old Lady.]

Three young Children.

Two Pilgrimes.

Ladies, Executioners, and Attendants.

[THE SCENE, AMALFI, ROME, LORETTO, MILAN
 TIME, EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY]

The list of characters is given in all editions, together with the casts. A is followed here. B also omits Castruchio, Roderigo, Grisolan, and Old Lady. As noted in C and 1708, Ferdinand was also acted by Harris and Verbruggen; Antonio by Smith and Booth; the Cardinal by Young and Keen; Bosola by Betterton and Mills; the Duchess by Mrs. Betterton and Mrs. Porter.

The Dutchesse of Malfy

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[*Amalfi. The Presence-Chamber in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Delio. You are wel-come to your country,
deere Antonio :

You have bin long in France, and you returne
A very formall French-man in your habit.
How doe you like the French court?

Antonio. I admire it.

In seeking to reduce both state and people 5
To a fix'd order, there juditious king
Begins at home : quits first his royall pallace
Of flattring sicophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons, which he sweetely termes
His masters master-peece, the worke of heaven, 10
Considring duely, that a princes court
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow
Pure silver-droppes in generall : but if't chance
Some curs'd example poyson't neere the head,

Enter Antonio. Qq, Antonio, and Delio, Bosola, Cardinall.

“Death and diseases through the whole land
spread. 15

And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident councell, who dare freely
Informe him the corruption of the times?
Though some oth' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to doe, 20
It is a noble duety to informe them
What they ought to fore-see. Here comes
Bosola,

The onely court-gall: yet I observe his rayling
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeede he rayles at those things which he wants, 25
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had meanes to be so. Here's the cardinall.

[*Enter Cardinal and Bosola.*]

Bosola. I doe haunt you still.

Cardinal. So. 30

Bos. I have done you better service then to
be slighted thus. Miserable age, where onely
the reward of doing well is the doing of it.

Card. You inforce your meritt to[o] much.

Bos. I fell into the gallies in your service, 35
where, for two yeares together, I wore two

31 *I have done.* This speech and all other prose speeches in the play are printed in Qq in lines that begin with capitals, and that are, roughly speaking, of verse length.

towells in stead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Romaine mantle. Slighted thus? I will thrive some way. Black-birds fatten best in hard weather: why not I, 40 in these dogge dayes?

Card. Would you could become honest!

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it. I have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as arrant knaves 45 as they went forth; because they carried themselves alwayes a long with them. [*Exit Cardinal.*] Are you gon? Some fellowes, they say, are possessed with the divell, but this great fellow were able to possesse the greatest divell, 50 and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pooles: they are rich, and ore-laden with fruite, but none but 55 crowes, pyes, and catter-pillers feede on them. Could I be one of their flattrring panders, I would hang on their eares like a horse-leach, till I were full, an[d] then droppe off. I pray leave me. Who wold relie upon these miser- 60 able dependances, in expectation to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature ever fed worse then hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more

fearefully then he that hop'd for a [pardon].
 There are rewards for hawkes, and dogges, when 65
 they have done us service ; but for a souldier, that
 hazards his limbes in a battaile, nothing but a
 kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Delio. Geometry ?

Bos. I, to hang in a faire paire of slings, take 70
 his latter-swinge in the world, upon an honor-
 able pare of crowtches, from hospitall to hospitall.
 Fare ye well, sir. And yet do not you scorne
 us, for places in the court are but like beds in
 the hospitall, where this mans head lies at that 75
 mans foote, and so lower, and lower. [*Exit.*]

Delio. I knew this fellow seaven yeares in the
 gallies

For a notorious murther ; and 'twas thought
 The cardinall suborn'd it : he was releas'd
 By the French generall, Gaston de Foux, 80
 When he recover'd Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pittie
 He should be thus neglected : I have heard
 He's very valiant. This foule mellancholly
 Will poyson all his goodnesse, for, I'le tell you,
 If too immoderate sleepe be truly sayd 85
 To be an inward rust unto the soule,

64 *pardon.* A, pleadon. 65 *dogges, when.* A, dogges, and
 when. Either a word has dropped out, or, more probably, *and* is a
 printer's error, corrected in B by omission.

74 *like.* A, likes. 80 *Foux.* B, Foyx ; C, Fox ; 1708 Foix.

It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close
 rearing
(Like mothes in cloath) doe hurt for want of
 wearing.

[*Enter Silvio, Castruchio, Julia, Roderigo, and
 Grisolan.*]

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill: you pro-
 mis'd me 90

To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord cardinall's
And other strangers', that are now in court.
I shall. Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

[*Enter Ferdinand and Courtiers.*]

Ferdinand. Who tooke the ring oftneſt? 95

Silvio. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our ſiſter duchesse great maſter of
her houſhold? Give him the jewell. When
ſhall we leave this sportive-action, and fall to
action indeed? 100

89 *Like . . . wearing.* After this line in Qq ſtands: SCENA II. Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Dutchesse, Caſtruchio, Silvio, Rodocico [*sic*], Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola. In 1708 the direction is: *Exeunt*, then, SCENA II. *Enter Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Caſtruccio, Sylvio.* The preſent arrangement of entrances differs from that of preceding editions. It is difficult to fix the entrance of Julia, as ſhe does not ſpeak in the ſcene.

92 *your.* C 1708, *our. cardinall's.* Qq, cardinals.

93 *ſtrangers'.* Dyce adds the apoſtrophe.

96 *Antonio.* AB, Antonia.

Castruchio. Me thinkes, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity: why, my lord?

Cast. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a cap-105 taine.

Ferd. Noe?

Cast. No, my lord, he were far better do it by a deputy.

Ferd. Why should he not aswell sleepe, or 110 eate, by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Cast. Beleeve my experience: that realme is never long in quiet, where the ruler is a 115 souldier.

Ferd. Thou toldst me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord.

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a captaine 120 she met, full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pittifull fellow, to lie, like the children of Ismael all in tents.

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to 125 undoe all the chyrurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrell, and had drawne

their weapons, and were ready to goe to it, yet her perswasions would make them put up.

Cast. That she would, my lord. How doe¹³⁰ you like my Spanish gennit?

Roderigo. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Pliney's opinion, I thinke he was begot by the wind: he runs as if he were ballass'd with quick-silver. ¹³⁵

Sil. True, my lord, he reeles from the tilt often.

Rod. Grisolan. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. Why do you laugh? me thinks you that are courtiers should be my touch-wood,¹⁴⁰ take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so wity.

Cast. True, my lord: I my selfe have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seeme to have so silly a wit as to understand it. ¹⁴⁵

Ferd. But I can laugh at your foole, my lord.

Cast. He cannot speake, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

Ferd. Noe?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company:¹⁵⁰ for she saies too much laughing, and too much company, fils her too full of the wrinckle.

¹³¹ *How . . . gennit?* Query: should not this part of the speech be assigned to Ferdinand?

¹⁴¹ *laugh when.* Dyce, but when; 1708, Not laugh but. No emendation is necessary, as the actor's intonation carries the sense.

Ferd. I would then have a mathematicall instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse. I shall shortly visit¹⁵⁵ you at Millaine, Lord Silvio.

Sil. Your grace shall arrive most wel-come.

Ferd. You are a good horse-man, Antonio : you have excellent riders in France ; what doe you thinke of good horse-man-ship ? ¹⁶⁰

Ant. Noblely, my lord, as out of the Grecian-horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horse-man-ship arise the first sparkes of growing resolution, that raise the minde to noble action. ¹⁶⁵

Ferd. You have be-spoake it worthely.

Sil. Your brother, the lord cardinall, and sister dutchesse.

[*Enter Cardinal, Duchess, and Cariola.*]

Card. Are the gallies come about ?

Gris. They are, my lord.

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave. ¹⁷⁰

Delio. Now, sir, your promise : what's that cardinall ?

I meane his temper ? they say he's a brave fellow,

Will play his five thousand crownes at tennis, daunce,

Enter . . . Cariola. 1708, Cardinal, Duchess, Grisola, [sic] Cariola, and Bosola. Dyce, Cardinal, Duchess, Cariola, and Julia.

Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on¹⁷⁵
him, for forme; but observe his inward charac-
ter: he is a mellancholly church-man. The
spring in his face is nothing but the ingendring
of toades: where he is jealous of any man, he
laies worse plots for them then ever was im-¹⁸⁰
pos'd on Hercules: for he strewes in his way flat-
ter[er]s, panders, intelligencers, athiests, and a
thousand such politicall monsters. He should
have beene Pope: but in stead of comming to
it by the primative decensie of the church, he¹⁸⁵
did bestow bribes, so largely, and so impudently,
as if he would have carried it away without hea-
vens knowledge. Some good he hath done.

Delio. You have given too much of him:
what's his brother?

Ant. The duke there? a most perverse and
turbulent nature: 190

What appeares in him mirth is meerely outside;
If he laugh hartely, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. Twins?

Ant. In qualitie.

He speakes with others tongues, and heares
mens suites

181 *flatterers.* C corrects.

193 *Twins?* BC, Twins.

With others eares: will seeme to sleepe o'th
 bench 195

Onely to intrap offenders in their answeres;
 Doombes men to death by information,
 Rewards by heare-say.

Delio. Then the law to him
 Is like a fowle blacke cob-web to a spider,
 He makes it his dwelling and a prison 200
 To entangle those shall feede him.

Ant. Most true:
 He nev'r paies debts, unlesse they be [shrew'd]
 turnes,
 And those he will confesse that he doth owe.
 Last, for his brother, there, the cardinall,
 They that doe flatter him most, say oracles 205
 Hang at his lippes: and verely I beleeeve them:
 For the divell speakes in them.
 But for their sister, the right noble duchesse,
 You never fix'd you[r] eye on three faire med-
 dalls,

Cast in one figure, of so different temper: 210
 For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
 You onely will begin then to be sorry
 When she doth end her speech: and wish, in
 wonder,

She held it lesse vaine-glory to talke much
 Then your pennance to heare her: whilst she
 speakes, 215

She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,
 That it were able raise one to a galliard
 That lay in a dead palsey, and to doate
 On that sweete countenance : but in that looke
 There speaketh so divine a continence 220
 As cuts off all lascivious, and vaine hope.
 Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,
 That sure her nights (nay more, her very
 sleepes)
 Are more in heaven then other ladies shrifts.
 Let all sweet ladies breake their flattring glasses, 225
 And dresse themselves in her.

Delio. Fye Antonio,
 You play the wire-drawer with her commenda-
 tions.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: onely thus
 much, —
 All her particular worth growes to this somme :
 She staines the time past, lights the time to
 come. 230

Cariola. You must attend my lady, in the
 gallery,
 Some halfe an houre hence.

Ant. I shall.
 [*Exeunt Antonio and Delio.*]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duchess. To me, sir?

217 *raise.* C, to raise. 226 *Antonto.* A, Antonia.

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the gallies.

Duch. Yes, I know him. 235

Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is : pray let me en-
treat for

The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him, and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him heither. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Wee [are] now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio
Do us commend to all our noble friends 240
At the leaguer.

Sil. Sir, I shall.

Duch. You are for Millaine ?

Sil. I am.

Duch. Bring the carroches : we'll bring you
down
To the haven.

[*Exeunt all but Cardinal and Ferdinand.*]

239 *Wee . . . Silvio.* Two readings are possible here. A has *Wee now upon parting : Good Lord Silvio*, which obviously needs amendment. Dyce, following 1708, inserts *are* and begins a new sentence with *Good*. The other possible improvement is to change the colon after *parting* to a comma, thus making *Wee* the subject of *do commend*. Silvio's answer is then not strictly logical.

241 *leaguer.* A, Leagues.

241 *You . . . Millaine.* This speech, assigned in all editions to Ferdinand, certainly belongs to the Duchess. Mr. Daniel also suggests the change.

242-43 *Bring the . . . haven.* One line in Qq.

Distrust doth cause us seldome be deceiv'd ; 260

You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree

Fastens it more at roote.

Bos. Yet take heed :

For to suspect a friend unworthely,

Instructs him the next way to suspect you,

And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.

Bos. So : 265

What followes ? (Never rained such showres as
these

Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them.) Whose
throat must I cut ?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i'th court here, and observe the duch-
esse ; 270

To note all the particulars of her haviour :

What suitors doe sollicite her for marriage

And whom she best affects : she's a yong wid-
owe,

I would not have her marry againe.

Bos. No, sir ?

Ferd. Doe not you aske the reason : but be
satisfied. 275

I say I would not.

Bos. It seemes you would create me
One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar? what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible divell in
flesh :

An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee : and ere long thou maist ar-
rive 280

At a higher place by't.

Bos. Take your divels
Which hell calls angels : these curs'd gifts would
make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor ;
And should I take these, they'll'd take me [to]
hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I
have given : 285

There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisor-ship o' th' horse, —
Have you heard ont?

Bos. Noe.

Ferd. 'Tis yours : is't not worth thanks ?

Bos. I would have you curse your selfe now,
that your bounty

(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make 290
Me a villaine. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must
doe

All the ill man can invent ! Thus the divell
Candies all sinnes ore : and what heaven termes
vild,

That names he complementall.

Ferd.

Be your selfe : 295

Keepe your old garbe of melencholly : 'twill
expresse

You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come neere 'em. This will
gaine

Accesse to private lodgings, where your selfe
May, like a pollitique dormouse, —

Bos.

As I have seene some 300

Feed in a lords dish, halfe a sleepe, not seeming
To listen to any talke : and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame. Whats my
place ?

The provisor-ship o'th horse ? say then my cor-
ruption

Grew out of horse-doong : I am your creature.

Ferd.

Away !

[*Exit Ferdinand.*] 305

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet
good fame,

Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame ;
Sometimes the divell doth preach. *Exit Bosola.*

294 ore. A, are. 304 provisor-ship. A, provisors-ship.

Exit Ferdinand. In all previous editions Ferdinand remains upon
the stage and the scene is continuous.

307 shame. A has no punctuation after shame.

[SCENE ii.]

[*Amalfi. Gallery in the Duchess's Palace.*][*Enter Cardinal, Ferdinand, Duchess, and Cariola.*]

Cardinal. We are to part from you : and your
owne discretion
Must now be your director.

Ferdinand. You are a widowe :
You know already what man is : and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence, —

Card. No, nor anything without the addition,
Honor,
Sway your high blood. 5

Ferd. Marry ? they are most luxurious,
Will wed twice.

Card. O fie !

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
| Then Labans sheepe.

Duchess. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have past through most jewellers
hands.

Ferd. Whores, by that rule, are precious.

Duch. Will you heare me ? 10
I'll never marry.

Scene ii. A new scene is called for by Cariola's direction to
Antonio, 1, i, 231.

6 *luxurious.* Thayer unnecessarily conjectures : uxorious.

Card. So most widowes say :
 But commonly that motion lasts no longer
 Then the turning of an houreglasse; the fune-
 ral sermon,
 And it, end both together.

Ferd. Now heare me :
 You live in a ranke pasture here, i'th court. 15
 There is a kind of honney-dew that's deadly :
 'Twill poyson your fame; looke to't: be not
 cunning :

For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,
 Are witches, ere they arrive at twenty yeeres,
 I: and give the divell sucke. 20

Duch. This is terrible good councell.

Ferd. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small
 thred,
 Subtler then Vulcans engine: yet (beleev't)
 Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st
 thoughts,
 Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter your selfe, 25
 And take your owne choice: privately be married
 Under the eves of night.

Ferd. Think't the best voyage
 That ere you made; like the irregular crab,

11-14 So . . . together. BC assign this speech to Ferdinand,
 as also the succeeding speech. 17 to't. A, too't.

27 eves. A (B.M.), eues; BC, 1708, eves; 1810, eyes;
 Dyce, eves; Vaughan, Thayer, eaves.

Which though't goes backward, thinkes that it
 goes right,
 Because it goes its owne way : but observe ; 30
 Such weddings may more properly be said
 To be executed then celibrated.

Card. The marriage night
 Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd. And those joyes,
 Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleepes
 Which doe fore-run mans mischief.

Card. Fare you well. 35
 Wisdome begins at the end : remember it.

[*Exit.*]

Duch. I thinke this speech betweene you both
 was studied,
 It came so roundly off.

Ferd. You are my sister,
 This was my fathers poyniard : doe you see ?
 I'll'd be loth to see't looke rusty, 'cause 'twas his : 40
 I would have you to give ore these chargeable
 revels ;

A vizer and a masque are whispering roomes
 That were nev'r built for goodnesse : fare ye
 well :

And woemen like that part which, like the
 lamprey,
 Hath nev'r a bone in't.

41 *to give.* B omits *to*.

44 *And . . . part.* 1708, And beware of that part.

Duch.

Fye sir!

Ferd.

Nay,

45

I meane the tongue ; varietie of courtship :
 What cannot a neate knave with a smooth tale
 Make a woman beleeve ? Farewell, lusty widowe.

[Exit]

**Duch.* Shall this move me ? If all my royall
 kindred

Lay in my way unto this marriage, 50
 I'll'd make them my low foote-steps. And even
 now,

Even in this hate, as men in some great battailes
 By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
 Almost impossible actions (I have heard soul-
 diers say so),

So I, through frights and threatnings, will assay 55
 This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
 I winck'd, and chose a husband ! Cariola,
 To thy knowne secricy, I have given up
 More then my life, my fame.

Cariola.

Both shall be safe :

For I'll conceale this secret from the world 60
 As warily as those that trade in poyson
 Keepe poyson from their children.

Duch.

Thy protestation

Is ingenious, and hearty : I beleeve it.
 Is Antonio come ?

55 assay. BC, affray.

57 winck'd. A, wincked.

Cari. He attends you.

**Duch.* Good deare soule,
Leave me : but place thy selfe behind the
arras, 65

Where thou maist over-heare us. Wish me
good speed, [*Cariola goes behind the arras.*]

For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly clewe,
To be my guide.

[*Enter Antonio.*]

I sent for you ; sit downe :
Take pen and incke, and write : are you ready ?
Antonio. Yes. 70

Duch. What did I say ?

Ant. That I should write some-what.

Duch. Oh, I remember :
After this triumph and this large expence,
It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow. 75

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous ?
Indeed I thank you : I look yong for your
sake.

You have tane my cares upon you.

Cariola . . . arras. 1708 places Cariola's exit after *arras*,
and Antonio's entrance after *speed*, — obviously too early.

68 *nor path.* BC, no path.

73 *triumph.* AB, triumphs ; Dyce, these triumphs.

76 *Beauteous.* Begins succeeding line in Qq.

Ant. I'le fetch your grace
The particulars of your revinew and expence.

Duch. Oh, you are an upright treasurer : but
you mistooke, 83
For when I said I meant to make enquiry
What's layd up for to morrow, I did meane
What's layd up yonder for me.

Ant. Where ?

Duch. In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should
In perfect memory), and I pray sir, tell me 85
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Then in deepe groanes, and terrible ghastly
lookes,
As if the guifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction ?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were
quit : 90
But I intend to make you over-seer.
What good deede shall we first remember ? say.

Ant. Begin with that first good deede began
i'th' world,
After mans creation, the sacrament of marriage.

79 *The.* Ends preceding line in Qq. 86 *make.* BC, to make.

89 *distraction.* AB, distruction.

91 *you.* A, yon.

93 *that first . . . began.* BC, that good deed that first began.

I'd have you first provide for a good husband : 95
Give him all.

Duch. All ?

Ant. Yes, your excellent selfe.

Duch. In a winding sheete ?

Ant. In a cople.

Duch. St. Winfrid, that were a strange will !

Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will
in you

To marry againe.

Duch. What doe you thinke of marriage ? 100

Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally containes or heaven or hell ;
There's no third place in't.

Duch. How doe you affect it ?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my mellan-
cholly,

Would often reason thus——

Duch. Pray let's heare it. 105

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have chil-
dren,

What takes that from him ? onely the bare
name

Of being a father, or the weake delight

To see the little wanton ride a cocke-horse

95 *you first provide.* BC, you provide.

96 *Give him all.* C, Give me all ; 1708, Give all.

97 *cople.* B, couple. 98 *Winfrid.* Dyce, Winifred.

99 *strange.* Dyce, probably correctly, infers *stranger*

{ Upon a painted sticke, or heare him chatter 110
 { Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fye, fie, what's all this?
 One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring
 to't.

They say 'tis very soveraigne; 'twas my wed-
 ding-ring,

And I did vow never to part with it,

But to my second husband. 115

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.

* *Ant.* You have made me starke blind.

Duch. How?

Ant. There is a sawcy and ambitious divell
 Is dauncing in this circle.

Duch. Remoove him.

Ant. How? 120

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when
 your finger

May doe it: thus, is it fit?

Ant. What sayd you? *He kneeles.*

Duch. Sir,

This goodly roofe of yours is too low built;

I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,

Without I raise it higher: raise your selfe, 125

Or if you please, my hand to helpe you: so.

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's
 l madnes,

That is not kept in chaines and close-pent-
 roomes,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyce of pratling visitants, 130
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a foole
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i'
 th' fire
To warme them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broake, 135
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Ant. Oh my unworthinesse!

Duch. You were ill to sell your selfe:
This darkning of your worth is not like that
Which trades-men use i'th' city; their false
 lightes 140
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a compleat
 man

(I speake it without flattery), turne your eyes,
And progresse through your selfe.

Ant. Were there nor heaven, nor hell, 145
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,
And nev'r tane wages of her.

130 *visitants.* AB, visitans.

137 *of.* A, off. 142 *will know.* BC, would know.

Duch. Now she paies it.

The misery of us that are borne great,
 We are forc'd to woe, because none dare woe us :
 And as a tyrant doubles with his words, 150
 And fearefully equivocates, so we
 Are forc'd to expresse our violent passions
 In ridles and in dreames, and leave the path
 Of simple vertue, which was never made
 To seeme the thing it is not. Goe, go brag 155
 You have left me heartlesse; mine is in your
 bosome :

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You doe
 tremble :

Make not your heart so dead a peece of flesh,
 To feare, more then to love me. Sir, be con-
 fident,

What is't distracts you? This is flesh and
 blood, sir; 160

'Tis not the figure cut in allablaster

Kneeles at my husbands tombe. Awake, awake,
 man,

I do here put of[f] all vaine ceremony,
 And onely doe appeare to you a yong widow
 That claimes you for her husband, and like a
 widow, 165

I use but halfe a blush in't.

Ant. Truth speake for me,

149 to woe, . . . dare woe. C, to woo, . . . dare woo.

I will remaine the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love ;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward), here upon your lippes 170
I signe your *Quietus est*. This you should have
beg'd now :

I have seene children oft eate sweete-meates
thus,
As fearefull to devoure them too soone.

Ant. But for your brothers ?

Duch. Do not thinke of them :
All discord without this circumference 175
Is onely to be pittied, and not fear'd :
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part
of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

Duch. Kneele.

[*Enter Cariola.*]

Ant. Hah ! 180

Duch. Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my
councell :
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a cham-
ber,

Per verba [de] presenti, is absolute marriage.

183 *de.* Omitted in all previous editions.

Blesse, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let
violence

Never untwine ! 185

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the
sphears,

Be still in motion !

Duch. Quickning, and make
The like soft musique !

Ant. That we may imitate the loving palmes
(Best embleme of a peacefull marriage), 190
That nev'r bore fruite devided !

Duch. What can the church force more ?

Ant. That fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to devide
Our fixed wishes !

Duch. How can the church build faster ? 195
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but eccho this. Maid, stand a part ;
I now am blinde !

Ant. What's your conceit in this ?

Duch. I would have you leade your fortune by
the hand

Unto your marriage bed : 200
(You speake in me this, for we now are one.)

We'll onely lie and talke together and plot
T'appease my humorous kindred ; and if you
please

(Like the old tale, in Alexander and Lodowicke),

Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chaste. 205
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt Duchess and Antonio.*]

Cari. Whether the spirit of greatnes or of
 woman

Raigne most in her, I know not; but it shewes
A fearefull madnes: I owe her much of pittie. 210
[*Exit.*]

Exeunt etc. Dyce. Qq and 1708 merely mark *Exeunt* at end of
Cariola's closing speech.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Bosola and Castruchio.*]

Bosola. You say you would faine be taken for
an eminent courtier?

Castruchio. 'Tis the very maine of my ambi-
tion.

Bos. Let me see: you have a reasonable good 5
face for't already, and your night-cap expresses
your eares sufficient largely. I would have you
learne to twirle the strings of your band with a
good grace; and in a set speech, at th' end of
every sentence, to hum three or foure times, or 10
blow your nose till it smart againe, to recover
your memory. When you come to be a presi-
dent in criminall causes, if you smile upon a
prisoner, hang him; but if you frowne upon him,
and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the 15
gallowes.

Cast. I would be a very merrie president.

Bos. Do not sup a nights; 'twill beget you an
admirable wit.

Cast. Rather it would make me have a good 20

*Enter Bosola, etc. Qq, Bosola, Castruchio, an Old Lady,
Antonio, Delio, Duchesse, Rodorico, Grisolan.*

stomake to quarrel; for they say, your roaring-
 boyes eate meate seldome, and that makes them
 so valiant. But how shall I know whether the
 people take me for an eminent fellow?

Bos. I will teach a tricke to know it: give 25
 out you lie a dying, and if you heare the com-
 mon people curse you, be sure you are taken for
 one of the prime night-caps.

[*Enter an Old Lady.*]

You come from painting now?

Old Lady. From what? 30

Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physicke.
 To behold thee not painted enclines somewhat
 neere a miracle. These in thy face here were
 deepe rutts and foule sloughes the last progresse.
 There was a lady in France, that having had the 35
 small pockes, flead the skinne off her face, to
 make it more leuell; and whereas before she look'd
 like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abor-
 tive hedge-hog.

Old Lady. Doe you call this painting? 40

Bos. No, no, but you call [it] carreening of
 an old morphew'd lady, to make her disembogue
 againe: there's rough-cast phrase to your plas-
 tique.

Old Lady. It seemes you are well acquainted 45
 with my closset?

33 *These in.* Possibly a word has dropped out after *These*.

41 *it.* Supplied by C.

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of
 witch-craft, to finde in it the fat of serpents,
 spawne of snakes, Jewes spittle, and their yong
 childrens ordure: and all these for the face. I 50
 would sooner eate a dead pidgeon, taken from
 the soles of the feete of one sicke of the plague,
 then kisse one of you fasting! Here are two of
 you, whose sin of your youth is the very patri-
 mony of the physition; makes him renew his 55
 foote-cloth with the spring, and change his high-
 priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe: I do
 wonder you doe not loath your selves. Observe
 my meditation now:

What thing is in this outward forme of man 60
 To be belov'd? we account it ominous,
 If nature doe produce a colt, or lambe,
 A fawne, or goate, in any limbe resembling
 A man; and flye from 't as a prodegy.
 Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity 65
 In any other creature but himselfe.
 But in our owne flesh, though we beare diseases
 Which have their true names onely tane from
 beasts,
 As the most ulcerous wolfe, and swinish
 meazeall;

47-58 *One . . . loath.* This speech might be set up as irregular
 verse, the lines ending in *witch-craft*, *spawne*, *ordure*, *eate*, *feete*,
fasting, *youth*, *physition*, *spring*, *fall*, *loath*. It is printed in Qq in
 unmetrical lines of varying length

50 *children's ordure.* A, children ordures.

Though we are eaten up of lice, and wormes, 70
 And though continually we beare about us
 A rotten and dead body, we delight
 To hide it in rich tisew: all our feare,
 Nay all our terrour, is least our phisition
 Should put us in the ground, to be made sweete. 75
 Your wife's gone to Rome: you two cople,
 and get you
 To the wels at Leuca, to recover your aches.
 I have other worke on foote: I observe our
 duchesse

[Exeunt Castruchio and Old Lady.]

Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke
 seethes,

The fins of her eie-lids look most teeming blew, 80
 She waines i'th' cheek, and waxes fat i'th'
 flanke;

And (contrary to our Italian fashion)
 Weares a loose-bodied gowne: there's some-
 what in't.

I have a tricke may chance discover it, —
 A pretty one, — I have bought some apricocks, 85
 The first our spring yeelds.

[Enter Antonio and Delio, talking together apart.]

Delio. And so long since married?
 You amaze me.

76-78 *Your . . . foote.* Prose in previous editions. 77 *Leuca.*
 1708, *Lucca. Enter . . . apart.* 1708 gives: Enter Antonio,
 Delio. Vaughan adds the rest of the direction.

Antonio. Let me seale your lipps for ever;
 For did I thinke that anything but th' ayre
 Could carry these words from you, I should
 wish

You had no breath at all. Now sir, in your
 contemplation? 90
 You are studdying to become a great wise fel-
 low?

Bos. (Oh sir, the opinion of wisdom is a
 foule tetter, that runs all over a mans body): (if
 simplicity direct us to have no evill, it directs us
 to a happy being :) for the subtlest folly proceedes 95
 from the subtlest wisdom. Let me be simply
 honest.

Ant. I do understand your in-side.

Bos. Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seeme to ap-
 peare to th' world

Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue 100
 This out of fashion mellancholly : leave it, leave
 it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any
 phrase, in any complement whatsoever. Shall I
 confess my selfe to you? I looke no higher then
 I can reach: they are the gods, that must ride 105
 on winged horses. A lawyers mule of a slow

93 tetter. BC, terror. 95 subtlest. C, subtilest.

101 out of fashion. A, out off shashion.

pace will both suit my disposition and businesse :
 for marke me, when a mans mind rides faster
 then his horse can gallop, they quickly both
 tyre. 110

Ant. You would looke up to heaven, but I
 thinke
 The divell, that rules i'th' aire, stands in your
 light.

Bos. Oh sir, you are lord of the ascendant,
 chiefe man with the duchesse; a duke was your
 cosen german, remov'd. [Say you were lineally 115
 descended from King Pippin, or he himselfe,
 what of this?] search the heads of the greatest
 rivers in the world, you shall finde them but
 bubbles of water.] Some would thinke the soules
 of princes were brought forth by some more 120
 weighty cause then those of meaner persons:
 they are deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them;
 the like passions sway them, the same reason
 that makes a vicar goe to law for a tithe-pig,
 and undoe his neighbours, makes them spoile a 125
 whole province, and batter downe goodly cities,
 with the cannon.

[*Enter Duchess, Ladies.*]

Duchess. Your arme, Antonio : do I not grow
 fat?

I am exceeding short-winded. Bosola,

116 *Pippin.* 1708, Pepin.

124 *goe.* BC, to goe.

I would have you, sir, provide for me a littor, 130
Such a one as the Duchesse of Florence roade
in.

Bos. The duchesse us'd one when she was
great with childe.

Duch. I thinke she did. Come hether, mend
my ruffe,

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lymmon pils, — would
thou hadst done! 135

Shall I sound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother!

Bos. [*aside.*] I feare to[o] much.

Duch. I have heard you say that the French
courtie[r]s

Weare their hats on fore the king.

Ant. I have seene it.

Duch. In the presence?

Ant. Yes. 140

Duch. Why should not we bring up that
fashion?

'Tis ceremony more then duty, that consists
In the remooving of a peece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o'th' court;
Put on your hat first.

135 *lymmon pils.* 1708, Limon peel

136 *sound.* BC, 1708, swoond.

141 Qq omit to assign this speech to the Duchess; 1708 is correct.

Duch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties : 'tis a delicate fruit ;
They say they are restorative ?

Bos. 'Tis a pretty 165
Art, this grafting.

Duch. 'Tis so : a bettring of nature.

Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampson on a black thorne——[*Aside.*] How
greedily she eats them !

A whirlwinde strike off these bawd-farthin-
galls ! 170

For, but for that and the loose-bodied gowne,
I should have discover'd apparently
The young spring-hall cutting a caper in her
belly.

Duch. I thanke you, Bosola : they were right
good ones,
If they doe not make me sicke.

Ant. How now madame ? 175

Duch. This greene fruit and my stomake are
not friends,—
How they swell me !

Bos. [*aside.*] Nay, you are too much swell'd
already !

Duch. Oh, I am in an extreame cold sweat !

Bos. I am very sorry. [*Exit.*]

167 *a bettring.* BC, 1708 omit *a*, as do Dyce and Vaughan ;
Hazlitt retains it.

Duch. Lights to my chamber! O, good Antonio,

I feare I am undone! *Exit Duchess [and Ladies.]*

Delio. Lights there, lights! 180

Ant. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I feare she's falne in labour: and ther's left
No time for her remove.

Delio. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique safe conveyance for the mid-wife 185
Your dutchesse plotted?

Ant. I have.

Delio. Make use then of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poyson'd her
With these apricocks: that will give some colour
For her keeping close.

Ant. Fye, fie, the physitians 190
Will then flocke to her.

Delio. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her owne,
Least the physitians should re-poyson her.

Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not
| what to think on't. *Ex[eunt].*

181 *my most trusty.* BC, my trusty.

SCENA II.

[*Amalfi. A Hall in the Palace.*][*Enter Bosola and Old Lady.*]

Bosola. So, so: ther's no question but her teatchines and most vulterous eating of the apricocks are apparant signes of breeding, now?

Old Lady. I am in hast, sir.

Bos. There was a young wayting-woman had 5
a monstrous desire to see the glasse-house.

Old Lady. Nay, pray let me goe.

Bos. And it was onely to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glasse to the fashion of a womans belly. 10

Old Lady. I will heare no more of the glasse-house. You are still abusing woemen?

Bos. Who, I? no, onely (by the way now and then) mention your fraileties. The orrenge tree bears ripe and greene fruit and blossoms al- 15
together: and some of you give entertainment for pure love; but more, for more precious re-

Enter . . . Lady. 1708, *Enter Bosola, Lady.* Dyce, probably correctly, makes Bosola enter alone, and places the Old Lady's entrance after *breeding*. A, followed by BC, reads: Bosola, old Lady, Antonio, Rodorigo, Grisolan: servants, Delio, Cariola.

1 This opening speech is probably a soliloquy, but it is just possible that Bosola is trying to gain information from the Old Lady.

3 *breeding, now?* 1708, *breeding. Now?*

15 *bears.* AB, *beare.*

ward. The lusty spring smels well: but drooping
 autumn tastes well. If we have the same
 golden showres that rained in the time of Jupi- 20
 ter the thunderer, you have the same Danaes
 still, to hold up their laps to receive them.
 Didst thou never study the mathematiques?

Old Lady. What's that, sir?

Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a 25
 many lines meete in one center. Goe, goe; give
 your foster-daughters good counsell: tell them,
 that the divell takes delight to hang at a wo-
 mans girdle, like a false rusty watch that she can-
 not discerne how the time passes. 30

[*Exit Old Lady.*]

[*Enter Antonio, Roderigo, Delio, and Grisolan.*]

Antonio. Shut up the court gates.

Roderigo. Why sir? what's the danger?

Ant. Shut up the posternes presently, and
 call

All the officers o'th' court.

Grisolan. I shall instantly.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Who keepes the key o'th' parke-gate?

Rod. Forobosco.

Ant. Let him bring't presently. 35

[*Enter Grisolan with Servants.*]

Servant. Oh, gentlemen o'th' court, the fowl-
 est treason!

Bos. [*aside.*] If that these apri-cocks should
 be poysond now,
 Without my knowledge !

Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer 40
 in the duchesse bed-chamber.

2 *Servant.* A Switzer ?

Serv. With a pistoll in his great cod-piece.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha !

Serv. The cod-piece was the case for't. 45

2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor. Who
 would have search'd his cod-piece ?

Serv. True, if he had kept out of the ladies
 chambers : and all the mowldes of his buttons
 were leaden bullets. 50

2 *Serv.* Oh wicked caniball ! a fire-lock in's
 cod-piece ?

Serv. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

2 *Serv.* To see what the divell can doe !

Ant. All the office[r]s here ? 55

Servants. We are.

Ant. Gentlemen,
 We have lost much plate you know ; and but
 this evening
 Jewels, to the value of foure thousand duck-
 ets,
 Are missing in the dutchesse cabinet. 60
 Are the gates shut ?

53 *p'ot.* AB have no punctuation after this word.

55 *All.* 1708, Are all.

Serv. Yes.

Ant. 'Tis the duchesse pleasure
Each officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the sun-rysing: and to send the keyes
Of all their chests and of their outward doores
Into her bed-chamber. She is very sicke. 65

Rod. At her pleasure.

Ant. She intreates you take't not ill: the
innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.

Bos. Gentleman o'th' wood-yard, where's
your Switzer now?

Serv. By this hand, 'twas creadably reported 70
by one o'th' black-guard.

[*Exeunt all except Antonio and Delio.*]

Delio. How fares it with the dutchesse?

Ant. She's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, paine, and feare.

Delio. Speake to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the foole with mine own
danger! 75

You are this night, deere friend, to poast to
Rome:

My life lies in your service.

Delio. Doe not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, 'tis farre from me: and yet feare
presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

79 *looks.* A, looke.

Delio. Beleeve it,
'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more : 80
How superstitiously we mind our evils !
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a criket, are of powre
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well : 85
I wish you all the joyes of a bless'd father ;
And (for my faith) lay this unto your brest,
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted
best. [Exit.]

[Enter Cariola.]

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,
Your wife commends him to you.

Ant. Blessed comfort! 90
For heaven-sake tend her well: I'll presently
Goe set a figure for's nativitie. *Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

[*Amalfi. The Court of the Palace.*]

[Enter Bosola, with a dark lanthorn.]

Bosola. Sure I did heare a woman shreike : list,

d came (if I receiv'd it right)

1708 adds: with a Child.

rn. Supplied by 1708; Qq, Bosola, Antonio.

From the dutchesse lodgings. Ther's some strat-
agem

In the confyning all our courtiers
To their severall wards: I must have part of it, 5
My intelligence will freize else. List againe:
It may be 'twas the mellencholly bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitarines,
The oowle, that schream'd so. Hah! Antonio?

[*Enter Antonio with a Candle, his Sword drawn.*]

Antonio. I heard some noyse: whose there?
what art thou? speake. 10

Bos. Antonio? put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of feare:
I am Bosola, your friend.

Ant. Bosola?
(This moale do's undermine me) — heard you
not

A noyce even now?

Bos. From whence?

Ant. From the duchesse lodging. 15

Bos. Not I: did you?

Ant. I did: or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walke towards it.

Ant. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the winde.

Bos. Very likely.
Me thinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.

Enter . . . drawn. Supplied by 1708.

Ant. I have bin setting a figure 20
For the dutchesse jewells.

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Doe you find it radicall?

Ant. What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker?

Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you: 25
Now all the court's asleepe, I thought the divell
Had least to doe here; I came to say my prayers;
And if I doe offend you I doe so,
You are a fine courtier.

Ant. (aside.) This fellow will undoe me.
You gave the dutchesse apricocks to day: 30
Pray heaven they were not poysond!

Bos. Poysond? a Spanish figge
For the imputation.

Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels
stolne too:
In my conceit, none are to be suspected 35
More then your selfe.

Bos. You are a false steward.

Ant. Sawcy slave! I'll pull thee up by the
rootes.

Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to
peeeces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir.
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your 40
st^{ing}?

You libell well, sir?

Bos. No, sir, copy it out,
And I will set my hand to't.

Ant. My nose bleedes :
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here, for my name, 45
Are drown'd in blood : meere accedent. For
you, sir,

I'll take order : i'th morne you shall be safe :—

[*Aside.*] 'Tis that must colour her lying-in.

Sir, this doore you passe not :

I doe not hold it fit that you come neere 50

The dutchesse lodgings till you have quit your
selfe.

[*Aside.*] *The great are like the base ; nay, they
are the same,*

When they seeke shamefull waies to avoid shame.

Ex[it].

41 *Ant.* is prefixed to this line in A, as if an intermediate speech of Bosola's had dropped out. *Copy it out.* Begins a new line in Qq. In Qq, the lines end with *to't, count, chance, name, order, colour, not, neere, selfe.*

45 *wrought.* C, 1708, Dyce, Hazlitt, Vaughan, Thayer, wrote. Cf. note, p. 392.

51 *quit.* AB, quite.

Bos. Antonio here about did drop a paper,—
Some of your helpe, falce-friend, — oh, here it is : 55
What's here ? a childes nativitie calculated ?

*The dutchesse was deliver'd of a sonne, 'twene
the houres twelve and one, in the night, Anno
Dom : 1504 (that's this yeere), decimo nono De-
cembris (that's this night), taken according to the 60
meridian of Malfy (that's our dutchesse : happy
discovery). The lord of the first house, being com-
bust in the ascendant, signifies short life : and Mars,
being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile of the
Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent 65
death. Cætera non scrutantur.*

Why now 'tis most apparant : this precise fellow
Is the dutchesse bawde : I have it to my wish.
This is a parcell of intelligency
Our courtiers were cas'd up for : it needes must
follow

70

That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poysoning her : which I'll endure, and laugh
at.

If one could find the father now ! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruchio
I'th' morning poasts to Rome ; by him I'll
send

75

57 This nativity is printed in italics in Qq, with the exception
of the dates, *Mars*, and the Latin conclusion.

65 *eighth*. Qq, eight.

70 *cas'd up*. A, caside-up.

A letter that shall make her brothers galls
 Ore-flowe their livours. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust doe masque in nea'r so strange
disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [Exit.]

SCENA IIII.

[*Rome. A Room in the Palace of the Cardinal.*]

[*Enter Cardinal and Julia.*]

Cardinal. Sit : thou art my best of wishes.
 Pre-thee tell me
 What tricke didst thou invent to come to Rome,
 Without thy husband ?

Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
 I came to visit an old anchorite
 Heare, for devotion.

Card. Thou art a witty false one— 5
 I meane to him.

Julia. You have prevailed with me
 Beyond my strongest thoughts : I would not
 now
 Find you inconstant.

Card. Do not put thy selfe
 To such a voluntary torture, which proceedes
 Out of your owne guilt.

Julia. How, my lord.?

Enter . . . Julia. Qq, Cardinall, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.

Card. You feare to

My constancy, because you have approv'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in your selfe.

Julia. Did you ere find them?

Card. Sooth, generally for woemen :
A man might strive to make glasse male-able
Ere he should make them fixed.

Julia. So, my lord. 15

Card. We had need goe borrow that fantas-
tique glasse

Invented by Galileo the Florentine,
To view an other spacious world i'th' moone,
And looke to finde a constant woman there.

Julia. This is very well, my lord.

Card. Why do you weepe? 20
Are teares your justification? the selfe-same
teares

Will fall into your husbands bosome, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely,
That's jealousy, since I am very certaine
You cannot make me cuckould.

Julia. I'll go home
To my husband.

Card. You may thanke me, lady,
I have taken you off your mellancholly pearch,

10-11 *You feare . . . approv'd.* One line in Qq.

12 turnings. AB, turning. 26 make me. A, me make.

Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you flie at it. I pray the, kisse me. 30

When thou was't with thy husband, thou was't
watch'd

Like a tame ellephant (still you are to thanke
me):

Thou hadst onely kisses from him, and high
feeding,

But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the lute, 35

Yet cannot tune it (still you are to thanke me).

Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i'th'
heart,

And a sicke livour, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in physicke.

Card. Who's that?

[*Enter Servant.*]

Rest firme, for my affection to thee, 40
Lightning mooves slow to't.

Servant. Madam, a gentleman
That's come post from Malfy desires to see
you.

Card. Let him enter: I'll with-draw. *Exit.*

Serv. He sayes
Your husband (old Castruchio) is come to
Rome,

Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post. [*Exit.*] 45

30 *pray the.* BC, prethee.

39 Query: Who is that?

[Enter Delio.]

Julia. Signior Delio? 'tis one of my old
sutors.

Delio. I was bold to come and see you.

Julia. Sir, you are wel-come.

Delio. Do you lie here?

Julia. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfy you no: our Romane prelates
Do not keepe lodging for ladies.

Delio. Very well. 50
I have brought you no comendations from your
husband,
For I know none by him.

Julia. I heare he's come to Rome?

Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse
and a knight,
So weary of each other: if he had had a good
backe,
He would have undertooke to have borne his
horse, 55
His breech was so pittifully sore.

Julia. Your laughter
Is my pittty.

Delio. Lady, I know not whether
You want mony, but I have brought you some.

Julia. From my husband?

47 *to come and.* BC, and come to.

49 *you no.* BC, you now.

Delio. No, from mine owne allowance.

Julia. I must heare the condition, ere I be
bound to take it. 60

Delio. Looke on't, 'tis gold : hath it not a fine
colour ?

Julia. I have a bird more beautifull.

Delio. Try the sound on't.

Julia. A lute-string far exceeds it :
It hath no smell, like cassia, or cyvit,
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond doctors 65
Perswade us seeth [e't] in cullisses : I'le tell you,
This is a creature bred by——

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. Your husband's come ;
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria,
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his
wits. [*Exit.*]

Julia. Sir, you heare. 70
'Pray let me know your busines, and your suite,
As briefly as can be.

Delio. With good speed : I would wish you
(At such time as you are non-resident
With your husband), my mistris. 75

Julia. Sir, I'le go aske my husband if I shall,
And straight returne your answere. *Exit.*

63 *lute-string.* 1708, Fiddle. 66 *seethe't.* AB, seeth's ;
C, seeth'd ; Dyce, seethe't ; 1708, Perswade us, 'tis a Cordial.

69 *That.* In Qq ends preceding line.

Delio.

Very fine !

Is this her wit, or honesty, that speakes thus ?
 I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
 With a letter sent from Malfy. I doe feare 80
 Antonio is betray'd : how fearefully
 Shewes his ambition now,—unfortunate for-
 tune !

“ They passe through whirle-pooles, and deepe
 woes doe shun,
 Who the event weigh ere the action's done.

Exit.

SCENA V.

[*Rome. A Room in the Cardinal's Palace.*][*Enter*] *Cardinall and Ferdinand, with a letter.*

Ferdinand. I have this night dig'd up a man-
 drake.

Cardinal. Say you ?

Ferd. And I am growne mad with't.

Card. What's the prodegy ?

Ferd. Read there, a sister dampn'd; she's loose
 i'th' hilts :

Growne a notorious strumpet.

Card. Speake lower.

Ferd. Lower ?

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seeke to
 publish't

5

(As servants do the bounty of their lords)

Aloud; and with a covetuous searching eye,
To marke who note them. Oh confusion sease
her,

She hath had most cunning baudes to serve her
turne,

And more secure conveyances for lust 10
Than townes of garrison for service.

Card. Is't possible?
Can this be certaine?

Ferd. Rubarbe, oh, for rubarbe
To purge this choller! here's the cursed day
To prompt my memory, and here't shall sticke
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge 15
To wipe it out.

Card. Why doe you make your selfe
So wild a tempest?

Ferd. Would I could be one,
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eares,
Roote up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,
And lay her generall territory as wast 20
As she hath done her honors.

Card. Shall our blood,
The royall blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?

Ferd. Apply desperate physicke,
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glasse, for that's the meane 25

7 covetuous. BC, covetous.

14 here't. A, here 'it.

To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.

There is a kind of pittie in mine eie,—

I'll give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis
here,

I'll bequeath this to her bastard.

Card. What to do?

Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's
wounds, 30

When I have hewed her to peeces.

Card. Curs'd creature!

Unequall nature, to place womens hearts

So farre upon the left-side!

Ferd. Foolish men,

That ere will trust their honour in a barke,

Made of so slight, weake bull-rush as is woman, 35

Apt every minnit to sinke it!

Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath pur-
chas'd honour,

It cannot weild it.

Ferd. Me thinkes I see her laughing,

Excellent hyenna! Talke to me somewhat,
quickly,

Or my imagination will carry me 40

To see her in the shamefull act of sinne.

Card. With whom?

30 *mother's.* A, mother. 35 *is woman.* BC, this woman.

37 *Thus ignorance.* Thus stands as a separate line in A, and
seemingly as end of preceding line in BC.

39 *somewhat, quickly.* Dyce omits the comma.

Ferd. Happily with some strong-thigh'd
 bargeman,
 Or one [o']th' wood-yard, that can quoit the
 sledge,
 Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely squire
 That carries coles up to her privy lodgings. 45

Card. You flie beyond your reason.

Ferd. Goe to, mistris!
 'Tis not your whores milke that shall quench
 my wild-fire,
 But your whores blood.

Card. How idly shewes this rage, which car-
 ries you,
 As men convai'd by witches through the ayre 50
 On violent whirle-windes! this intemperate
 noyce
 Fitly resembles deafe-mens shrill discourse,
 Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
 To have their imperfection.

Ferd. Have not you
 My palsey?

Card. Yes, I can be angry 55
 Without this rupture: there is not in nature
 A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,

42 *strong-thigh'd*. Qq omit hyphen. 43 *one o'th'*. AB, one th'.

45 *privy*. BC, private. 47 *shall quench*. BC, can quench.

49 *which carries you*. Begins next line in Qq.

55 *Yes, I can*. Dyce, Yes, [but] I can. Query: Yet I can.

56 *rupture*. Dyce queries, iapture.

As doth intemperate anger. Chide your selfe.
 You have divers men, who never yet exprest
 Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest, 60
 By vexing of themselves. Come, put your selfe
 In tune.

Ferd. So, I will onely study to seeme
 The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
 In you, or in my selfe; for I do thinke
 It is some sinne in us heaven doth revenge 65
 By her.

Card. Are you starke mad?

Ferd. I would have their bodies
 Burn't in a coale-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
 That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to
 heaven:
 Or dippe the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sul-
 phure,
 Wrap them in't, and then light them like a
 match: 70

Or else to boile their bastard to a cullisse,
 And give't his lecherous father, to renew
 The sinne of his backe.

Card. I'll leave you.

Ferd. Nay, I have done.
 I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,
 And should have heard of this, it would have
 put me 75

71 to boile. Dyce, perhaps correctly, to-boil.

Into a cold sweat. In, in ! I'll go sleepe.
Till I know who leapes my sister, I'll not stirre :
That knowne, I'll finde scorpions to string my
whips,
And fix her in a generall ecclipse. *Exeunt.*

78 *string.* BC, sting.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Antonio. Our noble friend, my most beloved
Delio,

Oh, you have bin a stranger long at court.

Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?

Delio. I did sir, and how faires your noble
duchesse?

Ant. Right fortunately well: she's an excel-
lent

5

Feeder of pedegrees: since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a sonne and
daughter.

Delio. Me thinkes 'twas yester-day. Let me
but wincke,

And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame
It were within this halfe houre.

10

Ant. You have not bin in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great man's
place,

Enter . . . Delio. Qq, Antonio, and Delio, Duchesse, Ferdi-
nand, Bosola.

Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth
make

15

Your time so insensibly hasten.

Delio. 'Pray sir, tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare
Of the lord cardinall?

Ant. I feare it hath :
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to
court,

Doth beare himselfe right dangerously.

Delio. Pray why? 20

Ant. He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe
The tempest out (as dormise do in winter).
Those houses that are haunted are most still,
Till the divell be up.

Delio. What say the common people?

Ant. The common-rable do directly say 25
She is a strumpet.

Delio. And your graver heades,
Which would be pollitique, what censure they?

Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite
purchase

The leaft-hand way ; and all suppose the duch-
esse

Would amend it, if she could : for, say they, 30
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine

Least thereby they should make them odious
 Unto the people: for other obligation 35
 Of love, or marriage, betweene her and me,
 They never dreame of.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
 Is going to bed.

[*Enter Ferdinand, Duchess, and Bosola.*]

Ferdinand. I'll instantly to bed,
 For I am weary: I am to be-speake
 A husband for you.

Duchess. For me sir? 'pray who is't? 40

Ferd. The great Count Malateste.

Duch. Fye upon him!
 A count? he's a meere sticke of sugar-candy,
 You may looke quite thorough him. When I
 choose

A husband, I will marry for your honour.

Ferd. You shall do well in't. How is't, worthy
 Antonio? 45

Duch. But, sir, I am to have private confer-
 ence with you

About a scandalous report is spread
 Touching mine honour.

Ferd. Let me be ever deafe to't:
 One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,
 A pestilent ayre, which princes pallaces 50

37 *dreame of.* A, off. 39 *to be-speake.* A, to be be-speake.

43 *thorough.* C, through.

To thinke there's powre in potions or in
charmes,

To make us love, whether we will or no ?

Bos. Most certainly.

Ferd. Away ! these are meere gulleries, hor-
red things

70

Invented by some cheating mounte-banckes

To abuse us. Do you thinke that hearbes or
charmes

Can force the will ? Some trialls have bin made

In this foolish practise ; but the ingredients

Were lenative poysons, such as are of force

75

To make the patient mad ; and straight the
witch

Sweares by equivocation they are in love.

The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood. This
night

I will force confession from her. You told me

You had got, within these two dayes, a false
key

80

Into her bed-chamber.

Bos.

I have.

Ferd.

As I would wish.

Bos. What doe you intend to doe ?

Ferd.

Can you ghesse ?

Bos.

No.

Ferd.

Doe not aske then.

He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,

{ May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
 { And sounded all her quick-sands.

Bos. I doe not 85
 Thinke so.

Ferd. What doe you thinke then, pray?

Bos. That you
 { Are your owne chronicle too much, and grosly
 { Flatter your selfe.

Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thanke thee:
 I never gave pention but to flatterers
 Till I entertained thee. Farewell: 90
*That friend a great mans ruine strongely checks,
 Who railes into his beliefe all his defects.*

Exeunt.

SCENA II. \

[*Amalfi. The Bed-Chamber of the Duchess.*]

[*Enter Duchess, Antonio, and Cariola.*]

Duchess. Bring me the casket hither, and the
 glasse.

You get no lodging here to night, my lord.

Antonio. Indeed, I must perswade one.

Duch. Very good:
 I hope in time 'twill grow into a custome,

87 *Are.* Printed in preceding line in all editions.
chronicle. Query: chronicler.

Enter . . . Cariola. Qq, Dutchesse, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdi-
 nand, Bosola, Officers.

That noble men shall come with cap and knee, 5
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.

Ant. I must lye here.

Duch. Must? you are a lord of misse-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my rule is onely in the night.

Duch. To what use will you put me?

Ant. Wee'll sleepe together.

Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find
in sleepe? 10

Cariola. My lord, I lye with her often: and I
know

She'll much disquiet you.

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Cari. For she's the sprawlingst bedfellow.

Ant. I shall like her the better for that.

Cari. Sir, shall I aske you a question? 15

Ant. I pray thee, Cariola.

Cari. Wherefore still when you lie with my
lady

Doe you rise so early?

Ant. Labouring men

Count the clocke oftneſt, Cariola,

Are glad when their task's ended.

Duch. I'll stop your mouth. 20

Ant. Nay, that's but one; Venus had two
soft doves

5 *noble men.* Dyce, noblemen.

16 *I pray thee.* 1708, I, prithee; Dyce, Ay, pray thee.

To draw her chariot : I must have another.
When wilt thou marry, Cariola ?

Cari. Never, my lord.

Ant. O fie upon this single life ! forgoe it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight, 25
Became a fruitlesse bay-tree ; Sirinx turn'd
To the pale empty reede ; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble : whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their
friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd 30
Into the oliffe, pomgranet, mulbery ;
Became flowres, precious stones, or eminent
starres.

Cari. This is a vaine poetry : but I pray you
tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdome, riches, and
beauty,
In three severall young men, which should I
choose ? 35

Ant. 'Tis a hard question : this was Paris
case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great
cause :

For how was't possible he could judge right,

25 *slight.* Qq, 1708 ; but Dyce and Hazlitt, without noting the
early reading, give *flight*, which is probably what Webster wrote.

26 *Sirinx.* Qq, *Siriux.* 27 *Anaxarete.* Qq, *Anaxarate.*

33 Query : omit *a.* 38 *could.* BC, should.

Having three amorous goddesses in view,
 And they starcke naked? 'twas a motion 40
 Were able to be-night the apprehention
 Of the severest counsellor of Europe.

Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,
 It puts me in mind of a question I would aske.

Cari. What is't?

Ant. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd
 ladies, 45
 For the most part, keepe worse-favour'd waiet-
 ing women

To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.

Duch. Oh, that's soone answer'd.

Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
 Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the
 shop 50
 Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould dis-
 grace

His face-making, and undoe him. I pre-thee
 When were we so merry? My haire tangles.

Ant. 'Pray-thee, Cariola, let's steale forth the
 roome,

And let her talke to her selfe: I have divers
 times 55

serv'd her the like, when she hath chafde ex-
 tremely.

I love to see her angry: softly, Cariola.

Exeunt [Antonio and Cariola].

Duch. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin
to change?

When I waxe gray, I shall have all the court
Powder their haire with arras, to be like me. 60
You have cause to love me, I entred you into
my heart

[*Enter Ferdinand unseen.*]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the
keyes.

We shall one day have my brothers take you
napping:

Me thinkes his presence (being now in court)
Should make you keepe your owne bed: but
you'll say 65

Love mixt with feare is sweetest. I'll assure
you

You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your ghossips. Have you lost your
tongue?

'Tis welcome:

For know, whether I am doomb'd to live, or die, 70
I can doe both like a prince.

Ferdinand gives her a ponyard.

58 'gin to change. Query: omit to.

61 *I entred you into.* BC, I entred into; 1708, it enter'd into.

Query: you entred into.

Enter . . . unseen. 1708. 63 *brothers.* Query: brother.

69 'Tis welcome. Ends preceding line in Qq; the present arrangement is that of 1708.

Ferdinand. Die then, quickle.
Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth ecclipze thee?

Duch. 'Pray sir, heare me.

Ferd. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
And no essentiall thing?

Duch. Sir, —

Ferd. Doe not speake. 75

Duch. No sir:
I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.

Ferd. Oh most imperfect light of humane
reason,
That mak'st [us] so unhappy, to fore see
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes, 80
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds and sence of shame.

Duch. I pray sir, heare me: I am married.

Ferd. So!

Duch. Happily, not to your liking: but for
that,
Alas, your sheeres doe come untimely now 85
To clip the birds wings that's already flowne.
Will you see my husband?

Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisque.

73 *doth ecclipze.* BC, doth clip.

78 *most.* BC, 1708, must. 79 *us.* Supplied by 1708.

87 *could change.* Begins following line in Qq.

Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his con[fe]deracy.

Ferd. The howling of a wolfe
Is musicke to thee, schrech-owle, — pre'thee
peace. 90

What ere thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister
(For I am sure thou hearst me), for thine owne
sake

Let me not know thee. I came hither, prepar'd
To worke thy discovery: yet am now per-
swaded

It would beget such violent effects 95
As would damne us both. I would not for ten
millions

I had beheld thee: therefore use all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition. And for thee, vilde woman, 100
If thou doe wish thy leacher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him as our anchorites
To holier use enhabite. Let not the sunne
Shine on him, till he's dead: let dogs and mon-
keys 105

89 *confederacy*. AB, *consideracy*. It is possible that this is *confideracy*: the type is not perfectly clear. 90 *thee*. Qq, *the*. 1708 corrects. 92 *hearst*. BC, *heardst*. *thine*. BC, *mine*. 95 *such violent*. BC, 1708, *so violent*. 96 *damne*. A, *dampe*. 100 *wilde*. B, *wilde*; 1708, *vile*.

Onely converse with him, and such dombe
things

To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.
Doe not keepe a paraqueto, least she learne it;
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne
tongue,

Least it bewray him.

Duch. Why might not I marry? 110
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or custome.

Ferd. Thou art undone:
And thou hast ta'ne that massy sheete of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and foulded it
About my heart.

Duch. Mine bleedes for't.

Ferd. Thine? thy heart? 115
What should I nam't, unlesse a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Duch. You are in this
Too strict: and were you not my princely
brother,

I would say, to[o] wilfull. My reputation
Is safe.

Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is? 120
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since th'in-
struction
Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travell ore the world; and it was con-
cluded

That they should part, and take three severall
wayes. 125

Death told them, they should find him in great
battailes,

Or cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them
councell

To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shep-
heardes,

Where dowries were not talk'd of; and some-
times

'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left 130

By their dead parents: Stay (quoth Reputation),

Doe not forsake me: for it is my nature,

If once I part from any man I meete,

I am never found againe. And so for you:

You have shooke hands with Reputation, 135

And made him invisible. So fare you well.

I will never see you more.

Duch. Why should onely I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cas'de-up, like a holy relique? I have youth
And a litle beautie.

124 *it was*. Query: 'twas.

135 *shooke*. A, shooked. Dyce notes that some copies of A have shooked; so the B.M. copy.

Ferd. So you have som
That are witches. I will never see the

Enter Antonio with a pistoll, [and Car
Duch. You saw this apparition?

Antonio. Yes
Betraid; how came he hither? I shou
This, to thee, for that.

Cariola. Pray sir, doe : a
That you have cleft my heart, you st
there

Mine innocence.

Duch. That gallery gave him e

Ant. I would this terrible thing wou.
again,

That, standing on my guard, I might re
My warrantable love. Ha, what meane

She shewes the

Duch. He left this with me.

Ant. And it seemes c
You would use it on your selfe?

Duch. His action
To intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle
As well as a point: turne it towards hir

Enter . . . pistoll. In Qq this follows *appariti*
151 *seem'd.* Begins following line in Qq.
153 *and.* Begins next line in Qq.

So fasten the keene edge in his rancke gall.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now? who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duch. I stand 155

As if a myne, beneath my feete, were ready
To be blowne up.

Cari. 'Tis Bosola.

Duch. Away!

Oh misery! me thinkes unjust actions
Should weare these masques and curtaines; and
not we.

You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd
it already. *Ex[it] Ant[onio.]* 160

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Bosola. The duke your brother is ta'ne up in
a whirlwind,

Hath tooke horse, and's rid poast to Rome.

Duch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th'
sadle,

You were undone.

Duch. Indeed, I am very neere it.

Bos. What's the matter? 165

Duch. Antonio, the master of our house-
hold,

Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money

158 *unjust.* Query: that unjust.

Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeyt. 170

Bos. Strange! this is cunning.

Duch. And hereupon
My brothers bills at Naples are protested
Against. Call up our officers.

Bos. I shall. *Exit.*

[*Enter Antonio.*]

Duch. The place that you must flye to is
Ancona:

Hire a house there. I'll send after you 175
My treasure and my jewells. Our weake
safetie

Runnes upon engenous wheeles: short sillables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a fained crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima mensogna: a noble lie, 180
'Cause it must shield our honors. Harke, they
are comming.

[*Enter Bosola and Gentlemen.*]

Ant. Will your grace heare me?

Duch. I have got well by you; you have
yeelded me

A million of losse: I am like to inherit
The peoples curses for your stewardship. 185

170 *forfeyt.* Query: forfeyted.

171 *this . . . cunning.* Dyce gives this as an aside.

173 *our officers.* BC, the officers.

177 *engenous.* BC, ingenious.

You had the tricke in audit time to be sicke,
 Till I had sign'd your *Quietus*; and that cur'de
 you

Without helpe of a doctor. Gentlemen,
 I would have this man be an example to you
 all;

So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him; 190
 For h'as done that, alas, you would not thinke
 of,

And (because I intend to be rid of him)
 I meane not to publish. Use your fortune
 else-where.

Ant. I am strongely arm'd to brooke my
 over-throw,
 As commonly men beare with a hard yeere: 195
 I will not blame the cause on't; but doe thinke
 The necessitie of my malevolent starre
 Procures this, not her humour. O the in-
 constant

And rotten ground of service! you may see,
 'Tis ev'n like him that in a winter night 200
 Takes a long slumber ore a dying fire,
 A-loth to part from't: yet parts thence as cold
 As when he first sat downe.

Duch. We doe confiscate,
 Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
 All that you have.

202 *A-loth.* BC, and some copies of A (Dyce), As loath.
as cold. B, are cold.

Ant. I am all yours : and 'tis very fit²⁰⁵
All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir ; you have your passe.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to
serve

A prince with body and soule. *Exit.*

Bosola. Heere's an example for extortion :
what moysture is drawne out of the sea, when²¹⁰
fowle weather comes, powres downe, and runnes
into the sea againe.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.

2. *Officer.* He could not abide to see a pigges²¹⁵
head gaping : I thought your grace would finde
him a Jew.

3. *Off.* I would you had bin his officer, for
your owne sake.

4. *Off.* You would have had more money. ²²⁰

1. *Off.* He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll :
and to those came to him for money said he was
thicke of hearing.

2. *Off.* Some said he was an hermophrodite,
for he could not abide a woman. ²²⁵

4. *Off.* How scurvy prowde he would looke
when the treasury was full ! Well, let him
goe.

209 *extortion.* C, exhortation. 221 *his.* Omitted in BC, 1708.

226 *he would.* BC, would he.

I. Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttrey
fly after him, to scowre his gold chaine. 230

Exeunt [Officers.]

Duch. Leave us. What doe you thinke of
these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in's pro-
speritie,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have
wish'd
His durty stirrop rivited through their noses,
And follow'd after's mule, like a beare in a
ring; 235
Would have prostituted their daughters to his
lust;
Made their first-borne intelligencers; thought
none happy
But such as were borne under his bless'd plan-
net
And wore his livory: and doe these lyce drop
off now?
Well, never looke to have the like againe; 240
He hath left a sort of flattring rogues behind him;
Their doombe must follow. Princes pay flat-
terers
In their owne money: flatterers dissemble their
vices,

230 *gold.* BC, golden.

233 *on his.* BC, on this.

237 *first-borne.* A, first-borne and; some copies of A have
and, Dyce notes. 238 *bless'd.* Omitted in BC, 1708

And they dissemble their lies ; that's justice :

Alas, poore gentleman ! 245

Duch. Poore ? he hath amply fill'd his cofers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god
of riches,

When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,

He goes limping, to signifie that wealth

That comes on God's name comes slowly ; but
when he's sent 250

On the divells arrand, he rides poast, and comes
in by scuttles.

Let me shew you what a most unvalu'd jewell

You have in a wanton humour throwne away,

To blesse the man shall find him. He was an
excellent

Courtier and most faithfull ; a souldier, that
thought it 255

As beastly to know his owne value too little

As devillish to acknowledge it too much.

Both his vertue and forme deserv'd a farre better
fortune :

His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe
then shew it selfe :

His breast was filled with all perfection, 260

And yet it seem'd a private whispring roome,

It made so little noyse of't.

251 *On the.* A, One the.

262 *It made.* Query : He made. *of't.* 1708, on't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make your selfe a mercinary
herald,

Rather to examine mens pedegrees then ver-
tues ? 265

You shall want him :

For know an honest states-man to a prince

Is like a cedar planted by a spring :

The spring bathes the trees roote, the gratefull
tree

Rewards it with his shadow : you have not
done so. 270

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on

Two politisians rotten bladders, tide

Together with an intelligencers hart-string,

Then depend on so changeable a princes favour.

Fare-thee-well, Antonio : since the mallice of
the world 275

Would needes downe with thee, it cannot be
sayd yet

That any ill happened unto thee,

Considering thy fall was accompanied with
vertue.

Duch. Oh, you render me excellent musicke.

Bos. Say you ?

271 *I would . . . hart-string.* Two lines in Qq, the first line ending in *politisians*.

278 *Considering . . . fall.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Duch. This good one that you spe:
my husband.

Bos. Do I not dreame? can this a
age

Have so much goodnes in't as to prefe:
A man, meerely for worth, without the
owes

Of wealth and painted honors? possibl

Duch. I have had three children by

Bos. Fortuna

For you have made your private nuptia
The humble and faire seminary of peac
No question but: many an unbenific'd
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rej
That some preferment in the world can
Arise from merit. The virgins of your
That have no dowries shall hope, your
Will raise them to rich husbands. She

want

Souldiers, 'twould make the very Tur
Moores

Turne Christians, and serve you for thi

283 This line is omitted in BC; 1708 has: prefer
| To Wealth, etc.

287 *peace*. C puts a colon after *peace*.

288 *but*. BC have no punctuation after *but*. This
volving a full stop after *peace* in preceding line seems
but as A makes sense no change has been made.

292 *hope*. C has no pause after this word.

Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thanke you, in your grave, for't; and
make that

More reverend then all the cabinets 300
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coates to sell to men.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly
speech,
So would I finde concealement. 305

Bos. O the secret of my prince,
Which I will weare on th'in-side of my heart!

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coyne
and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himselfe
To Ancona.

Bos. So.

Duch. Whither, within few dayes, 310
I meane to follow thee.

Bos. Let me thinke :
I would wish your grace to faigne a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto (scarce seaven leagues
From faire Ancona), so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight 315
Will seeme a princely progresse, retaining
Your usuall traine about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion, she were better pro-
gresse
To the bathes at Leuca, or go visit the Spaw 320
In Germany, for, if you will beleeeve me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This faigned pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious foole :
Prepare us instantly for our departure. 325
Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seeke wisely, to prevent
them. [*Exeunt Duchess and Cariola.*]

Bos. A polititian is the divells quilted anvell ;
He fashions all sinnes on him, and the blowes
Are never heard ; he may worke in a ladies
chamber 330

(As here for prooffe). What rests, but I reveale
All to my lord ? oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer ! why, every quality i'th' world
Preferres but gaine, or commendation :

Now, for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd, 335
" And men that paint weedes to the life are
prais'd. *Exit.*

319 In Qq the lines end in *opinion, bathes, Spaw, Leuca.*

320 *Leuca.* 1708, *Lucca.* 327 *Exeunt . . . Cariola.* A and B
have merely *Exit.* C has nothing.

333 *intelligencer !* B, *Inteligencers ?*

SCENA III.

[*Rome. A Room in the Cardinal's Palace.*

Enter] *Cardinall, Ferdinand, Malateste, Pescara, Silvio, Delio.*

Cardinal. Must we turne souldier then?

Malateste. The emperour,
Hearing your worth that way (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment), joynes you in commis-
sion

With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis
of Pescara,
And the famous Lanoy.

Card. He that had the honour 5
Of taking the French king prisoner?

Mal. The same.
Here's a plot drawne for a new fortification
At Naples.

Ferdinand. This great Count Malateste, I
perceive
Hath got employment?

Delio. No employment, my lord: 10
A marginall note in the muster-booke, that he is
A voluntary lord.

Ferd. He's no souldier?

Delio. He has worne gun-powder in's hollow
tooth for the tooth-ache.

Enter . . . Delio. Qq also name Bosola. 12 *souldier?* B
puts a period after this. 13 *He has.* AB, He ha's.

Silvio. He comes to the leaguer with a full
intent

To eate fresh beefe and garlicke, meanes to
stay 15
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to
court.

Delio. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it,
And keepe[s] two pewterers going, onely to
expresse
Battailes in modell.

Sil. Then he'll fight by the booke. 20

Delio. By the almanacke, I thinke,
To choose good dayes, and shun the criticall.
That's his mistris skarfe.

Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffita.

Delio. I thinke he would run away from a
battaile 25
To save it from taking prisoner.

Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on't.

Delio. I saw a Duch-man breake his pate
once

17 sent. C, scent.

17-33 These lines are arranged as in BC ; it seems impossible
to divide them into pentameters.

19 *pewterers*. BC and some copies of A (Dyce), painters.

20 *he'll*. A, hel ; fight, etc.

For calling him pot-gun ; he made his head
Have a boare in't like a musket. 30

Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeede a guarded sumpter-cloath,
Onely for the remoove of the court.

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Pescara. Bosola arriv'd ? what should be the
businesse ?

Some falling out amongst the cardinals. 35
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are devided
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the coun-
try

About them goes to wracke for't.

Sil. What's that Bosola ?

Delio. I knew him in Padua, a fantastical 40
scholler, like such who studdy to know how
many knots was in Hercules club, of what
colour Achilles beard was, or whether Hector
were not troubled with the tooth-ach. He hath
studdied himself halfe bleare-ei'd, to know the 45
true semitry of Cæsars nose by a shooing-
horne ; and this he did to gaine the name of a
speculative man.

Pes. Marke Prince Ferdinand :

A very salamander lives in's eye, 50
To mocke the eager violence of fire.

40 This speech of Delio's is set up in Qq in lines ending with
scholler, in, was, tooth-ach, the, this, man.

Sil. That cardinall hath made more bad faces
with his oppression then ever Michael Angelo
made good ones: he lifts up's nose like a fowle
por-pisse before a storme. 55

Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughes.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon,
That lightens ere it smoakes.

Pes. These are your true pangues of death,
The pangues of life, that strugle with great
states-men.

Delio. In such a deformed silence, witches
whisper 6c
Their charmes.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding
hood
To keepe her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd. That, that damnes her. Me thinkes
her fault and beauty
Blended together shew like leaproisie,
The whiter, the fowler. I make it a question 61
Whether her beggerly brats were ever christned.

Card. I will instantly sollicite the state of
Ancona
To have them banish'd.

52 Qq print this speech in lines ending with *oppression, ones, storme.*

61 *Their charmes* Ends preceding line in Qq.

63 *Beauty* begins following line in Qq.

Ferd. You are for Loretto?
 I shall not be at your ceremony : fare you well.
 Write to the Duke of Malfy, my yong nephew, 70
 She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
 With's mothers honesty.

Bosola. I will.

Ferd. Antonio!
 A slave, that onely smell'd of yucke, and
 coumpters,
 And nev'r in's life look'd like a gentleman
 But in the audit time. Go, go presently, 75
 Draw me out an hundreth and fifty of our
 horse,
 And meete me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

[*Enter*] *Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.*

1. *Pilgrim.* I have not seene a goodlier shrine
 then this,
 Yet I have visited many.

2. *Pil.* The Cardinall of Arragon
 Is this day to resigne his cardinals hat :
 His sister duchesse likewise is arriv'd

73 *coumpters.* B, counters. 74 *in's life.* A, in's like.

77 *fort-bridge.* Vaughan reads *foot-bridge*, but perhaps unintentionally.

1 *shrine.* B, shrive.

To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony. 5

I. Pil. No question. — They come. 1

Here the ceremony of the Cardinalls enstalment, in the habit of a souldier: perform'd in delivering up his crosse, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine; and investing him with sword, helmet, sheild, and spurs. Then Antonio, the Duchesse, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are (by a forme of banishment in dumbe-shew, expressed towards them by the Cardinall and the state of Ancona) banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very sollemne musique, by divers church-men; and then exeunt.

Armes and honors decke thy story,
To thy fames eternall glory!
Adverse fortune ever flie-thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh-thee! 10

*The Au-
thor dis-
claimes
this Ditty
to be his.*

I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honour, vertue raises;
And thy study, that divine-is,
Bent to marshiall discipline-is:
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee, 15
Crown thy arts with armes: they'll beutifie thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under war's warlike banner!
O mayst thou prove fortunate in all marshiall courses!
Guide thou still, by skill, in artes and forces: 20

7 This song is printed in italic in Qq. *Marginal note.* In A only.

Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy
 powres;
 Triumphant conquest crowne thy head, and blessings
 powre downe showres!

1. *Pil.* Here's a strange turne of state! who
 would have thought
 So great a lady would have match'd her selfe
 Unto so meane a person? yet the cardinall 25
 Beares himselfe much too cruell.

2. *Pil.* They are banish'd.

1. *Pil.* But I would aske what power hath
 this state
 Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

2. *Pil.* They are a free state, sir, and her
 brother shew'd
 How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her loose-
 nesse, 30
 Hath seiz'd into th' protection of the church
 The dukedome, which she held as dowager.

1. *Pil.* But by what justice?

2. *Pil.* Sure, I thinke by none,
 Only her brothers instigation.

1. *Pil.* What was it with such violence he
 tooke 35
 Of[f] from her finger?

2. *Pil.* 'Twas her wedding-ring,
 Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
 To his revenge.

1. Pil. Alasse, Antonio !
 If that a man be thrust into a well,
 No matter who sets hand to't, his owne weight 40
 Will bring him sooner to th' bottome. Come,
 let's hence.

Fortune makes this conclusion generall,
 " All things do helpe th' unhappy man to fall.
Exeunt.

SCENA V.

[Near Loretto.]

[*Enter*] *Antonto, Duchesse, Children, Cariola,*
Servants.

Duchess. Banish'd Ancona ?

Antonio. Yes, you see what powre
 Lightens in great mens breath.

Duch. Is all our traine
 Shrunke to this poore remainder ?

Ant. These poore men,
 Which have got little in your service, vow
 To take your fortune : but your wiser buntings, 5
 Now they are fledg'd, are gon.

Duch. They have done wisely.
 This puts me in minde of death : physitians
 thus,
 With their hands full of money, use to give ore
 Their patients.

Enter . . . Servants. Qq add: Bosola, Souldiers with Vizards.
 3 *These poore.* BC, 1708, These are poor.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world :
From decaide fortunes every flatterer shrinkes ; 10
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinkes.

Duch. I had a very strange dreame to night.

Ant. What was't ?

Duch. Me thought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudaine all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearles.

Ant. My interpretation 15
Is, you'll weepe shortly ; for to me the pearles
Doe signifie your teares.

Duch. The birds, that live i'th' field
On the wilde benefit of nature, live
Happier then we ; for they may choose their
mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the spring. 20

[*Enter Bosola with a letter.*]

Bosola. You are happily ore-ta'ne.

Duch. From my brother ?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your
brother,
All love and safetie.

Duch. Thou do'st blanch mischief,
Would'st make it white. See, see ; like to calme
weather

12 *What was't ?* BC, What is't ? 17 *your teares.* B, you tears.
24 *like to.* BC, like to the.

At sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire 25
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*]

A LETTER.

Send Antonio to me ; I want his head in a busines.

A politicke equivocation !

He doth not want your councell, but your head ;
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead. 30

And here's annother pitfall, that's strew'd ore

With roses : marke it, 'tis a cunning one.

*I stand ingaged for your husband, for severall debts
at Naples : let not that trouble him ; I had rather
have his heart then his mony.* 35

And I beleeve so too.

Bos. What doe you beleeve ?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my hus-
bands love,

He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with
him

Untill he see it. The divell is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles. 40

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amitie and love which I present you ?

Duch. Their league is like that of some poli-
tick kings,

Onely to make themselves of strength and powre
To be our after-ruine : tell them so. 45

Bos. And what from you ?

A Letter. In Qq begins l. 27 : *A . . . equivocation* ends it.

Ant. Thus tell him : I will not come.

Bos. And what of this ?

Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Blood-hounds abroad ; which till I heare are
muzell'd,
No truce, though hatch'd with nere such politick
skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will. 50
I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaimes your breeding.
Every small thing drawes a base mind to feare,
As the adamant drawes yron. Fare you well, sir ;
You shall shortly heare from's. *Exit.*

Duch. I suspect some ambush :
Therefore by all my love, I doe conjure you 55
To take your eldest sonne, and flye towards
Millaine.

Let us not venture all this poore remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsell safely.
Best of my life, farewell. Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in't : but no otherwise 60
Then as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clocke, or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring't in better order.

59 *part.* A has no punctuation after *part.* Dyce, Hazlitt,
Vaughan, and Thayer lose the whole force of the passage by their
punctuation : —

Best of my life, farewell, since we must part :
Heaven hath a hand in't ;

Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. Farewell,
boy ; 65

Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery : for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sence
Of sorrow. In the eternall church. sir,
I doe hope we shall not part thus.

Ant. Oh, be of comfort ; 70
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And thinke not how unkindly we are us'de :
“ Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being
bruiz'd.

Duch. Must I, like to a slave-borne Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny ? 75
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't !
I have seene my litle boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd my selfe to't : naught made me ere
Go right but heavens scourge-sticke.

Ant. Do not weepe :
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing : and we strive 80
To bring our selves to nothing. Farewell Cariola,
And thy sweet arme full. If I doe never see thee
more,

Be a good mother to your litle ones,
And save them from the tiger : fare you well.

74 *Russian.* BC, 1708, Ruffian.

79 *Go right.* In Qq at end of preceding line.

Duch. Let me looke upon you once more ; for
that speech
Came from a dying father : your kisse is colder
Then that I have seene an holy anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.

Ant. My heart is turnde to a heavy lumpe of
lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. 90
Exii.

Duch. My laurell is all withered.

Cariola. Looke, madam, what a troope of
armed men
Make toward us.

Enter Bosola with a Guard [disguised.]

Duch. O, they are very welcome:
When Fortunes wheele is over-charg'd with
princes,
The waight makes it move swift. I would have
my ruine
Be sudden. I am your adventure, am I not?

Bos. You are : you must see your husband no more.

Duch. What divell art thou, that counterfeits
heavens thunder?

Exit. Dyce gives, more accurately: Exeunt Antonio and his son.

Enter . . . Guard. Dyce puts Bosola's entrance after the words
Be sudden.

94 *princes*. Mr. Daniel suggests *poises*.

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell
me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds 100
Out of the corne; or that which doth allure
them

To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too
much.

Duch. O misery! like to a rusty ore-charg'd
cannon,
Shall I never flye in peeces? Come: to what
prison?

Bos. To none.

Duch. Whether, then?

Bos. To your pallace.

Duch. I have heard 105
That Charons boate serves to convay all ore
The dismall lake, but brings none backe againe.

Bos. Your brothers meane you safety, and
pitie.

Duch. Pitie?
With such a pitie men preserve alive
Pheasants and quailles when they are not fat
enough

To be eaten. 110

99 *whether.* Begins following line in Qq.

103 *ore-charg'd.* A, ore-char'd.

105 *I have heard.* Begins next line in Qq.

106 *all ore.* Begins next line in Qq.

108 *Pitie?* Begins next line in Qq.

Bos. These are your children?

Duch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle?

Duch. No:

But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd,
Cursses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fye, Madam!

Forget this base, low-fellow.

Duch. Were I a man, 115
I'll'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bos. One of no birth.

Duch. Say that he was borne meane, —
Man is most happy when's owne actions
Be arguments and examples of his vertue.

Bos. A barren, beggerly vertue. 120

Duch. I pre-thee who is greatest, can you
tell?

Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.

A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish; who encounters her
With this rough language: "Why art thou so
bold 125

"To mixe thy selfe with our high state of
floods,

"Being no eminent courtier, but one

"That for the calmest and fresh time o'th'
yeere

"Do'st live in shallow rivers, rank'st thy selfe

“ With silly smylts, and shrympes ? and darest
 thou 130

“ Passe by our dog-ship, without reverence ? ”

“ O ” (quoth the salmon) “ sister, be at peace :

“ Thanke Jupiter, we both have pass’d the net.

“ Our value never can be truely knowne,

“ Till in the fishers basket we be showne ; 135

“ I’t’h’ market then my price may be the higher,

“ Even when I am neerest to the cooke and fire.”

So, to great men, the morrall may be stretched.

“ Men oft are valued high when th’ are most
 wretch’d.

But come, whether you please: I am arm’d
 ’gainst misery, 140

Bent to all swaies of the oppressors will.

There’s no deepe valley but neere some great hill.

Ex[eunt.]

138 To make the rhyme, *stretched* (AB) should be *stretch’d*, as C has it ; or *wretch’d* (Qq) should be *wretched* (1708). The latter reading seems preferable ; but see iv, i, 86.

140 *whether*. BC, *whither*.

ACTUS III. SCENA. I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand and Bosola.*]

Ferdinand. How doth our sister dutchesse
 beare her selfe
In her imprisonment?

Bosola. Nobly: I'll describe her:
She's sad, as one long us'd to't; and she seemes
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Then shun it; ⁵ a behaviour so noble,
As gives a majestie to adversitie:
*You may discerne the shape of lovelinesse
More perfect in her teares then in her smiles;
She will muse foure houres together; and her
 silence,

Me thinkes, expresseth more then if she spake. ¹⁰

Ferd. Her mellancholly seemes to be fortifide
With a strange disdaine.

Bos. 'Tis so: and this restraint
(Like English mastiffes, that grow feirce with
 tying)

Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from.

Enter . . . Bosola. Qq, Ferdinand, Bosola, Dutchesse, Cariola,
Servants. 3 long. Omitted in BC. 9 *foure*. Collier suggests
(*Supp. Notes* I, 276) and Hazlitt, Vaughan read: for.

15 *she's*. Query: *that she's* or *she is*.

Ferd. Curse upon her ! 15
 I will no longer study in the booke
 Of anothers heart. Informe her what I told you.
Exit.

[*Enter Duchess and Attendants.*]

Bos. All comfort to your grace !

Duchess. I will have none.
 'Pray-thee, why do'st thou wrap thy poysond pilles
 In gold and sugar ? 20

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
 Is come to visite you ; and sends you word,
 'Cause once he rashly made a solemne vowe
 Never to see you more, he comes i'th' night ;
 And prayes you gently neither torch nor taper 25
 Shine in your chamber : he will kisse your hand,
 And reconcile himselfe ; but, for his vowe,
 He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure.
 Take hence the lights : he's come.

[*Exeunt Attendants with lights.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferd. Where are you ?

Duch. Here sir.

Ferd. This darkenes suites you well.

Duch. I would aske you pardon. 30

Ferd. You have it ;
 For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,

30 *you pardon.* 1708, your pardon.

Duch. You are very cold. 50
 I feare you are not well after your travell —
 Hah ! lights ! oh horrible !

Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*

Duch. What witch-craft doth he practise, that
 he hath left
 A dead-mans hand here ?

*Here is discover'd, behind a travers, the
 artificiall figures of Antonio and his chil-
 dren, appearing as if they were dead.*

Bos. Looke you : here's the peece from which
 'twas ta'ne. 51

He doth present you this sad spectacle,
 That now you know directly they are dead,
 Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
 For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not betweene heaven and
 earth one wish 60
 I stay for after this : it wastes me more
 Then were't my picture, fashion'd out of
 wax,
 Stucke with a magicall needle, and then buried
 In some fowle dung-hill : and yond's an excel-
 lent property.

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that ? 65

behind a travers. BC, (being a travers).

60 *earth.* BC, the earth.

Duch. Indeed, I have not leysure to tend so
small a busines.

Bos. Now, by my life, I pittie you.

Duch. Thou art a foole then, 85
To wast thy pittie on a thing so wretch'd
As cannot pittie it[self]: I am full of daggers:
Puffe, let me blow these vipers from me.

[*Enter Servant.*]

What are you?

Servant. One that wishes you long life.

Duch. I would thou wert hang'd for the hor-
rible curse 90

Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
[*Exit Servant.*]

Of the miracles of pittie. I'll goe pray — no,
I'll goe curse!

Bos. Oh fye!

Duch. I could curse the starres —

Bos. Oh fearefull!

Duch. And those three smyling seasons of
the yeere

Into a Russian winter: nay the world 95
To its first chaos!

Bos. Looke you, the starres shine still. ||

Duch. Oh, but you must remember, my curse
hath a great way to goe.

86 *wretch'd.* 1708, wretched.

87 *it self.* Qq, it; 1708, it self. Query: I cannot pittie it.

Exit Servant. This seems to be the best point for the serv-
ant's exit, which no preceding edition or editor provides.

Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
 Consume them !

Bos. Fye, lady !

Duch. Let them, like tyrants,
 Never be remembered but for the ill they have
 done : 100

Let all the zealous prayers of mortefied
 Church-men forget them !

Bos. O uncharitable !

Duch. Let heaven, a little while, cease crown-
 ing martirs,
 To punish them !
 Goe, howle them this : and say I long to bleed ; 105
 “ It is some mercy, when men kill with speed.

Exit.

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Excellent ; as I would wish : she’s
 plagu’d in art.

These presentations are but fram’d in wax
 By the curious master in that qualitie,
 Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them 110
 For true substantiall bodies.

Bos. Why doe you doe this ?

Ferd. To bring her to despaire.

Bos. ’Faith, end here,
 And go no farther in your cruelty.
 Send her a penetentiall garment to put on

Next to her delicate skinne, and furnish her 115
With beades and prayer bookes.

Ferd. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more
worth

Then that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a
soule.

I will send her masques of common curtizans,
Have her meate serv'd up by baudes and ruffians, 120
And 'cause she'll needes be mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospitall
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her
lodging :

There let them practice together, sing, and
daunce,

And act their gambols to the full o'th' moone : 125
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her.

Your worke is almost ended.

Bos. Must I see her againe ?

Ferd. Yes.

Bos. Never.

Ferd. You must.

Bos. Never in mine owne shape ;
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this last cruell lie : when you send me next, 130
The businesse shalbe comfort.

Ferd. Very likely ;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio

Lurkes about Millaine; thou shalt shortly thither,
To feede a fire as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will slacke till it have spent his¹³⁵
fuell:

“ Intemperate agues make physitians cruell.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Duchess and Cariola.*]

Duchess. What hideous noyse was that ?

Cariola. 'Tis the wild consort
Of mad-men, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging. This tyranny,
I thinke, was never practis'd till this howre.

Duch. Indeed I thanke him: nothing but
noyce and folly 5
Can keepe me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me starke mad. Sit downe;
Discourse to me some dismall tragedy.

Cari. O 'twill encrease your mellancholly.

Duch. Thou art deceiv'd :
To heare of greater grieve would lessen mine. 10
This is a prison ?

Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

¹³⁵ *his fuell.* 1708, it's fuel.

Enter . . . Cartola. Qq, Duchesse, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men,
Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand.

Duch. Thou art a foole :
The robin red-brest and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Cari. Pray drie your eyes.
What thinke you of, madam ?

Duch. Of nothing : 15
When I muse thus, I sleepe.

Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open ?

Duch. Do'st thou thinke we shall know one
an other,
In th' other world ?

Cari. Yes, out of question.

Duch. O that it were possible we might 20
But hold some two dayes conference with the
dead !

From them I should learne somewhat, I am
sure

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle :
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

Th' heaven ore my head seemes made of molton
brasse, 25

The earth of flaming sulphure, yet I am not
mad.

I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave is with his oare ;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes it easie. Who do I looke
like now ? 30

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruines are even pittied.

Duch. Very proper:
And Fortune seemes onely to have her eie-sight, 35
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noyce is that?

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath entended you some sport.
A great physitian, when the Pope was sicke
Of a deepe mellancholly, presented him 40
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde
object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to
laugh,
And so th' impost-hume broke: the selfe same
cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular
priest; 45

A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousie; an astrologian,
That in his workes sayd such a day o'th' moneth
Should be the day of doome, and, fayling of't,

Ran mad; an English taylor, crais'd i'th' braine 50
 With the studdy of new fashion; a gentleman
 usher

Quite beside himselfe with care to keepe in minde
 The number of his ladies salutations,
 Or how do you, she employ'd him in each morn-
 ing;

A farmer too, an excellent knave in graine, 55
 Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation;
 And let one broaker, that's mad, loose to these,
 Youl'd thinke the divell were among them.

Duch. Sit, Cariola. Let them loose when you
 please,
 For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny. 60

[Enter Madmen.]

*Here, by a Mad-man, this song is sung to a dismall
 kind of musique.*

O let us howle some heavy note,
 Some deadly-dogged howle,
 Sounding as from the threatning throat
 Of beastes and fatall fowle!
 As ravens, schrich-owles, bulls, and beares, 65
 We'll bell, and bawle our parts,
 Till yerk-some noyce have cloy'd your eares,
 And corasiv'd your hearts.

51 *fashion*. BC, fashions. 54 *how do you*. 1708, how d'ye's.
Enter Madmen, Dyce. 1708, perhaps correctly, places entrance
 before the descriptive speech. 61 This song is printed in ital. in
 Qq. *howle*. C, hold. 66 *bell*. A, bill. 67 *yerk-some*. 1708,
 irk some. 68 *corasiv'd*. 1708, corrosiv'd.

At last when as our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest, 70
We'll sing like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1. *Madman.* Doomes-day not come yet?
I'll draw it neerer by a perspective, or make a
glasse that shall set all the world on fire upon 75
an instant. I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stuff't
with a littour of porcupines.

2. *Mad.* Hell is a meere glasse-house, where
the divells are continually blowing up womens
soules on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes 80
out.

3. *Mad.* I will lie with every woman in my
parish the tenth night · I will tithe them over,
like hay-cockes.

4. *Mad.* Shall my pothecary out-go me, be- 85
cause I am a cuck-old? I have found out his
roguery: he makes allom of his wives urin, and
sells it to Puritaines, that have sore throates with
over-strayning.

1. *Mad.* I have skill in harroldry. 90

2. *Mad.* Hast?

1. *Mad.* You do give for your creast a wood-
cockes head, with the braines pickt out on't;
you are a very ancient gentleman.

3. *Mad.* Greeke is turn'd Turke; we are 95
onely to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

77 *littour.* C, litter. 79 *womens.* BC, mens.

1. *Mad.* Come on sir, I will lay the law to you.

2. *Mad.* Oh, rather lay a corazive; the law will eate to the bone. 100

3. *Mad.* He that drinkes but to satisfie nature is damn'd.

4. *Mad.* If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor. 105

1. *Mad.* What's he, a rope-maker?

2. *Mad.* No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shewes the tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3. *Mad.* Woe to the caroach that brought home my wife from the masque at three a clocke in the morning! it had a large feather-bed in it. 110

4. *Mad.* I have paired the divells nayles forty times, roasted them in ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them. 115

3. *Mad.* Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleepe.

4. *Mad.* All the colledge may throw their caps at me: I have made a soape-boyler costive; it was my masterpeece. — 120

*Here the daunce consisting of 8 Mad-men,
with musicke answerable thereunto; after
which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.*

99 corazive. 1708, corrosive. Here . . . enters, A. 1708 has: like an Old Bell-man, for like an old man.

Duch. Is he mad to[o]?

Serv. 'Pray question him: I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*]

Bosola. I am come to make thy tombe.

Duch. Hah, my tombe?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death
bed,

Gasping for breath: do'st thou perceive me
sicke?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since
thy sicknesse is insensible. 125

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure, do'st know
me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worme-seede, at best,
but a salvatory of greene mummey. What's this
flesh? a little cruded milke, phantasticall puffed-
paste. Our bodies are weaker then those paper 130
prisons boyes use to keepe flies in: more con-
temptible; since ours is to preserve earth-
wormes. Didst thou ever see a larke in a cage?
Such is the soule in the body: this world is like
her little turfe of grasse, and the heaven ore our 135
heades, like her looking glasse, onely gives us a
miscrable knowledge of the small compasse of
our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchesse?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for¹⁴⁰
riot begins to sit on thy fore-head (clad in gray
haire) twenty yeares sooner then on a merry
milke maydes. Thou sleep'st worse then if a
mouse should be forc'd to take up her lodging
in a cats eare: a little infant, that breedes it's¹⁴⁵
teeth, should it lie with thee, would crie out, as
if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Duch. I am Duchesse of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleepes so broken:

"Glories, like glowe-wormes, a farre off shine
bright, 150

But look'd to neere, have neither heate nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plaine.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the
living.

I am a tombe-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tombe? ¹⁵⁵

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.

Of what stufte wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow phantasticall in our
death-bed? 160

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

¹⁴⁴ *her.* BC, his. ¹⁴⁹ *sleepes.* C, 1708, sleep.

¹⁵¹ *to neere.* B, too neere.

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes images on
 their tombes
 Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray
 Up to heaven: but with their hands under their
 cheekes,
 As if they died of the tooth-ache; they are not
 carved 165
 With their eies fix'd upon the starres; but as
 Their mindes were wholly bent upon the world,
 The selfe-same way they seeme to turne their
 faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
 Of this thy dismall preparation, 170
 This talke, fit for a charnell.

Bos. Now, I shall:
 [*Enter Executioners, with*] *A coffin, cords, and a bell.*
 Here is a present from your princely brothers,
 And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings
 Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it;
 I have so much obedience in my blood, 175
 I wish it in ther veines to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Cari. O my sweete lady!

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man,
 That usually is sent to condemn'd persons 180
 The night before they suffer.

Duch.

Even now

Thou said'st thou wast a tombe-maker?

Bos.

'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

[Rings his bell.]

Hearke, now every thing is still,

The schritsch-owle and the whistler shrill

Call upon our dame aloud,

And bid her quickly don her shrowd.

Much you had of land and rent,

Your length in clay's now competent.

A long war disturb'd your minde,

Here your perfect peace is sign'd.

Of what is't fooles make such vaine keeping?

Sin their conception, their birth, weeping,

Their life, a generall mist of error,

Their death, a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your haire with powders sweete,

D'on cleane linnen, bath your feete,

And (the foule feend more to checke)

A crucifixe let blesse your necke.

'Tis now full tide, 'twene night and day ; 200

End your groane, and come away.

Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers!
alas!

What will you do with my lady ? call for helpe !

Duch. To whom, to our next neighbours?
they are mad-folkes.

182 *Thou said'st.* Ends preceding line in Qq. *Rings . . . bell.* 1708.

184-201 This song is in italics in Qq.

195 *terror*. A, 1708, *terror*; BC, *error*.

What would it pleasure me, to have my throate
cut

With diamonds ? or to be smothered

With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearles ?

I know death hath ten thousand severall doores

For men to take their exits : and 'tis found 225

They go on such strange geometricall hinges,

You may open them both wayes : any way, for
heaven sake,

So I were out of your whispering. Tell my
brothers

That I perceive death, now I am well a wake,

Best guift is they can give or I can take. 230

I would faine put off my last womans-fault,

I'd not be tedious to you.

Executioner. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you ;
but my body

Bestow upon my women, will you ?

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able
strength 235

Must pull downe heaven upon me :

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd

As princes pallaces ; they that enter there

[*She kneels.*]

Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,

Serve for mandragora, to make me sleepe ! 240

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feede in quiet. *They strangle her.*

Bos. Where's the waiting woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*Enter Cariola.*]

Looke you, there sleepes your mistris.

Cari. Oh you are damn'd 245
Perpetually for this! My turne is next, —
Is't not so ordered?

Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't.

Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answere; and know 250
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, despatch her:
You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.

Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am con-
tracted
To a young gentle-man.

Exec. Here's your wedding ring.

Cari. Let me but speake with the duke. I'll
discover 255
Treason to his person.

Enter Carisla. 1708; Dyce, *Caricla and chi'dren are brought in by the Executioners; who presently strangle the children.* It is not indicated whether or not the children are strangled in the sight of the spectators. A stage direction on the point must be guess-work. Cf. note. 245 *you are.* BC, thou art. 247 *Yes, and I.* BC, Yes, I. 250 *will first come.* BC, will come.

Bos. Delayes : throttle her.

Exec. She bites and scratches.

Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd : I have not bin at confession
This two yeeres.

Bos. When ?

Cari. I am quicke with child.

Bos. Why then,
Your credit's sav'd : beare her in toth' next
roome. [*They strangle Cariola.*] 260
Let this lie still. [*Cariola's body is borne out.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Is she dead ?

Bos. Shee is what
You'll'd have her. But here begin your pittie :
Shewes the children strangled.

Alas, how have these offended ?

Ferd. The death
Of young wolffes is never to be pittied.

Bos. Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Doe you not weepe ? 265
Other sinnes onely speake ; murther shreikes out :
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedewes the hea-
vens.

256 *throttle her.* A, throttle-her.

259 *This two yeeres.* Dyce, these.

That drew a streame of gall quite through my
heart.

For thee (as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is curss'd
For playing a villaines part), I hate thee for't ; 295
And, for my sake, say thou hast done much ill
well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory ; for I per-
ceive

You are falling into ingratitude : I challenge
The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee

What I'll give thee.

Bos. Doe.

Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon 300

For this murther.

Bos. Hah !

Ferd. Yes : and 'tis

The largest bounty I can studie to doe thee.

By what authority did'st thou execute

This bloody sentence ?

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine ? was I her judge ? 305

Did any ceremoniall forme of law

Doombe her to not-being ? did a compleat jury

Deliver her conviction up i'th' court ?

298 *ingratitude.* C, gratitude.

304 *sentence ?* BC, 1708, service ?

Where shalt thou find this judgement registerd
 Unlesse in hell? See: like a bloody foole 310
 Th'hast forfeyed thy life, and thou shalt die
 for't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
 When one thiefe hangs another. Who shall dare
 To reveale this?

Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
 The wolfe shall finde her grave, and scrape it
 up: 315

Not to devoure the corpes, but to discover
 The horrid murther.

Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.

Ferd. Leave me.

Bos. I will first receive my pention.

Ferd. You are a villaine.

Bos. When your ingratitude
 Is judge, I am so.

Ferd. O horror, 320
 That not the feare of him which bindes the
 divels

Can prescribe man obedience!
 Never looke upon me more.

Bos. Why fare thee well.
 Your brother and your selfe are worthy men;
 You have a paire of hearts are hollow graves, 325
 Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance,

313 *When one thiefe.* C, When on these.

Like two chain'd-bullets, still goes arme in arme :
You may be brothers : for treason, like the
 plague,

Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'ne a sweet and golden dreame : 330
I am angry with my selfe now that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknowne part o'
th' world,
That I may never see thee.

Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove 335
To satisfie your selfe then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd
You that did councell it: and rather sought
To appeare a true servant then an honest man.

Ferd. I'll goe hunt the badger by owle-light : 340
'Tis a deed of darkenesse. *Exit.*

Bos. He's much distracted. Off my painted honour!

While with vaine hopes our faculties we tyre,
We seeme to sweate in yce and freeze in fire.
What would I doe, were this to doe againe? 345

I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirres;
here's life:
Returne, faire soule, from darkenes, and lead
mine

{ Out of this sencible hell: she's warme, she
breathes:

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart, 350
To store them with fresh colour! Who's there?
Some cordiall drinke! Alas! I dare not call:
So pittty would destroy pittty. Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seemes to ope, that late was
shut,

To take me up to mercy. 355

Duch. Antonio!

Bos. Yes madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but faign'd
statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath
wrought
The attonement.

Duch. Mercy! *She dies.*

Bos. Oh, she's gone againe! there the cords
of life broake. 360

O sacred innocence, that sweetely sleepes
On turtles feathers, whil'st a guilty conscience
Is a blacke register, wherein is writ
All our good deedes and bad, a perspective
That shoves us hell! That we cannot be suf-
fer'd 365

To doe good when we have a mind to it!

This is manly sorrow:

These teares, I am very certaine, never grew
 In my mothers milke. My estate is suncke
 Below the degree of feare : where were 37
 These penitent fountaines while she was living?
 Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
 As direfull to my soule as is the sword
 Unto a wretch hath slaine his father.
 Come, I'll beare thee hence, 375
 And execute thy last will; that's deliver
 Thy body to the reverend dispose
 Of some good women : that the cruell tyrant
 Shall not denie me. Then I'll poast to Millaine,
 Where somewhat I will speedily enact 38c
 Worth my dejection. *Exit [with the body.]*

369 A possible arrangement is to end these lines with *below*,
fountaines, up, soule, father.

375 *Come . . . hence.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

376 *last.* B and C omit.

380 *I . . . enact.* 1708, I will put in act.
with the body. 1708.

ACTUS V. SCENA. I.

[*Milan. A Public Place.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Antonio. What thinke you of my hope of reconciliation
To the Aragonian brethren?

Delio. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe
conduct

For your repaire to Millaine, they appeare
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,
5

Under whom you hold certaine land in cheit,
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath bin mov'd
To ceize those lands; and some of his depend-
ants

Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenewes.
10

I cannot thinke they meane well to your life
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,
Your living.

Ant. You are still an heretique
To any safety I can shape my selfe.

Enter Antonio, etc. Qq, Antonio, Delio, Pescara, Julia.
13-14 *heretique to any.* Qq place a period after *heretique.*

Delio. Here comes the marquis : I will make
my selfe 15

Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whether it is flying.

Ant. I pray doe. [*Withdraws to rear of stage.*]

[*Enter Pescara.*]

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Pescara. To me ?

Delio. An easie one :

There is the Cittadell of St. Bennet,
With some demeanes, of late in the possession 20
Of Antonio Bologna, — please you bestow them
on me.

Pes. You are my friend : but this is such a
suit,

Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

Delio. No, sir ?

Pes. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soone in private. Here's the cardinalls mistris. 25

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. My lord, I am growne your poore peti-
tioner,

And should be an ill begger had I not
A great mans letter here (the cardinalls)
To court you in my favour.

Pes. He entreates for you

17 *whether.* BC, *whither.*

The Cittadell of St. Bennet, that belong'd 30
To the banish'd Bologna.

Julia. Yes.

Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I
could

Rather pleasure with it : 'tis yours.

Julia. Sir, I thanke you :
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your guift and speedinesse of giving, 35
Which makes your graunt the greater. *Exit.*

Ant. [aside.] How they fortifie
Themselves with my ruine !

Delio. Sir, I am
Litle bound to you.

Pes. Why ?

Delio. Because you denide this suit to me, and
gav't
To such a creature.

Pes. Doe you know what it was ? 40
It was Antonios land : not forfeited
By course of lawe ; but ravish'd from his throate
By the cardinals entreaty : it were not fit
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong
Upon my friend : 'tis a gratification 45
Onely due to a strumpet ; for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinckle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends

Looke ruddier upon me ? I am glad
 This land, ta'ne from the owner by such wro
 Returnes againe unto so fowle an use
 As salary for his lust. Learne, good Delio,
 To aske noble things of me, and you shall find
 I'll be a noble giver.

Delio. You instruct me well.

Ant. [*aside.*] Why, here's a man, now, who
 fright impudence
 From sawciest beggers.

Pes. Prince Ferdinand's come to Millam
 Sicke, as they give out, of an appoplexie :
 But some say 'tis a frenzie. I am going
 To visite him. *Ex*

Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow.

Delio. What course doe you meane to take
 Antonio ?

Ant. This night, I meane to venture all my
 fortune,

Which is no more then a poore lingring life,
 To the cardinals worst of mallice: I have got
 Private accesse to his chamber; and intend
 To visit him about the mid of night,
 As once his brother did our noble dutchesse.
 It may be that the sudden apprehension
 Of danger (for I'll goe in mine owne shape),
 When he shall see it fraught with love and duty
 May draw the poyson out of him, and worke

A friendly reconcilment; if it faile,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once then be ever falling.

Delio. I'll second you in all danger: and how
ere,

My life keepes rancke with yours. 75

Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend.

Exeunt.

SCENA. II.

[*Milan. A Gallery in the Residence of the Cardinal
and Ferdinand.*]

[*Enter Pescara and Doctor.*]

Pescara. Now doctor; may I visit your
patient?

Doctor. If't please your lordship: but he's
instantly

To take the ayre here in the gallery
By my direction.

Pes. 'Pray-thee, what's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord, 5
They call licanthropia.

Pes. What's that?

I need a dictionary to't.

73 *be ever.* 1708, be to ever: misprint for *to be ever.*

Enter . . . Doctor. Qq, Pescara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardi-
call, Malateste, Bosola, Julia.

6 *call.* Query: call it.

Doc.

I'll tell you :

In those that are possess'd with't there ore-
flowes

Such mellencholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into woolves, 10
Steale forth to church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up : as two nights since
One met the duke, 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind St. Markes church, with the leg of a
man

Upon his shoulder ; and he howl'd fearefully : 15
Said he was a woolffe : onely the difference
Was, a woolffes skinne was hairy on the outside,
His on the in-side : bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and trie : straight I was sent
for,

And having ministerd to him, found his grace 20
Very well recovered.

Pes. I am glad on't.*Doc.*

Yet not without some feare

Of a relaps. If he grow to his fit againe,
I'll goe a neerer way to worke with him
Then ever Paracelsus dream'd of : if 25
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madnesse
out of him.

Stand aside : he comes.

8 *those*. BC, *these*. 17 *was hairy*. BC, 1708, *is hairy*.
20 10. BC, 1708, *unto*. 24 This line is omitted in BC and
1708 ; the latter text omits *If he grow . . . dream'd of*.

[*Enter Ferdinand, Malatesta, Cardinal, and Bosola.*]

Ferdinand. Leave me.

Malatesta. Why doth your lordship love this
solitarines? 30

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are
crowes, dawes, and sterlings that flocke together.
Looke, what's that followes me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes. 35

Mal. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move and the sun
shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it. 40

[*Throws himself on the ground.*]

Mal. Oh, my lord, you are angry with no-
thing.

Ferd. You are a foole: how is't possible I
should catch my shadow unlesse I fall upon't?
When I goe to hell, I meane to carry a bribe: 45
for looke you, good guifts ever-more make way
for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a noble vertue. 50

Ferd. To drive six snailes before me, from

29 *love this.* BC, 1708, use this.

Throws . . . ground. 1708.

this towne to Mosco ; neither use goad nor
 whip to them, but let them take their owne time :
 the patientst man i'th' world match me for an
 experiment ! and I'll crawle after like a sheepe- 55
 biter.

Cardinal. Force him up.

Ferd. Use me well, you were best.

| What I have don, I have don : I'll confesse
 nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him : are you mad,
 my lord ? 60

Are you out of your princely wits ?

Ferd. What's he ?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and
 his eye browes

Fil'd more civill.

Doc. I must doe mad trickes with him,
 For that's the onely way on't. I have brought
 Your grace a salamanders skin, to keepe you 6
 From sun-burning.

Ferd. I have cruell sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrixes egge is pre-
 sent remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new layd one, you were best.
 Hide me from him : physitians are like kings,—
 They brooke no contradiction.

60 *my lord ?* Begins following line in Qq. 62 *browes.* Begins
 following line in Qq. 63 *Fil'd.* BC, fill'd.

Card. [*aside.*] I must faigne somewhat. Thus
they say it grew :

You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeares
None of our family dies but there is seene 95
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have bin murther'd
By her nephewes for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's booke,
Appear'd to him ; when crying out for helpe, 100
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweate, alter'd much in face
And language : since which apparition,
He hath growne worse and worse, and I much
feare
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speake with you. 105

Pes. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sicke prince, our noble lord,
All health of minde and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[*Exeunt. Manent Cardinal and Bosola.*]

Are you come? so. [*Aside.*] This fellow must
not know

By any meanes I had intelligence 110
In our duchesse death : for though I counsell'd it,
The full of all th' ingagement seem'd to grow

Exeunt . . . Bosola. 1708.

112 *ingagement.* BC, agreement.

From Ferdinand. Now sir, how fares our sister?
 I do not thinke but sorrow makes her looke
 Like to an oft-di'd garment. She shall now 115
 Tast comfort from me. Why do you looke so
 wildely?

Oh, the fortune of your master here, the prince,
 Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
 If you'll do on[e] thing for me I'll entreate,
 Though he had a cold tombe-stone ore his bones, 120
 I'll'd make you what you would be.

Bos. Any thing, —
 Give it me in a breath, and let me flie.to't:
 They that thinke long small expedition win,
 For musing much o'th' end cannot begin.

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card. I am busie, leave me. 125

Julia. [*aside.*] What an excellent shape hath
 that fellow! *Exit.*

Card. 'Tis thus: Antonio lurkes here in
 Millaine, —

Enquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
 Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
 Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and
 stile me 130
 Thy advancement.

121 *would.* BC, should; 1708, you'd be.

122 *it me.* BC, me it.

Bos. But by what meanes shall I find him
out ?

Card. There is a gentleman call'd Delio
Here in the campe, that hath bin long approv'd
His loyall friend. Set eie upon that fellow,
Follow him to masse ; may be Antonio, 135
Although he do account religion
But a schoole-name, for fashion of the world,
May accompany him ; or else go enquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveale it. There are a thousand wayes 140
A man might find to trace him : as to know
What fellowes haunt the Jewes for taking up
Great summes of money, for sure he's in want ;
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learne
Who brought her picture lately : some of these 145
Happily may take——

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i'th' businesse,
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sightes i'th' world.

Card. Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

Bos. This fellow doth breed bazalisques in's
eies ;
He's nothing else but murder : yet he seemes 150
Not to have notice of the duchesse death.
'Tis his cunning : I must follow his example ;

131 *But.* Omitted in BC. 132 *There is.* BC, There's.

145 *brought,* Qq. Dyce, almost certainly correctly, *bought.*

There cannot be a surer way to trace
Then that of an old fox.

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now ! 155

Julia. Nay, the doores are fast enough :
Now sir, I will make you confesse your treach-
ery.

Bos. Treachery ?

Julia. Yes, confesse to me
Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put
Love-powder into my drinke ? 160

Bos. Love-powder ?

Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfy :
Why should I fall in love with such a face else ?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,
The onely remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure, your pistoll holds 165
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits : ex-
cellent lady,
You have a pritty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arme you thus : yet this is wondrous
strange.

Julia. Compare thy forme and my eyes to-
gether, 170

Enter Julia. Probably a direction should be added : *with a pistol.*

You'll find my love no such great miracle.

Now you'll say

I am wanton. This nice modesty in ladies

Is but a troublesome familiar

That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt souldier.

Julia. The better: 175

Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively
sparkes

Of roughnes.

Bos. And I want complement.

Julia. Why ignorance

In court-ship cannot make you do amisse,

If you have a heart to do well.

Bos. You are very faire.

Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge, 180
I must plead unguilty.

Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper
Then sun-beames.

Julia. You will mar me with commen-
dation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you. 185

Bos. [*aside.*] I have it, I will worke upon
this creature.

177 *ccomplement.* Dyce, compliment. *Why ignorance.* Begins
next line in Qq.

Julia. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace
With the emperour; if he be, like the mice 210
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.

Julia. You shall not neede follow the warres,
I'll be your maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyall servant:
But I cannot leave my calling.

Julia. Not leave an 215
Ungratefull generall for the love of a sweete
lady?

You are like some cannot sleepe in feather-
beds,

But must have blockes for their pillowes.

Bos. Will you do this?

Julia. Cunningly.

Bos. To morrow I'll expect th' intelligence. 220

Julia. To morrow? get you into my cabinet,
You shall have it with you. Do not delay
me,

No more then I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd,
But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in; 225
You shall see me winde my tongue about his

heart,

Like a skeine of silke,

[*Exit Bosola.*]

[*Enter Cardinal.*]

Cardinal. Where are you?

[*Enter Servants.*]

Servants. Here.

Card. Let none upon your lives
Have conference with the Prince Ferdinand,
Unlesse I know it. [*Aside.*] In this distraction 230
[*Exeunt Servants.*]

He may reveale the murther.

Yond's my lingring consumption:

I am weary of her; and by any meanes

Would be quit off.

Julia. How now, my lord? what ailes you?

Card. Nothing.

Julia. Oh, you are much alterd: 235
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosome: what's the
matter?

Card. I may not tell you.

Julia. Are you so farre in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or thinke you 240
I cannot love your grace when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have bin a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

228 you? 1708, you all? 234 off. C. 1708, off her;
Dyce, of. what . . . you? Begins new line in Qq.

239 Are you. 1708, You are.

Card. Satisfie thy longing: 245
 The onely way to make thee keepe my councell
 Is not to tell thee.

Julia. Tell your eccho this,
 Or flatterers, that like ecchoes still report
 What they heare, though most imperfect, and
 not me:
 For, if that you be true unto your selfe, 250
 I'll know.

Card. Will you racke me?

Julia. No, judgement shall
 Draw it from you: it is an equall fault,
 To tell ones secrets unto all or none.

Card. The first argues folly.

Julia. But the last tyranny. 255

Card. Very well: why, imagine I have com-
 mitted

Some secret deed, which I desire the world
 May never heare of.

Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
 You have conceal'd for me as great a sinne
 As adultery. Sir, never was occasion 260
 For perfect triall of my constancy
 Till now. Sir, I beseech you.

256 *well, why imagine . . . heare of?* is the punctuation of
 Qq, — completely misleading to modern eyes.

260 B, followed by C, 1708, reads *Sir, I beseech you* instead
 of *Sir, never was occasion*, — a misprint evidently caught from
 l. 262.

Card. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never.

Card. It hurries thee to ruine: I'll not tell thee.

Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 'tis 265

To receive a princes secrets: they that do,
Had neede have their breasts hoop'd with ada-

mant

To containe them. I pray thee yet be satisfi'd;

Examine thine owne frailty; 'tis more easie

To tie knots then unloose them: 'tis a secret 270

That, like a lingring poyson, may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee seaven yeare
hence.

Julia. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more; thou shalt know it.

By my appointment, the great Duchesse of
Malfy,

And two of her yong children, foure nights since, 275

Were strangled.

Julia. Oh heaven! sir, what have you
done?

Card. How now? how setles this? thinke
you your bosome

Will be a grave darke and obscure enough

For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone your selfe, sir.

277 *bosome.* Begins next line in Qq.

Card. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceale it.

Card. No? 280

Come, I will sweare you to't upon this booke.

Julia. Most religiously.

Card. Kisse it.

Now you shall never utter it: thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poyson'd with that
booke.

Because I knew thou couldst not keepe my
councell, 285
I have bound the[e] to't by death.

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Bosola. For pittie sake, hold!

Card. Ha, Bosola?

Julia. I forgive you

This equall peece of justice you have done:
For I betraid your councell to that fellow;
He over heard it; that was the cause I said 290
It lay not in me to conceale it.

Bos. Oh foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poyson'd him?

Julia. 'T is weakenesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done.

I go,
I know not whether.

[*Dies.*]

280 No^s Begins next line in Qq. 294 I go. Begins next
line in Qq. 295 whether. BC, whither.

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither? 295

Bos. That I might finde a great man, like
your selfe,

Not out of his wits (as the Lord Ferdinand),
To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in peeces.

Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of
that life

Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here? 300

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Card. Very well:

Now you know me for your fellow murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire
marble colours

Upon your rotten purposes to me?

Unlesse you imitate some that do plot great
treasons, 305

And when they have done, go hide themselves
i'th' graves

Of those were actors in't?

Card. No more:

There is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue to fortune any longer?

Tis the fooles pilgrimage. 310

Card. I have honors in store for thee.

301 *Very well.* Begins next line in Qq.

309 *sue to fortune.* BC, sue a fortune.

Bos. There are a many wayes that conduct
to seeming
Honor, and some of them very durty ones.

Card. Throw to the divell
Thy mellancholly. The fire burnes well,— 315
What neede we keepe a stirring of't, and make
A greater smoother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bos. Yes.

Card. Take up that body.

Bos. I thinke I shall
Shortly grow the common bier for church-yards.

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attend-
ants, 320

To aide thee in the murther.

Bos. Oh, by no meanes. Physitians that apply
horse-leiches to any rancke swelling use to cut
off their tailes, that the blood may run through
them the faster. Let me have no traine when I 325
goe to shed blood, least it make me have a greater
when I ride to the gallowes.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe
to remove that body
To her owne lodging: I'll give out she dide
o'th' plague;
'Twill breed the lesse enquiry after her death. 330

Bos. Where's Castruchio, her husband?

312 *a.* BC omit. 317 *greater.* BC, great.

319 *bier.* AB, beare. Query: bearer.

323-324 *cut off.* AB, cut of.

Card. He's rod [e] to Naples to take possession
Of Antonio's cittadell.

Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy
turne.

Card. Faile not to come. There is the mas-
ter-key 335

Of our lodgings : and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you. *Exit.*

Bos. You shall find me ready.
Oh, poore Antonio, though nothing be so need-
full

To thy estate as pittty, yet I finde
Nothing so dangerous. I must looke to my
footing : 340

In such slippery yce-pavements men had neede
To be frost-nayld well : they may breake their
neckes else.

The [precedent's] here afore me. How this
man

Beares up in blood ! seemes feareles ! why, 'tis
well :

Securitie some men call the suburbs of hell, 345
Onely a dead wall betweene. Well, good An-
tonio,

I'll seeke thee out ; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruell biters, that have got

Some of thy blood already. It may be 350

I'll joyne with thee in a most just revenge.

The weakest arme is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still me thinkes the
dutchesse

Haunts me: there, there! 'Tis nothing but my
mellancholy.

O Penitence, let me truely tast thy cup, 355

That throwes men downe onely to raise them
up! *Exit.*

SCENA. III.

[*Milan. A Fortification.*]

[*Enter*] Antonio [*and*] Delio. *Eccho (from the Dutchesse Grave.)*

Delio. Yond's the cardinall's window. This
fortification

Grew from the ruines of an auncient abbey:

And to yond side o'th' river, lies a wall,

Peece of a cloyster, which in my opinion

Gives the best eccho that you ever heard;

So hollow and so dismall, and withall

So plaine in the destinction of our words,

That many have supposde it is a spirit

That answeres.

353 1708 has here the direction: *Starts.*

356 *ruine.* B, rise. *Dutchesse Grave.* Probably really at Amalfi.

1 *Yond's the.* 1708, That's the.

Antonio. I doe love these auncient ruynes.
 We never tread upon them but we set 10
 Our foote upon some reverend history ;
 And questionles, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some men lye enterr'd
 Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely
 to't, 15
 They thought it should have canopide their
 bones
 Till doombes-day. But all things have their end :
 Churches and citties (which have diseases like
 to men)
 Must have like death that we have.

Echo. *Like death that we have.*

Delio. Now the eccho hath caught you. 20

Ant. It groan'd, me thought, and gave
 A very deadly accent ?

Echo. *Deadly accent.*

Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one. You
 may make it

A huntes-man, or a faulconer, a musitian,
 Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. *A thing of sorrow.* 25

Ant. I, sure : that suites it best.

Echo. *That suites it best.*

Ant. 'Tis very like my wives voyce.

14 *some men lye.* BC, *some lye.*

Echo. *I, wifes-voyce.*

Delio. Come: let's us walke farther from't.
I would not have you go to th' cardinalls to night.
Doe not.

Echo. *Doe not.* 30

Delio. Wisdome doth not more moderate
wasting sorrow
Then time: take time for't: be mindfull of
thy safety.

Echo. *Be mindfull of thy safety.*

Ant. Necessitie compells me:
Make scruteny throughout the pass[ag]es 35
Of your owne life; you'll find it impossible
To flye your fate.

[*Echo.*] *O flye your fate.*

Delio. Harke: the dead stones seeme to have
pitty on you
And give you good counsell.

Ant. Eccho, I will not talke with thee; 40
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*

Ant. My dutchesse is asleepe now,
And her litle-ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. *Never see her more.*

28 *let's us.* 1708, let's; Dyce, let us.

29 BC omit *go*; 1708 retains it.

35 *passages*, 1708; Qq, *passes*.

37 Qq omit to assign this speech to Echo.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the eccho 45
But that : and on the sudden a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delio. Your fancy meerely.

Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague ;
For to live thus is not indeed to live :
It is a mockery, and abuse of life. 50
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,
Loose all or nothing.

Delio. Your owne vertue save you !
I'll fetch your eldest sonne ; and second you :
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spred in so sweet a figure may beget 55
The more compassion. How ever, fare you
well :

Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suffrings, she hath none ;
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne.

Exe[unt.]

52 *loose.* B, lose. 55 *in.* BC, into.

56 *How . . . well.* Printed as a separate line in Qq, which
may perhaps indicate that the farewell and succeeding lines were
spoken by Antonio.

SCENA. IIII.

[*Milan. A Room in the Residence of the Cardinal and Ferdinand.*]

[*Enter*] *Cardinal, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolan.*

Cardinal. You shall not watch to night by
the sicke prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.

Malateste. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no meanes :
The noyce and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him : I pray, all to bed ; 5
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I intreate you.

Pescara. So sir, we shall not.

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himselfe ; and he seem'd to urge it sencibly. 10

Pes. Let our honors bind this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make triall of your pro-
mise,
When he's a sleepe, my selfe will rise, and faigne 15
Some of his mad trickes, and crie out for helpe,
And faigne my selfe in danger.

Enter . . . Grisolan. Qq add : Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio,
Servant. 2 recover'd. Query: recovered.

Mal. If your throate were cutting,
I'll'd not come at you now I have protested
against it.

Card. Why, I thanke you.

Grisolan. 'Twas a foule storme to night. 20

Rodorigo. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber
shooke like an ozier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in
the divell
To rocke his owne child.

Exeunt [all except Cardinal.]

Card. The reason why I would not suffer
these
About my brother is because at midnight 25
I may with better privacy convay
Julias body, to her owne lodging. O, my con-
science!

I would pray now: but the divell takes away
my heart

For having any confidence in praier.
About this houre I appointed Bosola 30
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my
turne,

He dies. *Exit.*

[Enter Bosola.]

Bosola. Hah! 'twas the cardinalls voyce: I
heard him name

20 Vaughan inserts stage direction: *Withdraws to the upper end
of the apartment.*

Bosola and my death. Listen, I heare ones foot-
ing.

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Strangling is a very quiet death. 35

Bos. [*aside.*] Nay then, I see I must stand upon
my guard.

Ferd. What say' to that? whisper, softly: doe
you agree to't? So: it must be done i'th' darke:
the cardinall would not for a thousand pounds
the doctor should see it. *Exit.* 40

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the conse-
quence of murther.

*"We value not desert, nor Christian breath,
When we know blacke deedes must be cur'd with
death.*

[*Enter Antonio and Servant.*]

Servant. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I
pray:

I'll fetch you a darke lanthorne. *Exit.* 45

Antonio. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right my sword: [*Wounds him.*]
I'll not give thee so much leysure as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a
long suit, 50
In a mynut.

37-40 This speech might be printed as verse, with lines end-
ing in *to't*, *cardinall*, and *see it*. 37 *say'*. C, say you.

38 *So.* Qq and 1708 have no punctuation after this.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That onely have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my selfe.

[*Enter Servant with a light.*]

Servant. Where are you sir?

Ant. Very neere my home: Bosola? 55

Serv. Oh misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pittie, thou art dead else:
Antonio?

The man I would have sav'de 'bove mine owne
life!

We are meerely the starres tennys-balls, strooke
and banded

Which way please them. Oh good Antonio, 60
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying eare
Shall make thy heart breake quickly. Thy faire
dutchesse

And two sweet children——

Ant. Their very names
Kindle a litle life in me.

Bos. Are murderd!

Ant. Some men have wish'd to die 65
At the hearing of sad tydings: I am glad
That I shall do't in sadnes: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'de nor heal'd, for I have
no use

To put my life to. In all our quest of greatnes,
 Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care, 70
 We follow after bubbles blowne in th' ayre.
 Pleasure of life, what is't ? onely the good houres
 Of an ague : meerely a preparative to rest,
 To endure vexation. I doe not aske
 The processe of my death : onely commend me 75
 To Delio.

Bos. Breake heart !

Ant. And let my sonne flie the courts of
 princes. [Dies.]

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio ?

Serv. I brought him hether, 80
 To have reconcil'd him to the cardinall.

Bos. I doe not aske thee that :
 Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
 And beare him where the lady Julia
 Was wont to lodge. Oh, my fate moves swift ! 85
 I have this cardinall in the forge already ;
 Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful
 misprision !

I will not imitate things glorious,
 No more then base : I'll be mine owne example.
 On, on : and looke thou represent, for silence, 90
 The thing thou bear'st. *Exeunt.*

81 *him to.* BC, him with.

SCENA. V.

[*Milan. A Hall in same, with Gallery.*][*Enter*] *Cardinall, with a Booke.**Cardinal.* I am puzzell'd in a question about
hell :He saies, in hell there's one materiall fire,
And yet it shall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty con-
science !When I looke into the fish-ponds in my garden, 5
Me thinkes I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seemes to strike at me.[*Enter Bosola, and Servant bearing Antonio's body.*]

Now ? art thou come ?

Thou look'st ghastly :
There sits in thy face some great determination,
Mix'd with some feare. 10*Bosola.* Thus it lightens into action :
I am come to kill thee.*Card.* Hah ! — Helpe ! our guard !*Bos.* Thou art deceiv'd :
They are out of thy howling. 15*Enter . . . Booke.* Qq add: Bosola, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Ferdinand, Delio, Servant [BC, Servants] with Antonio's body. 3 *Lay him by.* Mr. Daniel suggests that this may be a stage direction. *Enter . . . body.* Dyce. 1708 places after *some feare* : *Enter Bosola.* 8 *Thou . . . ghastly.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Card. Hold : and I will faithfully devide
Revenewes with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the watch ! we are betraid ! 20

Bos. I have confinde your flight :
I'll suffer your retreyt to Julias chamber,
But no further.

Card. Helpe ! we are betraid !

[*Enter Malatesta, Roderigo, Pescara, Grisolan,*
above.]

Malatesta. Listen ! 25

Card. My dukedome for rescue !

Roderigo. Fye upon his counterfeyting !

Mal. Why, 'tis not the cardinall.

Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he :

But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll goe downe to
him. 30

Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted !
I am lost,

Unlesse some rescue !

Grisolan. He doth this pretty well :
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine
honour.

Card. The sword's at my throat !

16 *and.* BC omit. *Enter . . . above.* 1708, except that
Dyce adds Grisolan, wrongly omitted.

33 *serve.* AB place a semi-colon after this.

Rod. You would not bawle so lowd then.

Mal. Come, come : let's goe to bed : he told
us this much aforehand. 35

Pescara. He wish'd you should not come at
him : but beleeeve't,

The accent of the voyce sounds not in jest.
I'll downe to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doores. [*Exit above.*]

Rod. Let's follow him aloofe,
And note how the cardinall will laugh at him. 40

[*Exeunt, above, Malateste, Roderigo, and
Grisolan.*]

Bos. There's for you first :
'Cause you shall not unbarracade the doore
To let in rescew. *He kills the Servant.*

Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my
life ?

Bos. Looke there.

Card. Antonio ?

Bos. Slaine by my hand unwittingly. 45
Pray, and be sudden : when thou kill'dst thy
sister,
Thou tookst from Justice her most equall bal-
lance,

And left her naught but her sword.

Card. O mercy !

35 *let's.* A, *lets's.* 41 *There's . . . first.* Begins next line
in Qq. Dyce changes. 48 *her sword.* BC, the sword.

Bos. Now it seemes thy greatnes was onely
outward :

For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe then calamitie 50
Can drive thee. I'll not wast longer time : there !

[*Stabs him.*]

Card. Thou hast hurt me.

Bos. Againe !

Card. Shall I die like a levoret
Without any resistance ? helpe, helpe, helpe !
I am slaine !

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Th' allarum ? give me a fresh horse !
Rally the vaunt-guard or the day is lost ! 55
Yeeld, yeeld ! I give you the honour of armes,
Shake my sword over you ; will you yeilde ?

Card. Helpe me, I am your brother !

Ferd. The divell !

My brother fight upon the adverse party ?

*He wounds the Cardinall, and, in the scuffle,
gives Bosola his death wound.*

There flies your ransome. 60

Card. Oh justice !

“ I suffer now for what hath former bin :
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellowes. Cæsars
fortune was harder then Pompeys : Cæsar died 65
in the armes of prosperity, Pompey at the feete

of disgrace. You both died in the field. The
paine's nothing: paine many times is taken
away with the apprehension of greater, as the
tooth-ache with the sight of a barbor that comes 70
to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect. Sinke, thou
maine cause

Of my undoing! The last part of my life
Hath done me best service. *He kills Ferdinand.*

Ferd. Give me some wet hay, I am broken
winded. 75

I do account this world but a dog-kennell:
I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.

Bos. He seemes to come to himselfe,
Now he's so neere the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, oh my sister! there's the
cause on't. 80

"Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
"Like diamonds, we are cut with our owne
dust. [*Dies.*]

Card. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory 85
That thou, which stood'st like a huge piramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

78 *Beyond death.* Omitted in BC. *He seemes . . . bottom.*
One line in Qq.

[Enter, below, Pescara, Malatesta, Roderigo, and
Grisolan.]

Pescara. How now, my lord?

Malatesta. Oh sad disastre!

Roderigo. How comes this?

Bos. Revenge, for the Duchesse of Malfy,
murdered 90

By th' Aragonian brethren: for Antonio,
Slaine by [t]his hand: for lustfull Julia,
Poyson'd by this man: and lastly, for my selfe,
That was an actor in the maine of all
Much 'gainst mine owne good nature, yet i'th'
end 95

Neglected.

Pes. How now, my lord?

Card. Looke to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds as we were
strugling

Here i'th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me
Be layd by, and never thought of. [Dies.]

Pes. How fatally, it seemes, he did withstand 100
His owne rescew!

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?

Bos. In a mist: I know not how:

Enter . . . Grisolan. 1708 reads: Enter Pescara, &c.

92 *this hand.* 1708 corrects.

102-105 These four lines should perhaps be treated as three, the
verses ending in *mist*, as *I*, gone.

Such a mistake as I have often seene
 In a play. Oh, I am gone! 105
 We are onely like dead wals, or vaulted graves,
 That ruin'd yeildes no eccho. Fare you well.
 It may be paine, but no harme to me to die
 In so good a quarrell. Oh this gloomy world!
 In what a shadow, or deepe pit of darknesse, 110
 Doth womanish and fearefull mankind live!
 Let worthy mindes nere stagger in distrust
 To suffer death or shame for what is just:
 Mine is an other voyage. [*Dies.*]

Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to th' pal-
 lace, 115
 Told me of Antonio's being here, and shew'd
 me
 A pritty gentleman, his sonne and heire.

[*Enter Delio and Antonio's Son.*]

Mal. Oh sir, you come to[o] late!

Delio. I heard so, and
 Was arm'd for't ere I came. Let us make noble
 use

Of this great ruine; and joyne all our force 120
 To establish this yong hopefull gentleman
 In's mothers right. These wretched eminent
 things
 Leave no more fame behind 'em then should one

Fall in a frost and leave his print in snow :
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts, 125
Both forme and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of
truth :

*“ Integrity of life is fames best friend,
Which nobely, beyond death, shall crown the end. 130
Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Notes to the Duchess of Malfy

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

212. George Harding. Thirteenth Lord Berkeley (1601–58).

214, 20. Poëta & Chron. Middleton was made city chronologer in 1620.

215, 3. How're . . . love. However good an answer she had to the low estimate placed upon her affection.

217, 2. You . . . France. According to Painter, Antonio had been in France after the fall of Naples.

217, 7. quits . . . sicophants. Vaughan sees here a probable reference to the assassination of the queen-mother's favorite, Concini, by Louis XIII in April, 1617. If correct, this would help to date the play. But cf. Introduction.

217, 9. which. Antecedent not clear; possibly 'order,' but probably 'persons' — persons, *i. e.* man, being the chief work of the creator. The fact that 'persons' is qualified by 'infamous,' is disturbing, but Webster's constructions are often untechnical. Cf. note on 239, 97, p. 387. Vaughan suggests 'pallace.'

217, 11. princes . . . fontaine. Something like this Meres (*Palladis Tamia*) quotes from Plutarch: 'As he is more grievously to be punished that castes deadly poyson into a fontaine, then he that onely casts it in a cup: so doe they more offende, that corrupt the disposition of a Prince, then they that corrupt a private man' (1598 ed. p. 222)

218, 18. him. The king.

218, 22. What . . . foresee. What then they may take steps to prevent.

219, 59. I . . . me. Sarcastically referring to the Cardinal's curt dismissal.

220, 65. rewards . . . dogges. Cf. *W. D.* iv, iii, 118. 'Past service, past reward' (Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* 11).

220, 68. geometry . . . supportation. The image of

'geometry' presumably implies that a man on crutches looks like a pair of compasses.

220, 77. **fellow . . . yeares.** To have been seven years.

220, 80. **Gaston de Foux.** Duc de Nemours. Painter (*Palace of Pleasure*, 1567 edition of the "Second Tome"), translating Belle-Forest's paraphrase (1565) of Bandello, remarks that 'the French vnder leadinge of that notable Capitayne Gaston de Foix, vanquished the force of Spayne and Naples at the Journey of Ra-uenna in the time of the French Kynge called Levves the twelfth.' The battle of Ravenna was fought in 1512; Naples was 'recovered' in 1501, when Gaston was twelve years old. Webster either confuses Naples the city and Naples the power, or else did not know that Gaston was too young to have had a hand in the 1501 'recovery.' Though Painter, following Belle-Forest, places the action of the story after Ravenna, the birth of the Duchess's first child takes place, according to the play, in 1504.

221, 89. **Like . . . wearing.** Is like . . . which do, etc.

221, 95. **Who . . . ring.** A horseman bearing a spear and riding at full speed endeavored to carry off on the point of his spear an iron ring suspended from the cross-piece of a post. Antonio, as Ferdinand remarks later, was a 'good horse-man.' Painter (f. 140 verso, 1575 ed.) says, 'for riding and managing of greate horse, he had not his fellow in Italy.' Painter also praises his skill in lute playing: 'the most melancholike persons would forget their heauinesse, vpon hearing of his heauenly noyse.' Webster makes no use of this accomplishment.

223, 133. **Pliney's opinion.** 'In Portugall, along the river Tagus, and about Lisbon, certaine it is, that when the West wind bloweth, the mares . . . conceive that genitall aire in steed of naturall seed: in such sort, as they become great withall, and quicken in their time, and bring forth foles as swift as the wind, but they live not above three yeares' (Holland's *Pliny*, 1601, viii, 42).

223, 146. **your foole.** Nothing follows to show who this fool is.

223, 152. **full . . . wrinckle.** Cf. the Water Poet's *Taylor's Rewenge* (1630 ed.), p. 145:

'Which act did passe, and please, and fild their iawes
With wrinkled laughter, and with good applause.'

Besides applying to laughter, the expression means full of tricks.

224, 173. five . . . tennis. Cf. *W. D.* II, i, 181, note, p. 189.

225, 186. bestow bribes. Cf. Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* III:

'Another that's as vile as is the best,
Tiers out his daies with labour and unrest:
Till he have got a Miter in such fashion,
As shames himselfe, his kinne and all his nation.'

226, 210. Cast . . . figure. Struck from one die. There is no astrological meaning in the expression.

227, 230. She . . . come. In *A Monumental Columme* (1613), Webster says of Prince Henry that his 'beams' shall 'Stain the time past and light the time to come' (l. 278).

227, 231. You . . . gallery. This seems sufficient warrant for a change of scene later when Antonio attends the Duchess.

229, 255. There's . . . face. Vopel sees a parallel in *Macbeth*, I, iv, 11.

232, 300. dormouse. Cf. *D. M.* III, i, 22.

232, 301. Feed . . . dish. Eat at a lord's table.

233, 8. Labans sheepe. Cf. *Gen.* xxx, 31-42.

233, 11. I'll . . . marry. The Duchess has already sent for Antonio.

234, 16. honney-dew . . . deadly. Samuel Sheppard, who does not hesitate to draw freely on Webster's plays for his *Epigrams* (1651), remarks that 'hony badly still'd will poyson be' (*Ep.* II, 6).

234, 23. Vulcans engine. The net in which Mars and Venus were taken.

235, 32. executed . . . celibrated. Because not being *in facie ecclesiæ* they were deprived of the religious ceremony: the church, however, recognized the legality of such spousals.

236, 57. winck'd . . . chose. Chose blindly.

239, 97. In . . . sheete. In a shroud, because her husband was dead. Antonio's answer is another instance of Webster's way of referring to the simple part of a compound thought, 'a cople' refers to 'sheete,' not to 'winding sheete.' So also I, i, 9 (probably); this present scene, l. 156; v, v, 70; *W. D.* IV, III, 62.

239, 98. St. Winfrid. St. Boniface, of the eighth century,

born in Devonshire, died in Germany, the scene of his missionary labors. Thayer, following Dyce's very probable reading, 'St. Wini-fred,' gives a note upon that virgin saint, who repulsed her ardent lover, Cradocus.

241, 138. **You . . . selfe.** You would be a poor salesman of yourself; you conceal your merits: city tradesmen darken their shops (this was a common trick — cf. *Westward Hoe*, 1, 1) to hide faults.

241, 144. **progresse.** There is noble praise in this word: 'make a royal journey.'

243, 171. **Quietus est.** The technical term for indicating that the accounts have been examined and found correct. Cf. *D. M.* III, ii, 187; *Monumental Columme*, 218:

' And in such joy did all his senses steep,
As great accountants, troubled much in mind,
When they hear news of their quietus sign'd '

243, 172. **I . . . them.** This sentence also occurs in *Ap-pius and Virginia*, 1, 1.

243, 183. **Per . . . presenti.** The *de* has been restored to the phrase, because the term was so familiar that the chances that Webster (rather than the printer) made a slip are very slight. The Duchess's notion of the legality of such a marriage is entirely correct. It is laid down in the Decretals (A. D. 1230) of Gregory IX (Strasburg, 1470?) L. iiiij, p. 5, verso, that if between a man and woman there pass a common consent in words (*de presenti*) of present time, *utroque dicente ego accipio te in meam et ego te i[n] meum*, the marriage holds. The present tense, 'I take you for my wife,' etc., is sharply discriminated from 'I will take,' etc. (*per verba de futuro*), the latter form amounting only to a promise and not to a consent. Henry Swinburne, in *A Treatise of Spousals* (1686), notes that persons who have contracted *de presenti* marriages 'cannot by any agreement dissolve those spousals' (p. 13), although (p. 9) he previously declares that matrimony rather than spousals is the true name for the contract. So in John Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque* (1614, sig. L), Spendall proposes a clandestine marriage to the widow Raysby:

' Then set your hand to this, nay tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in Lawe.'

Strype, in his *Memorials of Thomas Cranmer* (1694), p. 251, says that Cranmer told Henry VIII that 'he and his authours were of opinion that matrimony contracted *per verba de præsenti* was perfect matrimony before God.' Vittoria's marriage to Bracciano was of this form. The Council of Trent (1563) required a marriage to be *in facie ecclesiæ*, but this did not apply to England. The law of Webster's time regarding such marriages remained valid until Lord Harwicke's Act of 1753.

244, 186. *sphears . . . musique*. One of the innumerable references to the motion and music of the celestial spheres of the Ptolemaic system. 'Still' (187) means 'continuously.'

244, 189. *palmes . . . devided*. Dyce points out the same image in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia* (1639):

'Grown likes Palmes,
That do with amorous mixture twine their boughes
Into a league-union, and so flourish
Old in each others armes.'

244, 204. *Alexander . . . Lodowicke*. Koepfel (*Münchener Beiträge*, xi, 150) notes parallel references in Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602) and Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque* (1614), as also in the whole story of Ferrers and Valladaura in Heywood's *A Challenge for Beautie* (1636). The story seems to have been familiar enough at the time: Dyce mentions a play (unprinted) on the subject, by Martin Slaughter, noted in Henslowe's Diary, p. 79; and the ballad of 'The Two Faithful Friends, the pleasant History of Alexander and Lodwicke, who were so like one another, that none could know them asunder; wherein is declared how Lodwicke married the Princesse of Hungaria, in Alexander's name, and how each night he layd a naked sword betweene him and the Princesse, because he would not wrong his friend.' For a ballad cf. Evans's Coll. ed. 1810, i, 77.

245, 208. *Whether . . . pitty*. This beautiful speech of Cariola's illustrates the difficulty of rendering Webster in translation. Following are the versions of Lafond and of Graf Schack: 'Quel est le plus magnanime de son esprit ou de son cœur, je n'en sais rien; mais je vois là une terrible folie. — Pauvre femme! elle a droit à toute ma pitié!'

— 'Ob in ihr der Geist der Grösse,
Ob der des Weibes herrscht, nicht weiss ich es.
Doch arge Tollheit ist's, die arme Fürstin!'

246, 5. **night-cap . . . largely.** The night-cap was sometimes worn in the day, instead of a wig. John Taylor, in *The Praise of Cleane Linnen* (1630 ed.), remarks:

‘A day worne *Night-cap* in our Common-wealth
Doth shew the wearer is not well in health,’—

and goes on to jest at those who wear them for trivial diseases.

247, 21. **roaring-boyes . . . valiant.** The swaggering bullies, for all their talk, do not fare sumptuously, and their valor is hunger, not courage.

247, 28. **prime night-caps.** Hazlitt, without quotation of authority, gives this as a term for bullies. Farmer and Henley (*Slang and its Analogues*) explain the word as ‘thieves working by night.’ Vaughan thinks that it refers to lawyers. Another instance of Webster’s use of the word (*Devil’s Law-Case*, II, i) does not make the meaning certain.

247, 43. **there’s . . . plastique.** There’s speech appropriate to your deserts, cheap plaster in return for your face-modelling. Cf. Mercutio’s greeting (*R. and J.* II, iv, 46): ‘Signior Romeo, bon jour! there’s a French salutation to your French slop.’ Mercutio’s teasing of the Nurse in the same scene may have given Webster a suggestion for this scene.

248, 48. **witch-craft . . . ordure.** The source of this abominable description has hitherto been overlooked: it is in Tofte’s *Ariosto’s Satyres* (1608), the fourth satire, sig. 12.

‘Knew *Heriulan* but where those lips of his,
He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kisse.
He would disdaine and loath himselfe as much,
As if the loathsom’st ordure he did touch.
He knowes not, did he know it he would spewe,
That paintings made with spettle of a Iewe . . .
Little thinks he that with the filthy dounge,
Of their small circumcised children young,
The fat of hideous serpents, spaune of snakes,
Which slaues from out their poisonous bodies takes. . . .
Making that unguent, which who buies to vse,
Buies hell withall, and heauen doth refuse.’

248, 51. **pidgeon . . . plague.** *The English Huswif* (1615) advises ‘if you be infected with the plague’ to apply hot bricks to the feet, ‘then to the same apply a liue Pidgeon cut in two parts.’ And more explicitly in *The Secrets of the reuerend*

Maister Alexis of Piemont (tr. Wm. Ward, 1595), p. 37, one finds : ' Incontinent after this you must take a Pigeon, and cut him in the mids quicke, Feathers and all, laie him to the sore warme as he is, and let him lie on it, untill that part of the pigeon be waxen, and become gréene . . . then take it of, and you shall see, that out of the pigeon will come a greene water, which is all the venom that was in it.' This remedy, in all probability, is of the kind referred to in *W.D.* v, iii, 60.

248, 69. **swinish meazeall.** The 'measle' is a disease affecting swine. Cf. *Cent. Dict.*

249, 77. **wels . . . Leuca.** The baths at Lucca were famous at this time. Cf. von Hübner's *Sixtus V* (Eng. tr.), i, 88, 123-124 ; and the description of the baths at della Ville, a few miles from Lucca, as seen by Montaigne in his Italian journey, 1580 (Hazlitt's tr. pp 596-607, 615, 618).

249, 80. **fins . . . blew.** So Sycorax, the 'blue-eyed hag' (*Tempest*, i, ii, 269), the blue discoloration being regarded as a sign of pregnancy.

249, 83. **loose-bodied gowne.** Montaigne (Hazlitt's tr. p. 574) says of the Roman gown : 'but their custom of having the waist exceeding loose gives them all the appearance of being with child.'

249, 85. **apricocks.** Stow (*Annales*, 1631, p. 1038) remarks that 'Apricocks, Mellycatons, Musk-millions and Tobacco, came into England about the 20. yeare of Queene Elizabeth.'

250, 101. **This . . . melancholly.** Cf. *King John*, iv, i, 14-16.

251, 111. **You . . . light.** So in *The Devil's Law-Case*, v, v, 21, 22 :

' While they aspire to do themselves most right,
The devil, that rules i' the air, hangs in their light.'

251, 113. **lord . . . ascendant.** The ascendant is that sign of the Zodiac arising above the horizon at any given moment. A planet within the house of the ascendant (from five degrees above to twenty-five degrees below the horizon) is the lord of the ascendant. Figuratively, to be enjoying good fortune.

251. **Enter . . . Ladies.** That others than Cariola are indicated is suggested by Delio's reference to 'those ladies,' l. 183.

252, 135. **lymmon pils.** It is not certain whether this means lemon pills or peels. No reference to lemon pills comes easily to hand, but in the *Secrets of Alexis* (1595), p. 62, 'orange pilles' are spoken of. On the other hand, 'peels' was sometimes spelled 'pills' (cf. Moufet's *Health's Improvement*, 1655, p. 201), and lemon juice and peel were advised for sweetening the breath (Moufet, p. 206).

253, 161. **ripen them.** Pliny (xv, xviii) refers to winter figs thus ripened.

255, 185. **mid-wife.** Is not this the Old Lady, who without any obvious dramatic reason appeared at the beginning of this scene, and who, at the beginning of the following scene, comes on in haste?

256, 6. **glasse-house.** Cf. *W. D.* i, ii, 154, note, p. 187.

256, 14. **orrenge . . . altogether.** Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617), notes that 'the Orange trees at one time have ripe and greene fruites and buds, and are greene in winter, giving at that dead time a pleasant remembrance of Sommer.' Wm. Harrison (Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1597) speaks of oranges growing in England. Cf. *Mon. Col.* 45, 46.

257, 34. **Forobosco.** Mentioned in the dramatis personæ of AB, but no speaking part is definitely assigned to him in the text, and no other reference than in this line is made to him.

259, 62. **Each . . . chamber.** To prevent his knowing of the birth of the child.

259, 69. **wood-yard.** Spoken in contempt. Cf. ii, v, 43.

260, 85. **whole man.** Cf. 'full man,' *W. D.* i, i, 44.

260, 92. **set . . . nativitie.** Make a horoscope.

261, 5. **have part.** Learn something.

261, 14. **heard . . . noyce.** Cf. *Macbeth*, ii, ii, 15-20.

262, 32. **Spanish figge.** Cf. *W. D.* iv, ii, 61.

263, 41. **copy . . . to 't.** Bosola's speech is tantamount to saying 'As I am innocent, I will sign an statement you have made concerning the jewels.'

263, 42. **bleedes . . . ominous.** Nash, *The Terrors of the Night*, 1594, sig. D, verso, — 'if his nose bleede, some of his kinsfolkes is dead.'

263, 45. **wrought . . . name.** 'Wrote,' the reading of

C, followed by Dyce and others, is a quite untenable emendation, based on the assumption that the blood falls on the document, which in any event does not and must not contain letters written 'for my name.' The reference is undoubtedly to the letters 'wrought' upon his handkerchief.

264, 55. **false-friend.** The 'dark lanthorn.'

264, 56. **childes nativitie.** This nativity is drawn up properly. John Searles, in *An Ephemeris for nine yeeres . . . 1609 . . . 1617*, p. 177, notes these steps in 'making of a nativitie': verifying the ascendant, the degree of the ascendant, the lord of the year, whether the lord of the nativity is a place of fortune or 'infortune,' and the degree of the 'luminaries next precedent.' The lord of the first house (Saturn, an evil planet) is 'combust' when within fifteen degrees of Sol; Mars is also an evil planet; a 'human signe' is one of the signs of the Zodiac which has a human form, as Virgo, Aquarius; the first house signifies body, head, face, and the eighth house signifies kind of death (Searles); *cætera*, etc., *the rest not considered*, — as if the influence of other planets could be of little importance, when the horoscope was so ominous. It does not appear that Antonio makes any search for this lost nativity.

266, 16. **fantastique glasse.** 1609 is the approximate date of the invention of Galileo's telescope.

268, 46. **my . . . suitors.** This is the first mention of the relationship.

269, 59. **mine . . . allowance.** What I myself will allow you.

269, 66. **Perswade . . . cullisses.** Dyce notes that 'pieces of gold' are advised as ingredients, by 'old receipt-books.'

270, 1. **dig'd . . . man-drake.** Madness was the portion, according to the old and wide-spread superstition, of those who pulled up mandrakes, cf. *e.g.* *R. and J.* iv, iii, 47-48). But Pliny (xxv, iii) tells how to dig them with safety: to have the wind at one's back, to make three circles around the plant, and to pull it up while facing the west. To hear the shriek which the mandrake was supposed to give upon being uprooted was also ominous (cf. *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611, v, i, 56).

270, 3. **loose . . . hilts.** Incontinent. Spoken also of a man (*Crossing of Proverbs*, B N. 1616).

271, 12. Rubarbe. Cf. *W. D.* v, i, 223, note, p. 200.

272, 32. women's . . . left-side. Vaughan, not very convincingly, quotes *Ecclesiastes* x, 2.

273, 43. quoit . . . barre. Strutt (*Games*, II, ii, 7) notes that although an honorable sport in the sixteenth century, throwing the sledge or bar had in the seventeenth century become a lower class amusement.

275, 78. scorpions . . . whips. Cf. *W. D.* II, i, 243.

275, 79. generall ecclipse. Total eclipse, probably.

278, 41. Count Malatesta. Not mentioned in Painter.

278, 42. meere . . . him. Repeated (not quite literally) in *Devil's Lane-Case*, II, i.

278, 49. Pasquils paper-bullets. Pasquinades, *i. e.* lampoons, affixed to a mutilated statue in Rome, popularly called by the name of Pasquin, a sharp-tongued cobbler (²) who lived in the fifteenth century. 'Paper bullets' occurs in *Much Ado*, II, iii, 249.

279, 56. guilt . . . cultures. Cf. Carew's *Feminine Honour* (one of 'four Songs by way of Chorus' at an entertainment of the king and queen (1640 ed.):

'In what esteeme did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence, and the chaste bed,
When scandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot, upon sharpe cultures, spread
O're burning coles, to march yet feeble
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steele?'

280, 67. powre . . . no. Kiesow sees here a resemblance to *Othello*, I, i, 172: 'Is there not charms,' etc.

281, 84. girdle . . . world. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 175.

282, 5. noble . . . knee. Cf. Tofte's *Ariosto*, *Sat.* v:

'Whilst like to peassants, noblemen not dare
To come to him . . .
But they must cap and crouch.'

Cf. *W. D.* IV, iv, 90.

282, 7. lord . . . misse-rule. 'A master of merry disports' (Stow, *Survey of London*), or mock lord who was in charge of Christmas revels.

283, 27. Anaxarete . . . marble. Because she refused the love of Iphis, who thereupon hanged himself.

285, 60. **Powder** . . . arras. Cf. *D. M.* iv, ii, 196.

292, 177. **engenuous wheeles**. Man 'carries certaine Watches with Larums about him, that are euer striking: for all the Enginous Wheeles of the Soule are continually going.' Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins of London: Sloth* (1606).

292, 179. **Tasso calls**. In *Jerusalem Delivered*, ii, 22 (Dyce).

293, 186. **audit** . . . Quietus. Cf. *D. M.* i, ii, 171, note, p. 388.

293, 190. **let him**. It is not obvious whether this means 'stop him,' or 'let him go.'

294, 215. **pigges** . . . gaping. Dressed for the table, with an apple in its mouth: offensive, as pork, to Jews.

294, 219. **you** . . . sake. Had you been his steward, instead of he yours, you would have been better off.

295, 229. **chippings** . . . chaine. It was with these same chippings (crusts, crumbs) that Sir Toby bade Malvolio go rub his chain, the token of stewardship.

296, 247. **Pluto**. Properly Plutus. Bacon tells the same fable in his essay, *Of Riches*.

297, 264. **herald** . . . pedegrees. One of the college of heralds, which passed upon armorial matters, such as the 'coates' of arms, of l. 303.

299, 307. **weare** . . . heart. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii, ii, 77.

299, 312. **I** . . . pilgrimage. This was the Duchess's idea in Bandello, the maid's in Belle-Forest and Painter.

299, 313. **Loretto**. Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617) visited Loretto, which contained the house in which the Virgin Mary was born, transported by angels to Slavonia from the Holy Land in 1291, and three years later to Loretto: 'there is incredible concourse to this place from all parts professing the Roman religion.' Montaigne gives an interesting description of Loretto in his *Journey into Italy* (Hazlitt tr. 1842, pp. 588-599). All writers note the magnificence of the shrine and the immense number of offerings (cf. iii, iv, 1): it was a sixteenth and seventeenth century Lourdes.

300, 320. **Leuca**. Lucca. Cf. note on 249, 76, p. 391.

300, 320. **Spaw**. Spa, more noted later than in Webster's time.

301, 4. Pescara . . . Lanoy. Francis I was defeated at Pavia in 1525 (an anachronism in the play) by Pescara, the Constable Bourbon, and the viceroy of Naples, Charles de Lannoy, the last-named of whom the king surrendered.

302, 18. City Chronicle. Not clear. Perhaps Stow's *Annals* is meant. Thomas Middleton was made City Chronologer in 1620, an office implying a Chronicle, but the City records were not public enough to warrant this allusion. Richard Grafton's *Chronicle at Large* was republished in 1611.

302, 20. fight . . . booke. The book was *Vincentio Savolo his Practise* (1594/5)

302, 22. criticall. In astrology, days that were determinative.

302, 26. taking. Being taken.

303, 32. He . . . court. He is a mere ornamental trapping that comes into service only when the court makes a journey.

303, 37. Foxes . . . devided. Cf. *Judges* xv, 4.

303, 40. fantasticall scholler. Webster's gibe against pedantry ends in a note of irony: shortsightedness seeks to be named speculative. For 'fantastical,' cf. Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie* (1589) i, viii, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, iv, 30, Milton's *Vacation Exercise*, 20. The adjective seems to cover absurdity of all kinds, from dress to wits.

306, 7. Armes, etc. The authorship of this song is not known.

307, 28. determine of. This usage of the word, 'limiting the freedom of' a person, is apparently not recorded.

308, 7. physitians . . . patients. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, iii, iii, 11 (Dyce).

311, 47. this. The letter.

311, 62. out of frame. Out of order.

312, 73. Man . . . bruiz'd. Cf. *W. D.* i, i, 48.

313, 90. sound. As with a plummet.

315, 116. counterfeit face. The mask worn by Bosola.

315, 126. mixe . . . floods. Dyce notes the parallel in *Henry IV*, iii, ii, 132.

319, 35. nationall . . . equall. The same idea in nearly the same words occurs in *Devil's Law-Case*, iv, ii.

319, 41. too . . . light. Probably 'too conspicuous': so *Hamlet* (I, ii, 67): 'I am too much i' the sun.' But cf. *Variorum Hamlet* vol. 1, p. 34.

320, 52. Hah! lights! In his translation of this scene, Mézières inserts a stage-direction after 'travell,' *On éclaire tout à coup le théâtre*; after which the Duchess cries, *Ah! des lumières*, and then perceives the hand to be a dead man's. This is ingenious and effective, but it is out of keeping with Elizabethan conditions. The cry of 'Lights!' follows the discovery of the horror. The 'artificial figures of Antonio and his children' presumably deceive the spectators as well as the Duchess.

320, 62. picture . . . needle. The familiar charm of making a wax figure in the shape of the one upon whom the conjuration is to fall. Cf. Rossetti's *Sister Helen*.

321, 70. Portia . . . coales. Portia's suicide, by placing burning coals in her mouth, is told briefly in Plutarch's life of Brutus. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv, iii, 155.

322, 89. What . . . you? Why does the servant enter and when does he leave? Can Cariola be intended? Of the effectiveness of the moment there is no question.

324, 125. full . . . moone. Probably alluding to the notion that madness varied with the changes of the moon.

326, 13. robin . . . cages. Again Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* III:

'The cage is to the Nightingale (*sic*) a hell,
The Thrush and Black-bird both do loue it well;
The Robin red-brest rob'd of libertie,
Growes sad and dies with inward melancholy.'

328, 50. taylor . . . fashion. In *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606), Dekker inveighs against the 'apishness' of the English in following fashions of all countries at once.

328, 55. knave . . . graine. A play upon the two meanings of grain, — corn and dye. Cf. Glossary.

328. Enter Madmen. Although eight are mentioned, only four have speaking parts, the astrologer, the lawyer, the priest, and the doctor.

329, 74. perspective. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, III, note, p. 187.

329, 78. glasse-house. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 154, note, p. 187.

329, 83. I . . . tithe. Cf. the thirty-second of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*.

329, 92. wood cockes . . . braines. The woodcock was supposed to be brainless.

329, 95. turn'd Turke. Turned cruel (W. J. Craig); but perhaps, turned infidel.

329, 96. Helvetian translation. The English translation of the Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560. This reference seems to suggest that the play was written at a time when the merit of respective versions was a matter of current interest. The Douay version is of 1609-10, the King James version 1611.

330, 103. If . . . glasse. The reference is perhaps to a magic glass or crystal; or to a process of divination by looking in a bottle of water. Cf. *Oxford Dictionary sub* *Gastromancy*.

332, 144. mouse . . . eare. A frequently occurring image. Mr. J. W. Craig notes it in *Demandes toyseuses en manière de quolibets* (? 1520): 'Demande. Qui est ce qui onc ne fut ne iamaiz ne sera. Responce. Cest le nid dune souris en loreille dung chat.' So Heywood (1546); and Lyly (*Euphues and his England*, p. 233, Arber; *Galathea*, iv, i, 45), as Mr. Warwick Bond notes.

332, 150. Glories . . . light. Cf. *W. D.* v, i, 43.

333, 179. common bell-man. Robert Dowe in 1605 established a fund to provide that the bellman of St. Sepulchre's should deliver a solemn exhortation to condemned prisoners in Newgate, the night before execution. Cf. note by Mr. J. W. Hales in *Athenæum*, 13 Sept. 1902.

334, 184. Hearke, etc. Nothing tells us whether this was spoken or sung. Bosola says later, 'Remoove that noyse,' which may refer to musicians, although more probably to Cariola.

334, 185. whistler shrill. Dyce notes Spenser, *F. Q.* II, xii, 36:

'The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy.'

335, 216. death . . . you. This echoes the situation in *W. D.* v, vi, 223.

337, 244. strangle . . . children. Perhaps this order was carried out as Dyce's stage direction indicates, but it is also possible that the children did not appear until Bosola (drawing a curtain?) shows their bodies.

337, 250. **come . . . answere.** Stand trial.

337, 254. **Here's . . . ring.** The noose.

338, 261. **Let . . . still.** The Duchess's body.

338, 267. **element . . . heavens.** Mr. Craig points out the same idea in Nash's *Jacke Wilton* (1594): 'Water powred forth sinkes downe quietly into the earth, but bloud spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmament.' (Mr. Gosse's reprint, p. 203).

339, 288. **Onely . . . confesse.** I must confess that my sole reason was.

340, 294. **actor . . . part.** It was Burbadge himself who had these words to speak.

341, 315. **wolfe . . . murther.** Dyce notes that it was a common superstition that wolves dug up the bodies of murdered men. Cf. the dirge in *W. D.* v, iv.

342, 327. **two chain'd-bullets.** The parallel passage in Heywood's *A Challenge for Beautie*, cited by Koeppel (*Munch. Beit.* xi, 150), was long before noted by Dyce:

' My friend and I
Like two chain-bullets, side by side, will fly
Thorow the jawes of death.'

342, 342. **painted honour.** His disguise.

342, 346. **I . . . Europe.** Much in the vein of Ariosto's third Satire.

342, 347. **She stirres.** The re-awakening is as obviously reminiscent of *Othello*, as Ferdinand's repudiation of Bosola is of *King John*.

343, 353. **pitty . . . pity.** Pity, leading him to cry for help, would be merciless, because those coming would complete the murder.

345, 11. **meane . . . living.** Cf. *M. of V.* iv, i, 376.

346, 19. **St. Bennet.** St. Benedict, founder of the order of Benedictines, *circa* 530.

347, 34. **doubly . . . greater.** *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Seneca.

349, 6. **licanthropia.** Lycanthropy is discussed in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, v, ch. 1, 6 (1584), and Pliny (viii, xxii) refers to it; but the cases Webster mentions Dyce quotes from

Goulart's *Histoires admirables* (1606). Dyce overlooked E. Grimeston's 1607 translation of Goulart, from which the following may be quoted (p. 386): 'For there be *Licanthropes* in whom the melancholike humor doth so rule, as they imagine themselues to be transformed into Wolues . . . and all night doe nothing but runne into Church-yardes, and about graues . . . one of these melancholike *Licanthropes* . . . carried then vpon his shoulders the whole thigh and the legge of a dead man. Beeing carefully looked vnto, hee was cured of this disease.' And of another case (p. 387), 'a Countri-man neere vnto *Paulia*, in the yeare 1541 . . . being with great difficultie taken, hee did constantlye affirme that he was a Wolfe, and that there was no other difference, but that Wolues were commonlie hayrie without, and hee was betwixt the skinne and the flesh. Some (too barbarous and cruell Wolues in effect) desiring to trie the truth thereof, gaue him manie wounds vpon the armes and legges: but knowing their owne error, and the innocencie of the poore melancholie man, they committed him to the Surgions to cure, in whose hands hee dyed within fewe dayes after.'

350, 25. **Paracelsus** (1493-1541). Still much quoted in Webster's time.

352, 59. **what . . . nothing.** Cf. *Othello*, v, i, 302.

353, 76. **fetch . . . friske.** Cut a caper.

353, 82. **Barber-Chyrurgeons hall.** In Monkwell street, some distance from Blackfriars. 'To have him to Barber Surgeons Hall there to anatomize him.' Dekker, *A Knights Conjuring* (1607), sig. C₃.

357, 153. **way . . . trace.** Plan to follow.

357, 165. **your pistoll.** A figure of speech, or perhaps Julia in play threatened Bosola with an actual weapon. Bosola says 'I'll disarm you.' Cf. note on l. 300 below.

357, 170. **Compare . . . miracle.** Love being blind, her eyes were no better than his form.

360, 222. **have . . . you.** Have it immediately.

362, 261. **triall . . . constancy.** So Portia in *Cæsar*, II, i, 299.

363, 277. **how . . . this.** A figure drawn from the settling of a liquid, hence its clarifying; as if the Cardinal now saw the situation more clearly.

365, 300. **Who . . . here.** The Cardinal's yielding perhaps indicates that Bosola displayed a weapon, — possibly the pistol of l. 165.

367, 345. **Securitie . . . hell.** Cf. Hecate's song in *Macbeth*, III, v, 32.

368. **Scena. III.** The scene is Milan, but the Duchess's grave was probably elsewhere. Mr. Craig makes note of the somewhat similar echo-scene in *The Hog hath Lost his Pearl*, acted in 1612-13 (Hazl. Dods. xi, 477). The lyrical quality of the present scene strikingly takes the place of the 'mournful song' which, according to Belle-Forest and Painter, Antonio sings at this point in the story.

371, 54. **his.** The Cardinal's.

373, 28. **I . . . heart.** Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iii, 38.

374, 46. **Could . . . pardon.** Could I gain his hearing when he is in a religious mood, he might pardon me.

375, 51. **A . . . selfe.** A difficult speech, probably meaning: I only need your favor of the death-stroke to appear to the eye the wretched thing that I am already in spirit.

375, 57. **smother . . . pitty.** Hold your noise (addressed to the servant).

375, 67. **in sadnes.** In reality.

378, 26. **dukedome . . . rescue.** Cf. *Rich. III*, v, iv, 7.

380, 56. **honour . . . armes.** Martial salute.

380, 62. **Sorrow . . . sin.** Cf. *W. D.* v, iv, 27.

381, 70. **toothache . . . out.** The same construction, not unusual in Webster, is in the *Crossing of Proverbs* (1616): 'Q. What is good for the tooth-ache? A. Pull it out.'

381, 77. **I . . . credit.** I will do incredible things.

382, 101. **thing . . . blood.** Dyce compares *Coriolanus*, II, ii, 112.

383, 117. **sonne . . . heire.** According to the spirit of Webster's originals, it would seem to be the son of the Duchess by her first husband, who inherits the duchy.

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Glossary

- acquaintance**, knowledge. *W. D.* III, ii, 239.
- adamant**, loadstone, magnet. *W. D.* I, ii, 193; IV, iii, 22; *D. M.* III, v, 53.
- anatomies**, skeletons. *D. M.* v, ii, 81.
- angels**, gold coins worth ten shillings. *D. M.* I, i, 282.
- apparently**, clearly. *D. M.* II, i, 171.
- apprehend**, be sensible of. *D. M.* IV, i, 14.
- approov'd**, experienced. *D. M.* II, iv, 11.
- arras**, tapestry. *W. D.* v, i, 130; *D. M.* I, ii, 65.
- arras powder**, orris-root powder (*probably*). *W. D.* v, iii, 125; *D. M.* III, ii, 60.
- atomies**, atoms. *W. D.* IV, ii, 42.
- attone**, appease, reconcile. *W. D.* III, ii, 296. **atone-ment**, reconciliation. *D. M.* IV, ii, 359.
- ayme**, guess. *D. M.* I, ii, 132.
- ballass'd**, ballasted. *D. M.* I, i, 135.
- ballated**, made ballads of. *W. D.* III, ii, 248.
- band**, collar. *D. M.* II, i, 7.
- banes**, banns. *W. D.* II, i, 347.
- barriers**, 'a warlike exercise of men fighting with short Swords, and within some appointed compasse' (*Cocke-ram*). *W. D.* I, ii, 32; v, i, 58; v, ii, 85.
- beaver**, visor. *W. D.* v, ii, 83; v, iii, 3.
- bedstaffe**, a staff used to spread out the bed-clothes, or to keep them from falling. *W. D.* v, i, 210.
- Bermoothes**, Bermudas. *D. M.* III, ii, 271.
- bias**, the shape of the bowl, or the weight in it, that causes it to roll obliquely; the oblique motion itself. *W. D.* I, ii, 73.
- biters**, knaves. Cf. '*Sheepe-biters*.' *D. M.* v, ii, 349.
- blacke guard**, scullions. *W. D.* I, ii, 147; *D. M.* II, ii, 71.
- blasted**, blighted. *W. D.* I, ii, 300.
- bloud-shed**, blood-shot. *W. D.* II, i, 308.
- blouze**, a beggar's wench. *W. D.* v, vi, 3.

- boone voyage**, 'bon voyage.'
W. D. II, ii, 41.
- braches**, bitch-hounds. *W. D.*
v, vi, 134.
- brave**, threaten. *W. D.* IV,
ii, 51.
- brees**, gadflies. *W. D.* I, ii,
182.
- buntings**, birds somewhat re-
sembling larks. *D. M.* III, v,
5.
- buttery-hatch**, door of the
wine-cellar or pantry. *W. D.*
I, ii, 25.
- cantarides**, Spanish fly.
W. D. II, i, 281.
- caroach**, coach. Cf. *Fr. car-*
rosse. W. D. I, ii, 8; *D. M.*
I, i, 242; IV, ii, 110. 'A
coach for country and caroch
for London.' — *Greene's Tu*
Quoque.
- carreening**, turning a boat on
its side for repairs. *D. M.* II,
i, 40.
- carreere**, 'to run your Horse
forthright at his full speed, and
then making him stop quickly,
sodainely, firme and close
on his buttocke' (*Markham,*
Countrey Contentments, 1615).
W. D. IV, iv, 94; v, v,
15.
- carved**, gelded. *W. D.* I, ii,
142.
- case**, pair. *W. D.* v, vi, 18;
cover. *D. M.* I, i, 228.
- cassia**, a kind of cinn
W. D. II, i, 165.
- censur'd**, judged. *W.*
iii, 210. **censure**,
D. M. III, i, 27.
- center**, the part of the
next to the bull's-eye. *I*
v, vi, 192.
- character**, trait. *D.* I
i, 253; summing up of
W. D. III, ii, 79;
symbol. *W. D.* IV, iii,
- chargeable**, costly. *D*
I, ii, 41.
- cheit** (*cheat*), escheat. *I*
v, i, 6.
- chippings**, crusts of
D. M. III, ii, 229.
- choake peare**, a bitter
something that cannot
answered, or 'swallo
W. D. III, ii, 233.
- chullice**. Cf. *cullis.*
- cipres**, crape. *W. D.*
83.
- civilitie**, civilization. *W*
I, ii, 226.
- civill**, seemly. *D. M.*
63.
- codpeece**, an appendage to
front of the tight hose
by men in the sixteenth
tury. *W. D.* v, iii,
D. M. II, ii, 43.
- colledge**, the College of F
cians. *D. M.* IV, ii, 118
- commeddled**, mixed.
D. M. III, iii, 45.

- complementall**, courteous, accomplished. *D. M.* i, i, 295.
- conceit**, fancy. *D. M.* i, ii, 198; opinion. *D. M.* ii, iii, 35; vanity, conception of children (*perhaps*). *W. D.* v, vi, 225.
- confederacie**, *perhaps here* conspiracy. *W. D.* iii, iii, 41.
- consort**, company of musicians. *D. M.* iv, ii, 1.
- consumption**, a consuming desire. *W. D.* i, ii, 52.
- convertites**, converts. *W. D.* iii, ii, 263.
- conveyance**, artifice. *W. D.* iv, ii, 24.
- convince**, vanquish. *W. D.* iv, ii, 38.
- conyes** (*conies*), rabbits, sim-pletons. **conycatch**, to swindle. *W. D.* iii, i, 28.
- corazive** (*corrosive*), a caustic drug or plaster. *D. M.* iv, ii, 99.
- cornucopia**, *figuratively here* for cuckoldom. *W. D.* ii, i, 360.
- coulourable**, false. *W. D.* ii, i, 297.
- coumpters** (*counters*), metal disks used in calculations. *D. M.* iii, iii, 73.
- crab**, crab-apple. *D. M.* ii, i, 168.
- crackers**, fire-crackers. *W. D.* ii, i, 73.
- crownes**, Italian coins worth about five shillings. *W. D.* iv, iv, 136.
- crusado's**, Portuguese coins, stamped with a cross (*value about half a dollar*). *W. D.* iii, ii, 215.
- cullis**, a strong broth. *W. D.* v, iv, 33; *D. M.* ii, iv, 66; ii, v, 71; v, ii, 80.
- cultures** (*coulters*), plough-shares. *D. M.* iii, i, 57.
- cupping-glasses**, glass cups used in blood-letting. *W. D.* v, vi, 101; *D. M.* ii, v, 25.
- curst**, ill-tempered. *W. D.* i, ii, 226.
- curtainies**, veils. *D. M.* iii, ii, 159.
- curtall**, a curtailed horse or dog. *W. D.* ii, ii, 14.
- cut-works**, open-work embroidery, *much in vogue among Elizabethan gallants*. 'An ordinarie band wth. the double cuffes costs five or seven pound, and some much more.' (*State Papers, Dom. 1 Aug. 1613.*) *W. D.* i, i, 51.
- declarations**, complaints legally drawn up. *W. D.* iv, i, 91.
- disembogue**, empty. *Properly of a river, here figurative.* *D. M.* ii, i, 41.
- diversivolent**, contentious. *W. D.* iii, ii, 28; iii, ii, 27.

- divinity, theology. *D. M.* i, i, 43.
- doctrine, information. *W. D.* iv, i, 64.
- dog-fish, a species of shark. *D. M.* iii, v, 124.
- dogge dayes, evil times. *D. M.* i, i, 41; *W. D.* v, i, 153.
- doom'd, decreed. *W. D.* ii, i, 196.
- dottrels, plovers, foolish persons. *W. D.* v, iv, 8.
- duckets (*ducats*), continental gold coins of the value of nine or ten shillings. *W. D.* iii, ii, 220; iv, iv, 132; *D. M.* ii, ii, 59.
- electuaries 'bee medicinable compositions or confections to be taken inwardly, made of choise drougs, either to purge the humors, to strengthen the principall parts, or to withstand any infirmitie for which they are made. The substance is betweene a syrrup and a conserve, but more enclining to the consistence of conserves.' (*Holland's Pliny*, 1601). *W. D.* i, ii, 105.
- embleme, an allegorical picture. *W. D.* ii, i, 325.
- engenous, of an engine. *D. M.* iii, ii, 177. engine, instrument, purpose. *W. D.* ii, i, 318; ii, ii, 46; iv, i, 130; v, vi, 122; *D. M.* v, v, 38.
- ephemerides, calendars. Cf. *note*, p. 187. *W. D.* i, ii, 76.
- equall, equable. *D. M.* v, ii, 288.
- essentiall, actual. *W. D.* iii, ii, 75.
- ever, always. *D. M.* i, i, 35.
- falling sicknesse, epilepsy. *W. D.* v, vi, 230.
- fals, comes to be. *W. D.* ii, i, 132.
- familiar, evil spirit. *D. M.* v, ii, 173; intimate friend. *W. D.* v, iv, 146.
- fantasticall (*phantasticall*). Cf. *D. M.* iii, iii, 40, *note*, p. 396.
- farthingalls, hoops to distend skirts. *W. D.* ii, i, 169.
- fell, cruel. *D. M.* i, ii, 273.
- fellie, fellowe. *W. D.* iii, iii, 103.
- figure, image, mould. *D. M.* i, i, 210; v, iii, 55.
- figure-fingers, those who cast horoscopes. *W. D.* ii, ii, 16.
- fins, some part of the eyelid. *D. M.* ii, i, 79.
- fitted, managed. *W. D.* ii, i, 8.
- flashes, empty accomplishments. *D. M.* i, i, 175.
- flaw, a sudden storm; also, a breach. Here a double-entendre. *W. D.* i, ii, 65, 66.

- lead**, flayed. *D. M.* II, i, 35.
- lye-boate**, a small swift boat. Cf. *Fr. mouche. W. D.* II, i, 187.
- ond**, foolish. *W. D.* IV, iv, 55.
- oot cloath**, the housing or trappings of a horse. *W. D.* I, ii, 58; III, ii, 177; *D. M.* II, i, 55.
- ootsteps**, steps, rungs *D. M.* I, ii, 51.
- orce**, necessity. *W. D.* III, ii, 134.
- ox**, sword. *W. D.* v, vi, 236.
- raight**, fraught. *D. M.* v, i, 69.
- rum'd**, perfumed (*poisoned*). *W. D.* v, iii, 252.
- urnish out**, complete. *W. D.* v, i, 55.
- stian**, cotton cloth; bombast. *W. D.* II, ii, 20; III, ii, 46.
- alliard**, a lively dance. *D. M.* I, i, 217; a combination of gallop and kicking out (*ring-galliard*), or of curvet and bound (*gallop-galliard*). *W. D.* IV, iv, 95.
- llouses** (*galloos*), gallows-birds. *W. D.* II, i, 322.
- rgarisme**, gargle. *W. D.* II, i, 311.
- nnit**, jennet: according to *Markham* (*Countrey Contentments*) the best horse for war. *D. M.* I, i, 131.
- ghossips** (*gossips*), god-parents. *D. M.* III, ii, 68.
- good cheape**, at a low cost. Cf. *Fr. bon marché. W. D.* v, iii, 192.
- gordian**, knot. *D. M.* I, ii, 184.
- government**, behavior. *W. D.* v, i, 86.
- graduatically**, appropriately as a graduate. *W. D.* III, ii, 49.
- graine**, scarlet dye; in **graine**, fast dyed, hence, ineradicable. *D. M.* IV, ii, 55.
- graz'd** (*grassed*), lost in the grass. *W. D.* v, ii, 72.
- grotes** (*groats*), silver coins of the value of fourpence. *W. D.* IV, iii, 93.
- guarded**, embroidered. *D. M.* III, iii, 32.
- gudgions**, (*gudgeons*), small fish, persons easily tricked. *W. D.* III, iii, 29.
- gue**, rogue? (*Fr. gueux*). *W. D.* III, iii, 99.
- habite**, demeanor, disposition. *W. D.* II, i, 136.
- haggard**, a full-grown hawk caught wild, and difficult to reclaim; an immoral woman. *W. D.* v, i, 207.
- happely**, haply. *W. D.* II, i, 53; *D. M.* v, ii, 146

- hazard**, a dicing game, 'craps.'
W. D. I, ii, 36; the side of the tennis-court into which the ball is served. *W. D.* v, i, 76 (*figurative use*).
- hemlocke**, here in the sense of poison. *W. D.* II, i, 59.
- holly-bread**. Cf. note *W. D.* v, vi, 142, p. 205.
- honest**, virtuous. *W. D.* II, i, 233; so **honesty**, *D. M.* II, iv, 78.
- horse-leech** (*-leech*), a large leech, a horse doctor, a persistent beggar. *W. D.* III, ii, 280; v, vi, 167.
- huddle**, heap. *W. D.* III, iii, 83.
- humour**, one of the four fluids of the body, — blood, phlegm, bile, black bile, — which, according to the old physiology, dominated the nature of a man, making him sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy, respectively; temperament; marked personal characteristic; eccentricity of behavior; inclination. *W. D.* II, i, 374.
- husbands**, housekeepers. *D. M.* I, ii, 74.
- idleness**, delirium, raving. *W. D.* IV, i, 108.
- imbrodered** (*embroidered*), probably decorated. *W. D.* v, iii, 168.
- impostume**, abscess, gathering. *W. D.* IV, iii, 77; *D. M.* IV, ii, 43.
- information**, informer's evidence. *D. M.* I, i, 197.
- ingenious**, ingenuous. *D. M.* I, ii, 63; so **ingeniously**, *W. D.* III, iii, 79.
- intelligence**, information received through spies (*intelligencers*). *W. D.* IV, i, 30; IV, iv, 138; *D. M.* I, i, 244; IV, i, 129.
- Jacobs staffe**, a rod used in taking altitudes. *W. D.* I, ii, 102.
- jealous**, watchful. *W. D.* IV, i, 39.
- julio**, an Italian coin (*value, sixpence*). *W. D.* III, ii, 240.
- jump with**, come close to. *W. D.* I, ii, 74.
- kissing-comfits**, perfumed sweetmeats for sweetening the breath. *D. M.* v, ii, 166.
- leaguer**, camp. *Ger. lager.* *D. M.* I, i, 241; III, iii, 14.
- leam** (*lyam*), leash. *W. D.* I, ii, 88.
- leash**, three. *W. D.* IV, i, 88.
- leiger** (*lieger*), ledger, i. e. resident. *W. D.* III, i, 2; III, ii, 131.
- lenative** (*lenitive*), soothing,

- but here seemingly insidious. *D. M.* III, i, 75.
- evoret** (*leveret*), a young hare. *D. M.* v, v, 51.
- ibell**, draw up a document? *D. M.* II, iii, 41.
- icanthropia** (*lycanthropy*). *D. M.* v, ii, 6. Cf. *note*, p. 399.
- lists**, narrow strips of cloth, selvage edges. *W. D.* v, vi, 108.
- literated**, learned. *W. D.* III, ii, 26.
- lur'd**. Cf. *W. D.* IV, i, 132, *note*, p. 195 *D. M.* I, i, 250.
- luxurious**, lustful. *D. M.* I, ii, 6.
- maine**, great. *D. M.* v, i, 44; chief part. *D. M.* v, v, 93.
- matachine**, a comic sword-dance. *W. D.* v, vi, 170.
- mediate**, take a middle course. *W. D.* I, i, 34.
- meere**, pure. *W. D.* II, i, 249.
- mellancholly**, brooding over wrongs, because of the preponderance of the melancholy humor. *D. M.* I, i, 83.
- meteor**, an atmospheric phenomenon, an exhalation. *W. D.* I, i, 25.
- Michaelmas**, 29 September. *W. D.* v, i, 239.
- misprision**, mistake. *D. M.* v, iv, 87.
- mistris**, the object-ball in bowls. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii, 52. *W. D.* I, ii, 74.
- moderators**, judges. *W. D.* III, ii, 227.
- moile**, mule. *W. D.* III, ii, 178.
- morphew'd**. ' . . that kynde of scurfe, whyche of the Latyns is called vitiligo, we call it the Morphewe . . . there is agglutination, but there lacketh assimilation.' *Christopher Langton's Introduction to Phisicke* (ca. 1550) fol. lv. *D. M.* II, i, 41.
- mother**, hysteria. *D. M.* II, i, 136.
- motion**, puppet-show; proposal, idea. *W. D.* v, i, 251. *D. M.* I, ii, 12; III, ii, 40.
- mowldes** (*moulds*), forms. *D. M.* II, ii, 49.
- mummia**, a drug used 'as well in outwarde plasters, as inward drinckes, to compounde broken bones and veynes, and to dissolve congeiled bloud' (John Halle, Lanfrancus' *Chirurgia parva*, 1565). Used also as a purge. 'Some say it is made of mans flesh boild in pitch; Others, that it is taken out of old Tombes, being a corrupted humour that

- droppeth from embalmed bodies' (Cockeram, *English Dictionarie*, 1626). *W. D.* I, i, 16; *D. M.* IV, ii, 128, (*here mummey*).
 mutton, a lewd woman (*cant*). *W. D.* I, ii, 103.
- nice, fastidious. *D. M.* v, ii, 172.
- night-caps. Cf. *D. M.* II, i, 27, *note*, p. 390.
- night gowne, dressing-gown. *W. D.* II, ii, 54.
- oretane, got the better of. *W. D.* IV, iv, 110.
- ow'de, owned. *D. M.* IV, i, 49.
- parde, pared. *D. M.* II, i, 157.
- passionately, sorrowfully. *W. D.* v, iii, 226.
- patent, license (*which was often a monopoly*). *W. D.* v, i, 117; v, vi, 14.
- peevish, perverse, foolish. *D. M.* III, ii, 25.
- pention (*pension*), board and lodging, living expenses. *W. D.* II, i, 385; III, iii, 70; v, i, 49, 144; v, vi, 174; *D. M.* III, i, 89.
- percel, parcels. *W. D.* I, i, 5.
- perspective, perspective-glass. *D. M.* IV, ii, 74.
- Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 111, *note*, p. 187.
- pew wew. Pooh. *W. D.* I, ii, 78.
- phantasticall. (*fantasticall*). Cf. *D. M.* III, iii, 40, *note*, p. 396; *D. M.* IV, ii, 129, 160.
- phisicall, medicinal. *D. M.* II, iv, 65.
- picture, image. *D. M.* IV, i, 62.
- pitty, lamentation. *W. D.* II, i, 397; *D. M.* IV, ii, 262; v, iv, 57. lament. *W. D.* IV, ii, 26.
- points, short strings with metal tags at the ends, used for fastening clothes. *W. D.* v, vi, 105.
- polititian, one versed in affairs of state (*not usually in the modern derogatory sense*); also, one who follows policy rather than principle. *W. D.* I, ii, 56; II, iii, 19, 117; *D. M.* III, ii, 328.
- Pollake, Polander. *W. D.* II, i, 183.
- pollitique, crafty. *W. D.* IV, ii, 71.
- possets, made of hot milk curdled by the addition of wine or other liquor. *D. M.* IV, ii, 117.
- post, haste. *W. D.* II, i, 271.
- posterne, a small back door.